











AN  
EXCURSION IN THE PELOPONNESUS.

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VOLUME I.

204





AN EXCURSION IN  
THE PELOPONNESUS

IN THE YEAR 1858.

BY THE LATE

RIGHT HON. SIR THOMAS WYSE, K.C.B.

H.M.'s ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY

AT ATHENS, FROM 1849 TO 1852.

EDITED BY HIS NIECE,

WINIFREDE M. WYSE.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:

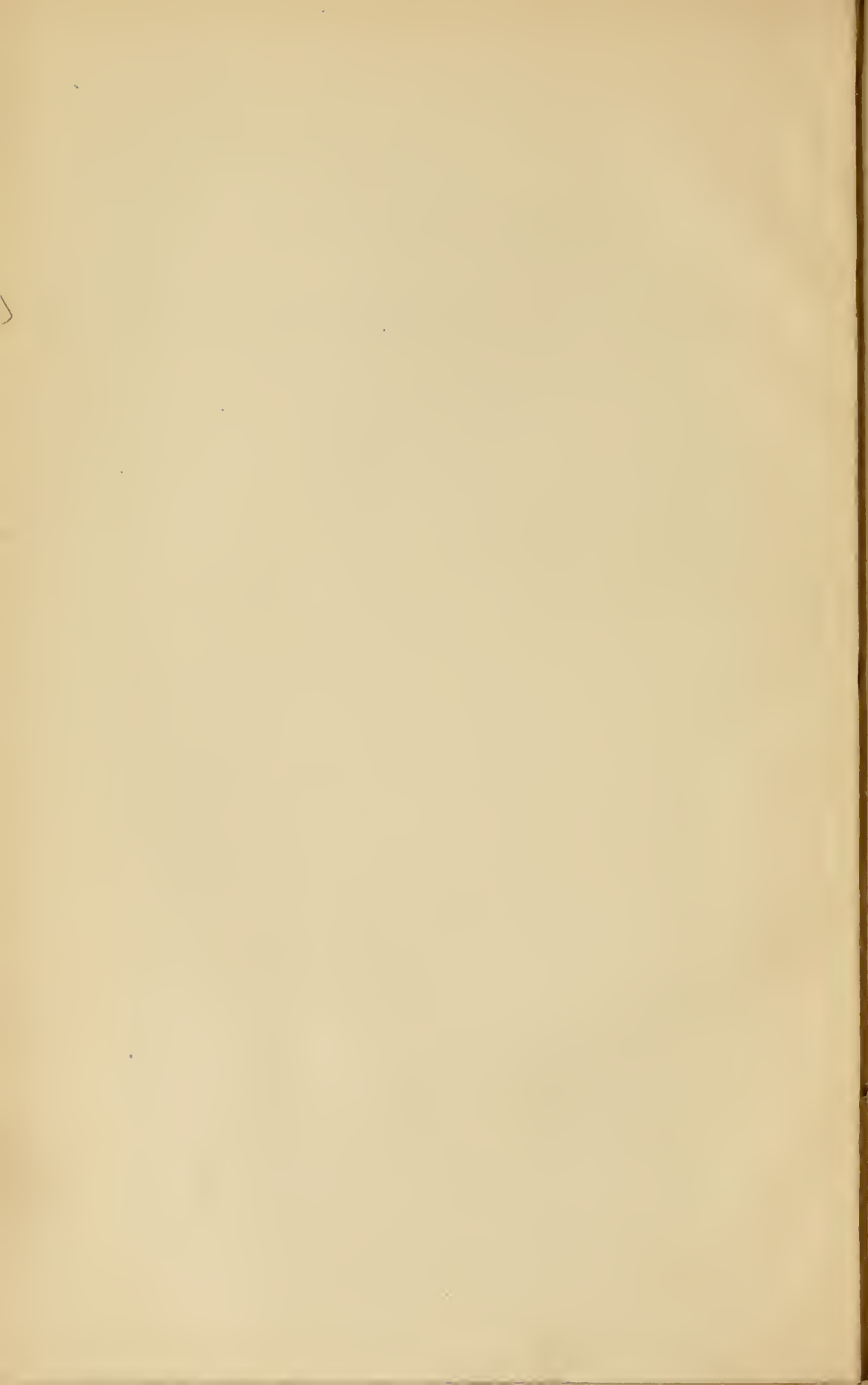
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## PREFACE.

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THE present work, written by the late Sir Thomas Wyse in the summer of 1858, records the results of a tour in the Peloponnesus, made in the spring of the same year. This tour was undertaken with the special object of collecting information for the "Financial Commission to inquire into the Resources of Greece," which was appointed immediately after the occupation of Athens during the Crimean war, and of which Sir T. Wyse was president. The journal here presented to the public was not originally intended for publication, but as a record of facts to be referred to by the Author during his labours in the Financial Commission. In the course, however, of composing this narrative, Sir T. Wyse, finding that it touched upon many subjects of general interest, began to entertain hopes of publishing it. Official business at first interfered with this project, and at last the hand of death cut it short abruptly. But the desire to

print the book had meantime grown strong in the Author's mind, and during the last months of his fatal illness, the correction of a portion of the text formed his chief relaxation. Finally, he bequeathed the MS. to the present Editor, expressing an earnest wish that she would see to its early publication. No other motive could have induced her to undertake a task so far beyond her strength—one which in its progress has proved much more difficult than was at first anticipated, and for the very inadequate performance of which she must crave the indulgence of every reader. She has spared no pains to fulfil Sir Thomas Wyse's instructions to her; but no one can be more painfully aware of the want of finishing touches by the Author, and of the incompleteness of many points which he would have more fully developed and enriched by his mastery of the subject.

Few were more thoroughly acquainted with the condition and prospects of modern Greece than Sir T. Wyse—a fact arising not only from his official position and natural habits of observation, but also from the circumstance of his having, for two years, acted as President of the "Commission" already referred to. The object of this



Commission was to examine whether the resources of the country sufficed for payment of interest of the loan guaranteed by the three protecting Powers,—a question always denied by the Greek Government, and up to that period advanced every year by them as an excuse for want of faith in fulfilling their engagements. This Commission consisted of the English, French, and Russian Ministers at Athens, aided by two Assistant Commissioners. They held sixty-two sittings, and drew up elaborate reports on each department of the Greek Government, showing the actual state of the Administration, and suggesting remedies and improvements, founded on documents furnished to them by the Greek Ministers. At the termination of their labours, the members of the Greek Government were invited to a conference; and the reports of the Commission on the several departments were submitted to their respective heads, in order that any errors of statement might be corrected. The labours of the Commission were embodied in a Report, since laid before Parliament and published; but the large mass of valuable papers which accompanied this Report, and which at the time was called a “mine of knowledge and instruction” for all

future Greek Governments, has never been printed. Several of these papers were drawn up by Sir T. Wyse himself,—amongst others, those on *Justice*, *Education*, and the *Church*.

In conclusion, the Editor takes this opportunity of warmly thanking the many kind and learned friends who have so uniformly and cordially assisted and encouraged her in this very difficult task.

The views with which this work is illustrated have been etched by Mr. A. Severn from drawings by Signor V. Lanza and by Sir Thomas Wyse.

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## ERRATA IN VOL. I.

Page	4, line 19, for "hintnig" read "hinting."
"	9, " 8, for <i>πρᾶγμα</i> read <i>πᾶγμα</i> .
"	48, note*, for "Welcher" read "Welcker."
"	54, line 23, for <i>Λακωνικῆς</i> read <i>Λακωνικῆς</i> .
"	62, " 24, for "Zaukle" read "Zancle."
"	63, " 9, for "Gæiochos" read "Gaiochos."
"	64, " 25, for "journery" read "journey."
"	118, " 24, for <i>ἔμωρ</i> read <i>ἔμωρον</i> .
"	141, " 27, for <i>χοριγός</i> read <i>χορίγος</i> .
"	190, " 14, for "Zeus Ithomas" read "Zeus Ithomatas."
"	242, " 13, for "to the east" read "to the west."
"	251, " 21, for <i>δυχοσταλία</i> read <i>δυχοστασία</i> .
"	276, " 10, for "velaminia" read "velaria."
"	301, " 21, for "Decelaia" read "Deceleia."

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From a drawing by Sir Thomas Wyse.

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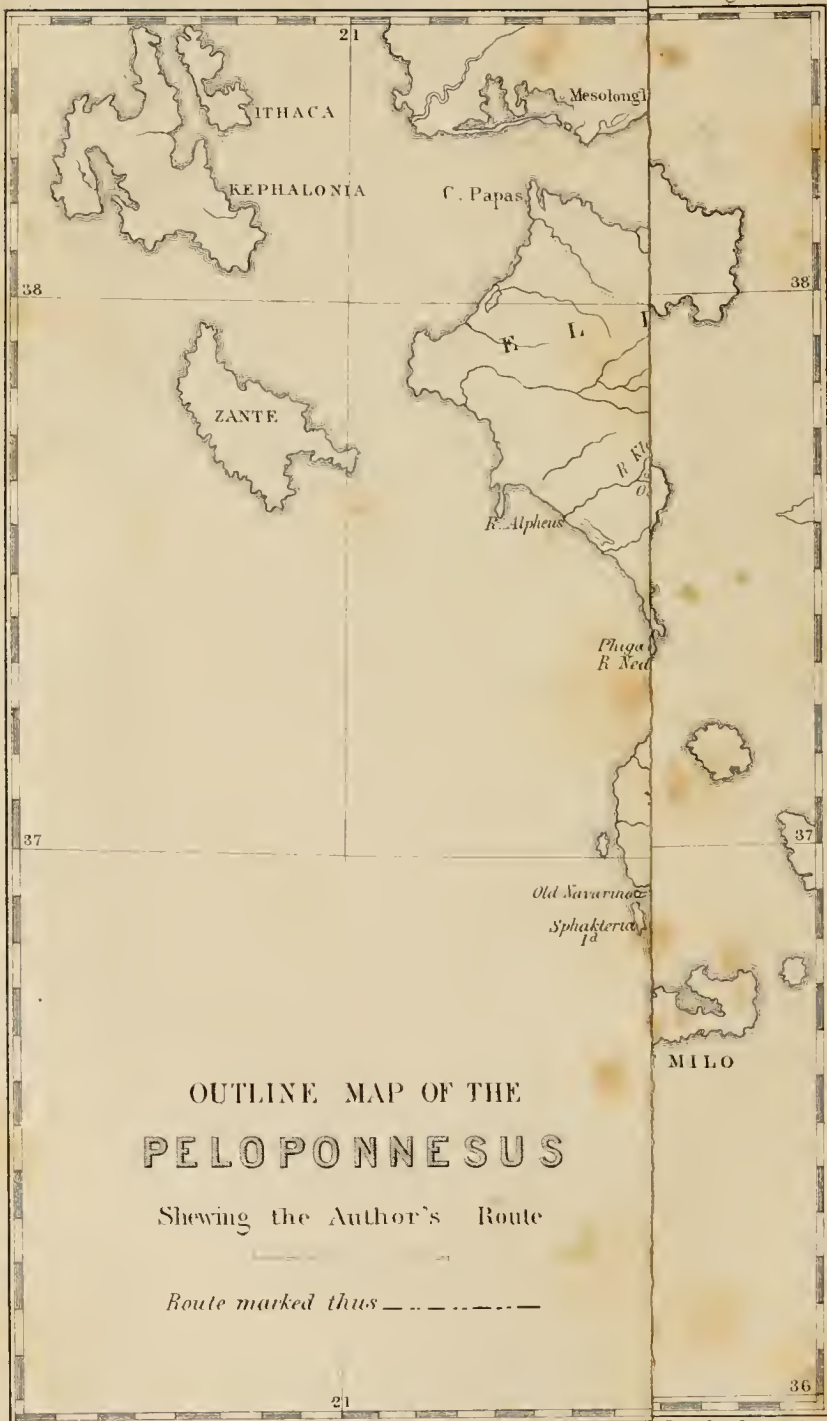
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# OUTLINE MAP OF THE PELOPONNESUS

Shewing the Author's Route

Route marked thus — — — — —

AN  
EXCURSION IN THE PELOPONNESUS.

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CHAPTER I.

MONEMVASIA.

HER MAJESTY'S ship *Desperate*, Captain Craigie, being about to make a short cruise to the south of the Peloponnesus, I took advantage of the opportunity to drink in a little health and strength, as well as to renew my acquaintance with scenes I had formerly visited under different circumstances, and to supply omissions I have often since regretted. To escape from the dust and atmosphere of Athens, during these months of summer, is an enjoyment which a resident only can appreciate. But another consideration was of some value: there are few months beside May and October when travelling with pleasure and expedition is really practicable in Greece; the rains and snows of winter render mountains and rivers often impassable, and lodging more than ordinarily uncomfortable; and the heats of summer entail, with other miseries not endurable even to the ancients, sharp and often irremediable fevers.

Our party and arrangements were soon settled. I was accompanied by my niece Miss Wyse and her friend Miss Grocott; Mr. Digby, an attaché to the Legation, lately arrived; and Signor Lanza, an

Italian artist of merit, to whom I wished to point out some scenes which peculiarly interested me in the Peloponnesus. The ladies, undismayed by the evil reports of their predecessors, were eager to put to personal test, for their own satisfaction and the benefit of future lady travellers, the justice of these discouragements.

On the 7th May, a little before six in the evening, we left the Legation at Athens for the Peiræus—the Peiræus road, in its summer clouds of white dust still drifting before the gusty, oppressive sirocco, which had been blowing without intermission for the last ten days. The managers of this “Trust” seem determined that such shall be, at great expense of comfort and labour, despite of all experience, the normal state of this thoroughfare. There may be explanation, but no pardon, for the infliction. With Hymettus and Lykabettus so near, to persist in repairs with the crumbling magnesian limestone of the Peiræus, which scarcely laid down requires removal, is a grave engineering solecism on the face of it, the mystery of which this is not the place to fathom. We reached the Peiræus at a quarter before seven. A boat waiting for us from the *Desperate* took us at once on board. Lanza, and Dimitri, our courier, with all his host and accompaniments—beds, guns, and canteens—were there before us, steam up, and all ready for departure. Under such circumstances, we were glad to be complimented on our punctuality, a compliment few naval men are accustomed to pay, and still fewer travellers, I am afraid, to merit. We had steamed through the Piers by a quarter after seven, and found, what we hardly calculated

on, a perfect calm outside. The sirocco is in the habit of dealing differently with the Saronic Gulf, and generally brings up in its train, with headaches and neuralgias, a heavy ground-swell. The sky continued still clouded with that brooding, hazy heat which had been hanging over Athens for the last fortnight; not an unusual state of the atmosphere at this time of the year, when there is a sort of truce, an equilibrium, between the variable winds of winter and the fierce and steady Etesians, the providence of these climates, and which drive all impurities before them from land and sea, "ohne Hast aber ohne Rast," during the whole of the summer. We sat on deck a great part of the night chatting pleasantly on what we were passing and were to pass, but without being able to descry through the hot mist more than a dreary outline of the Argolis coast and the Hydra, Spetzia, and other islands. So to bed, the captain deciding to show the flag, after touching at Monemvasia and Marathonisi, at one or two ports of Maina, if practicable, on his way to Kalamata, which was to be the limit of his cruise to the westward.

*May 8.*—At eight o'clock, coming on deck, I found we were opposite Monemvasia,\* to which we were rapidly approaching with a light breeze, the north wind not having yet sprung up. The coast of Tzakonia and Kinouria, as rugged and uninviting as most of the coast scenery of Greece, lay to our right. As we neared, a striking view presented itself:—a high precipitous rock in front,

\* Monembasia, *Μονεμβασία* (*μόνη ἔμβασις*), *Μονοβασία*, Manifasia, Malvagia, Malvoisie, Napoli di Malvagia or Monemvasia, Malmsey; at present *Μονεμβασία*.



bare of tree, house, or animal, almost insulated, very bluff towards the sea, towards the land sloping, but not gradually, and linked by a long apparently ill-constructed bridge with the opposite hill, rising more meekly and greenly from the shore. I had imagined it closer,—a promontory or island joined by high ridges of reefy rock running right down to the sea. Those who have seen Gibraltar say that it gives a good idea of that fortress,—the mount representing the rock; the bridge, though faintly, the long-tongued neutral territory. It should have had no mountain opposite, but a considerable extent of plain. There are a great number of the same family,—St. Michael's Mount, St. Malo, and many others. Confounded with the ridge at top are patches of ruinous fortifications and deserted habitations pitched along the precipitous rocks, together with the cupola of a church, hinting of the departed glories of a once important citadel. No lines are visible below, unless, perhaps, may be so construed a wall of considerable height and massive construction, whether to join out-works, or as a reservoir, does not appear. The broken purples and reds of the deep-cloven and sharp-shadowed ridges—types in themselves of gigantic defences—complete the grand impression. There is no port on this side, nor, as we later learned, on any other, though the name is frequent in writers; nor even landing, but for the shallowest boats, and then only when the north wind is at rest, which is seldom the case a great part of the year.

We sent on shore for pratique, and a little after despatched Dimitri to provide donkeys for the ladies, who were somewhat daunted by the

broiling sun and iron-faced rock. Whilst waiting, Signor Lanza and I attempted to render these characteristics.

At ten we followed to shore in the captain's gig, and experienced some difficulty in picking our way through the rocks to the bridge. The authorities were already there to meet us. The Eparch, a silent, jejune man in island trousers; the Demarch, in creditably clean fustanella; and the doctor, in Frank dress, presenting a good epitome of the transition through which manners and costumes are hastening in Greece. They were attended by a train of merry urchins armed with knapsacks and slates, who, *bonâ fide* bound for school, could not resist the temptation of gazing on the Frank new comers. The road near the bridge is tolerable, but this past, all traces of the kind vanished. We had to scramble through huge blocks of limestone rock seamed with arragonite, fallen from above, along the cliff, over the narrow isthmus, towards the south side, where we were informed the town lay packed up between its old parallel walls, but of which we could see no hint until we arrived at the gate. Our cortège by this time embraced nearly half the population. All sorts of fustanellas, island trousers, and one or two "Young Greece" pale and travelled faces, in Frank dress and white neckcloths (I was thankful there were no "gants glacés") leading the way.

After half an hour's hot walk, we reached a ruinous gateway guarded by two soldiers, and crowded by the Primates, ready to welcome us, and entered the burgo, or town. I am sorry to say the first glance was not very encouraging. The whole

place makes a wretched tumbledown appearance. Streets narrow and precipitous, still Turkish ; pavement broken up in block and hole ; houses, many of them Venetian born, crumbling, and disconsolate enough. The street had a few open shops, with here and there an old tailor working at island trousers, the thriving trade of the place. From thence we emerged into the square or "Place," distinguished by a few struggling trees, and the church, "St. Peter's," a name not often met with in Greek ecclesiology, but for which there is good cause here. This church has a decided Western physiognomy, externally and internally. The door is even ordinary Italian. We descended into the vestibule, or narthex, after the manner of St. Mark's, by a few steps, the vicar-general conducting us in the absence of the bishop, who, as a member of the synod, remains this and next year at Athens. His usual residence is at Sparta, which now ranks higher in dignity and attraction, and offers a greater scope for his labours. He visits Monemvasia once a year,—above the average of archiepiscopal or episcopal visitations, at least in these countries.\*

\* "There is one monk belonging to the monastery, and a small apartment for the bishop, who, though a metropolitan of high rank in the Eastern Church, is obliged, in consequence of the wretched state of this place, and the insult and extortion to which he would be exposed here from the Turks, to reside at Kalamata, except at Easter, when he comes here to officiate at the festival."—(Leake, *Travels in the Morea*, p. 206.) It appears the habit has since been retained, though the Turks and their insolence have disappeared.

The military importance of the place probably suggested the ecclesiastical. Andronicus seems to have been the great benefactor. In virtue of an edict of the Emperor Andronicus, he assumes the place of the patriarch of Jerusalem in the Synod when the



The interior architecture, arrangement, and decoration are still Catholic. There is the usual apsis, but the place for the two side altars is still obvious, without railing or wall to separate them from the bema. The table of the prothesis is removed to a recess beyond. On the altar stands what looks very like the ordinary Catholic tabernacle, with apparently a crucifix in silver, and two cases, possibly reliquaries,—reminiscences, perhaps, of Venetian times. Similar traces of the Western influence and possession are not unfrequent, especially in the islands of Greece. On the eikonostasis, on either side of the bema, are the usual eikons, but not treated in the usual manner. The Christ is remarkable in conception and execution: a suffering head bent down, a standing figure clothed in a red mantle edged with gold,—perhaps a doge-like reminiscence mingling with the church type; the treatment freer, if less classical, and much warmer than the Byzantine, throws it into the category of some early Venetian school, and excludes it even from the most recent Byzantine.\* The panagia, on the other side, is orthodox Oriental. Turkish art seems to have been called into aid in the mother-of-pearl framing of a small shrine; the pulpit, too, is elaborately carved, as well as the pillars at each

latter happens to be absent, and then sits above the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch. His suffragan bishoprics are Andrussa, Andruvista, Platza, Milea, Maina, Kolokythia, and Elos: all but the first and last are in Maina." Andrussa is so far off as the vale of Messina.—(*Loc. cit.* 206.)

\* Leake considers the question doubtful: "I visit a large monastery in the town, said to have been founded by the Emperor Andronicus Commenus, which would make it a work of the twelfth century."—(*Travels in the Morea*, vol. i. p. 205.)

side of the entrance to the bema, but more in the Italian Renaissance foliage style than the Constantinopolitan. At the opposite or west end of the church, at each side of the doorway, the Papas pointed to two canopies. "There stood formerly," he said, "the imperial seats (*θρόνοι*) of the Emperor Andronicus and his Empress. They were taken away by our enemies, Venetians or Turks." He did not seem quite certain. The present wooden canopies, painted in white and tawdry red and blue, have been substituted.\* The general distribution of the church is the usual Latin,—a wide nave and two aisles divided by round pillars supporting arches slightly pointed. It is now in excellent repair, whitewashed to excess, and recently painted, with coarse ornaments, but remarkably clean and well kept; an example to the generality of churches, even at Athens.†

On coming out, we noticed some sculptures at the side of the doorway, inserted in the wall,—armorial or symbolic bearings, in white marble; two

\* "At the end opposite to the altar are the remains of two thrones, which were destroyed by the Turks after the Russian invasion. My cicerone says they were the thrones of a king and queen whose names they cannot tell me. It does not appear from Nicetas that Andronicus passed his exile in this part of the empire." —(Leake, *Travels in the Morea*, i. pp. 205–6.) The thrones might have been erected *in honorem*.

† The church was destroyed or greatly injured by the Turks after the Orloff incursion and failure of 1770, nor again restored. Leake found the place nearly deserted. "The church is one of the largest in Greece, but is maintained in a state fit for the church service towards the altar only" (not uncommon even in churches in course of building,—see the new church of Syra and cathedral at Athens); "of the rest of the building nothing is left but the bare walls."—(P. 205.)

lions and peacocks, with vigorously outspread tails, which might be ascribed, equally to their honour as far as design and execution, to Byzantine or Crusader. This may have formed one of the tomb slabs (noticed by former visitors in the church) now no longer visible. Our cicerone in chief, the vicar-general, seemed to set no great store on them; "*πράγμα τι ῥωμαϊκόν*," was his answer to our queries, which would give them to Constantinople. The adjoining wall to the left of the church apparently formed part of the old monastery, it would seem; it still displays over the doorway the Lion of St. Mark,—whitewashed, but un mutilated. This is now the residence of the Bishop, and, in his absence, of the vicar-general.

The church, a little beyond, bears also its Venetian origin still legible in its decay, like many others, as well as numerous private houses in this decrepit town.

The artist finds compensation in all these ruins; every turn presents a picture. Climb those dislocated steps to the rickety doorway, or age-stained shattered walls, and look upwards between the green trelliswork, the broad vine-leaves luxuriating so largely and freshly over fragments of stunted columns,—to the perpendicular grim rock of the citadel, or the blue sky, more intensely blue for all the grey and brown darkness about you,—and then make out of the well-knit, hardy figures stretched on the slabs at the door, pirates, or what else you will in the seafaring desperate line, to inhabit them, and you have a type for future use whenever you wish to give body to imaginings, now mostly heroic and mythical, of filibusters and

adventurers, and of their islands, dens, and dwellings. Such a glimpse I had, on turning out from this square, and I could not deny myself the satisfaction of noting it, though in the hurry my sketch was little better than a hieroglyphic.

We looked up with great admiration, under the cool shade of the wall where Lanza was still sketching, with an academy of admirers from every class in the place around him, to the precipices of the citadel, now in noontide sun, but for some time doubted whether it was worth, at that hour, the trouble of exploration. The authorities, however, encouraging us, and two soldiers offering to guide, we dared the encounter: the ladies preferred, judiciously, remaining behind in the bishop's residence.

At this side the rock appeared an absolute wall, on the top of which seemed placed, as on a platform, the fortress. After some stumbling over a ruinous bit of street, and several sharp zig-zag turnings along the front, we reached the gateway of the ragged enclosure, where the Phrourarch, or Commandant de Place, received us at its entrance. We were thence conducted and presented to his wife and daughter, a grown young lady. He had eight children—four sons and four daughters,—and seemed to consider his healthy and cool residence no compensation (and his wife did not dissent) for exile from the burning streets and gay promenades of Athens.

After the usual refreshing preliminaries of glykò and coffee, of which on such occasions I highly commend the observance, we proceeded to see what was to be seen in the citadel. Its

entire separation on one side from the town, which it overhangs, and its inaccessible position on the other, to the north, above the sheer rock, are at once comprehensible. But a more desolate scene can hardly be imagined. Over the whole broken surface, to the highest peak, there is nothing to be seen but tumble-down, roofless habitations, amidst a rank profusion of all sorts of flaring and noisome weeds, varied only by a few clumps of melancholy cypresses. It looks as if it had been sacked only yesterday; a counterpart of the dismantled citadel of Corinth. We soon reached the crowning glory of the place—the Church of Santa Sophia,—built, it is said, by the Empress of the Emperor Andronikos, the great patron of Monemvasia. It is deserted, as might be imagined, at that height, but not, as I first thought, no longer used. The door was open, but a festival wreath, parched however, hung over it, and concealed a piece of sculpture. A soldier, noticing the query in my face, drew his sword, and cleared it for me. A marble slab, encased in the wall, presented two peacocks above with drooping tails; animals like sheep below, divided by a sword, with the point downwards. No one from tradition, local or otherwise, could give me any clue to its origin or meaning. The church is small, and in its plan resembles that of the Kapnokeræa and the now Russian Church at Athens; and it probably was of the same period. It was formerly covered with painting, then by the Turks with whitewash, which has recently been attempted to be cleared away without effect. The frescoes are scarcely visible. A side door to the



east, under an arch, Gothic on this side, round on the other, conducts into a corridor or portico belonging to a convent of nuns, formerly existing close by. The convent had been closed by the Turks, but they converted the church into a mosque. The corridor is in a partially ruinous state, but the pavement is well preserved, and some arches round yet remain. It stands immediately, church and convent, over the precipice, leaving scarcely room for a pathway, and its cupola is that which we noticed on approaching the rock from the north. There is a well in the same spot (Φρέαρ, more than πηγὴ) about fifteen feet deep; \* we saw no other, though more than one cistern. It still contained a little water. On coming out, I noticed some small octagonal marble pillars, very slender, lying on the ground; their Byzantine capitals, and a frieze with tracery, preserving reminiscences of the old Hellenic fleuron, not ill executed, in both open and close form, which may have come from the same school.

On my way up, I had asked to see the "State Prison." The commandant was amused at the question, and said they had none; no State prisoners were now to be found. I inquired where General Spiro Milio had lately been confined, and was shown a small building of two stories in the face of the rock. The second contained two rooms, the lower one. The floor of the first of these was in a ruinous

\* Probably amongst the fountains mentioned by Coronelli:—"Elle est située sur un rocher stérile dont la mer baigne le pied, et cependant la nature luy a donnée des fontaines d'eau douce et une petite colline si fertile," etc.—(*La Morée*, p. 132.) This, however, seems to be doubted in latter days.

state, with a sort of hearth for cooking at the side, and fragments of pillars lying in our way; the other looking to the sea, but with a floor so rickety, that the light appeared from below, and we thought we should go through. I had expected to find him, judging from the Athenian press, reported here as a sort of local martyr, and his words and deeds treasured up by an ignorant and devout generation. "No one is a hero before his valet de chambre," and guards and keepers see their prisoners too familiarly. The commandant seemed of the number, and drew me over to some scribbling left by the captive with somewhat of a smile. It began, as he remarked, scripturally, which any one must admire—*μετὰ σκότος φῶς*,—but then went on with the general's own moralizing, "all passions and prejudices were human [*ἀνθρώπινα*] and transitory, but Truth only eternal"—(*ἀληθεία μόνον αἰωνία*). What a wonderful testimony, they seemed to think, from such a lover of truth as Spiro Milio! He remained here a year, and was treated as comfortably as the commandant himself,—allowed all sorts of freedom and visits, till they were abused, of all sorts of friends. How he was removed, and purified, and whitewashed, and fumigated, and rubbed up into his former reputation, but not into place, is it not written in the *πρακτικὰ* of the Chambers, and, what is more, in the understanding and recollection of every one who has eyes to see and ears to hear, and has courage enough to use them at Athens? The building was originally a *giammi*, or mosque; so at least said Dimitri, who, having first inquired if any one present understood Turkish, read an inscrip-

tion above very glibly, to the discomfiture of our commandant, who maintained otherwise.

Below is the "Barraek," and triumphant over it a new Greek flag. On going, I found the place was occupied by not more than a common guard. There are large masses of Venetian fortification up and down in their usual square massive style.

Returning to the governor's house, where we were again treated with coffee and glykò (no fatigue can be endured here without that consolation), his ladies, notwithstanding our urgent protests, insisted on accompanying us, under the noonday sun, to the gate by which we had entered, the commandant escorting us below. The view, upward and downward, from this point is most picturesque, both in form and colour, and I am bound to add, most ragged; the whole interior of the large open fortress a vast ruin, ill disguised even by weeds; the town so much like the fortress, that we could almost look into the habitations through the broken roofs, like another Asmodeus, and see all the households simultaneously at work below.

On rejoining our party, I found them seated on the divan in the bishop's house, and in animated conversation with the papas, his old mother of eighty, and his niece, a pretty young woman, who had received them with a warm welcome, and with that ease and courtesy which belong to all unsophisticated Greeks. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness and good order of the house, though small. It was a real pleasure to sit on the sofas covered with a woollen-cotton stuff of their own



manufacture, and to drink in the fresh breezes from the sea, of which we had a good view over some terraces and roofs that lay directly beneath. We were objects of some curiosity, the family never seeing, as they told us, strangers. It was the first time a steamer had touched at Monemvasia within their recollection. The niece having never beheld one, asked permission to come on board. No minister of any nation had been amongst them; and no vessels of war ever approach. "We see steamers pass on the edge of the sea, but they never draw nearer; and yet it would be worth their while," said the old lady; "there is something yet at Monemvasia." She had come from Tripolitza in 1829, just after the Revolution, with her son, who is now, she added, with pride, "vicar-general of the bishop, and the occupant of his house during his absence." The bishop, being now of the Synod, resides here only three months during the summer. The vicar is the only priest, and at the same time head schoolmaster; one of his nieces is mistress of the girls' school, educated at the Philopaideutike or Parthenogogeion at Athens, where she had remained for six years; her sister, our friend, had never left the island, which accounts for her fresh, contented look, and open, pleasant countenance. May she never be exposed to the corrupting influences of Athens! There seemed, as yet, little aspiration that way.

The old lady never tired of eulogising the island. We asked a good deal about the climate, possessions, agriculture, and trade. She was enthusiastic. The climate was the healthiest in the world; no one ever was ill; no one ever wanted the doctor (and,

indeed, her appearance confirmed the assertion); no doctor was necessary; it was always fresh and cool in summer, though rather cold in winter. This last had been dreadful, the snow so heavy they could not open their windows for three days. This, however, is very rare and exceptional, and had occurred only once before in her recollection.

We had some doubt of their supplies. They declared there was nothing to be had on the rock; but they were in no want; they had meat as much as they wished (in this respect Greek wishes are moderate), and fish in abundance. They had oranges, olives, and all manner of produce, vines comprehended, on the mainland, which hardly coincided with the reports of preceding travellers. Their vines, in common with others, had failed from blight; for the last six years they had scarcely had any wine. We inquired about the far-famed "Malmsey." They seemed to know nothing of it, either of its name or renown. The quality of the present growth was described as nothing peculiar; it is probably not dissimilar from that of the general Tzakonian. There is no manufacture, trade, or industry in the place; the open roadstead to the south, as much exposed as that on the north, showed only two small fishing-smacks as representatives of their commerce. There are only two "houses," if so they can be called, in town. Ordinary articles of dress they provide, as in most parts of Greece, with their own hand. They are, with all this, though they described themselves as very poor—*πτωχία* was frequently in their mouths—without any special relief-fund or poorhouse, and

we saw no beggars. The population is very small: they count not more than one hundred families, much less than formerly, as the result of successive wars, sieges, and emigrations. Half the houses we saw were uninhabited, a large number falling rapidly into ruin, and many windowless and roofless.

The mental culture was above what might have been expected from these data. They have two Demotic or primary schools, and one Hellenic. The second of these primary schools, for girls, counted, they said, about thirty pupils, whom they represented as very regular in their attendance. A large proportion of the people read and write. We found many newspapers, and a good deal of inquiry on all manner of public affairs; for, like most Greek towns, Monemvasia boasts of a café, which is also a reading-room, and has a billiard-table for loungers. A few spoke French and Italian, and it was very easy to provoke conversation. The commandant's table was covered with Athenian papers, and he was anxious to show how much he was *au niveau* of all the events of the great world, even Indian. The place has still some public consequence. It is the seat of a tribunal and of an eparchy, comprehending a considerable number of communes or *demos* on the mainland, and sending two deputies to the Chamber. I did not, however, hear much of political or municipal contentions. One of their representatives is a new selection; the other has been in for twenty years.

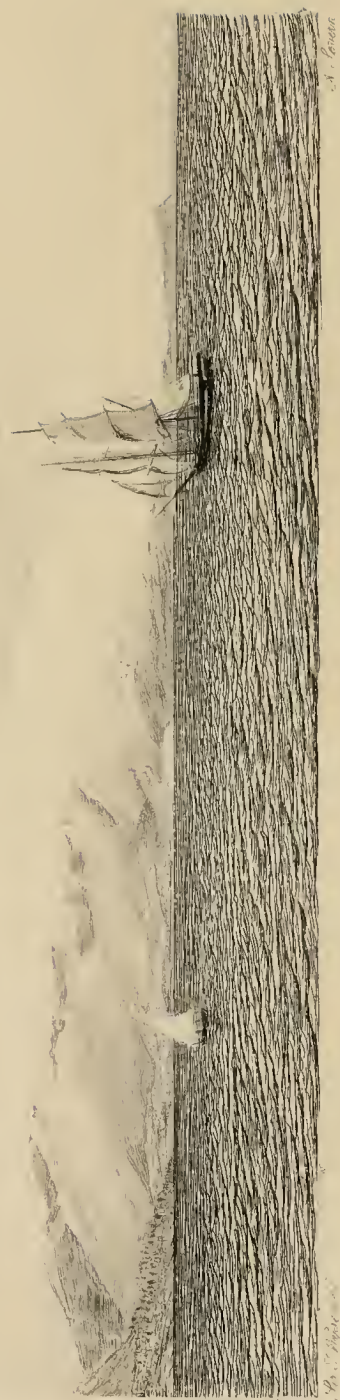
It was now past three, and the "milordo" Lanza having finished his sketch (all milordos were

formerly sketchers, and all sketchers now are milordos), it was time to depart. We left this little community with regret. The calm, contented air of the men, and the healthy, fresh, and cheerful look of the women and children, contrasted strongly with the population of Athens; impressions on our first arrival not belied by after-communication. We at last bid farewell to our friends of the hour, and proceeded back to the beach, accompanied by our former cortège, with considerable additions, till we reached the bridge, where appeared a bevy of smart young ladies in bright green satin jackets and incipient crinolines, bent, it would seem, on visiting the steamer. All came forward to give us a parting salutation,—even the two soldiers on guard at this formidable tête-de-pont, who, with the commandant, constituted a large proportion of the garrison. The *Desperate* we found filled with another detachment of green and pink ladies, and a little after, the captain's gig returned with our friends the papa's niece—not to be recognized in her bright jacket and jewelled brooch,—and her sister, the wife, as we now discovered, of the demarch. Their husbands, however, respecting our convenience, or earnest in their maintenance of Oriental decorum, did not allow them to remain long; so, after a glance above and below at the mysteries of a war-steamer, they left us with many graceful acknowledgments.

We had some idea of pulling over in a boat to Epidaurus Limera, or Palæa Monemvasia, which lay immediately opposite, the road by land being very bad and tedious; but, on calculation, we found



PL :



EPIDAUROS LIMERA,  
LAKONIA



it would have taken us clearly more than three hours, so for an actual visit we had to substitute some notes, in the shape of a sketch of the general bearings of the line of coast as seen from deck.

As evening approached, every detail became clearer, and we could easily discover the several relations of the sites to each other, mentioned by Leake and other travellers. These two points, the island of Monemvasia and the promontory of Kremidhi, define very clearly the two horns of the little gulf, which in some writers appears to have gone under the name of the Port of Epidaurus Limera.

Leake describes it as having two ports; one on the S.W., called the port of Old Monemvasia; that on the N., the harbour of Kremidhi. The most prominent point is that designated as Palæa Monemvasia. Leake counts from the bridge "to the ruins of a small Hellenic city, situated on the cliffs above the beach, and which place is called Old Monemvasia," only one hour.\* The peninsula is crowned with a tower, and terminates to the N.N.E. in a perpendicular precipice. Leake found the walls traceable all round: "in some places, particularly towards the sea, they remain to more than half their original height." He describes them as remarkable for their diminutive size: "The towers are some of the smallest I have ever seen in Hellenic fortresses,—the faces ten feet, the flanks twelve: the whole circumference of the place is less than three-quarters of a mile."

Matters being thus settled, we were under way at five. We rounded the north and east side of

\* Leake's *Morea*, p. 210.

the island, remarkably bold and inaccessible, and came in front nearly of the town on the south. It here presents a very singular appearance, with the change of scarcely a feature from the time of Coronelli (1656) to the present day. The town, shut in by its straight flanking walls, occupies a good block of the slope and island, and is distinctly divided from the perpendicular fortress and its ruins above. We kept close in-shore the whole way, and were amused by seeing all the rank and fashion, in their showy holiday dresses, collected above on the rocks where they seemed most impracticable; and when we rounded the point, they skipped after us like goats, evidently in a state of high excitement. In a short time the island dwindled to a rock, and we were battling against a sirocco along and close to the coast of Lakonia.

The fame of Monemvasia is wholly modern. It figures in Pausanias under the name of Minoa merely as an accessory. It is no more than the southern promontory of the Port of Epidaurus Limera. After describing the city itself as built on a height, and the temple of Zeus Soter, *πρὸ τοῦ λιμένος*, he adds, “*ἄκρα δὲ ἐς τὸ πέλαγος κατὰ τὴν πόλιν ἀνέχει καλουμένη Μινώα*,” \* without mentioning whether inhabited, or to what purposes applied. Strabo, however, before him, had characterized it under same name as a fortress (*φρούριον*) in immediate neighbourhood to Epidaurus Limera,† but not absolutely connected with it. It was too far to form, even by long walls, a portion of the city, like the Minoa of Megara, though it might have been included in the district, whilst Epidaurus

\* Paus. c. 23,—*Lakonia*.

† Strabo, viii. 368.



Limera was in the enjoyment of power. If the explanation of the designation "Limera" as many-ported, having many ports (λίμερα), be correct,\* it might have formed, though at a considerable distance, one of the smaller ports, as it still does for smaller craft, and so have maintained its connection with Epidaurus, as Minoa at first did with Megara.†

This renders more natural the next incident we meet in history. So early as the beginning of the eighth century, it is found mentioned under a new name. No longer Minoa, it becomes "Manafasia," a corruption of Monemvasia, which must already have been given it by settlers, from a change in its configuration. This would imply that the ἄκρα of Pausanias had become an island, like the Minoa of Megara, either artificially, by means of a διόρυγμα, like that which divided Leucadia or Santa Maura from the mainland, or naturally by the action of the sea, as the promontory of Onugnathus or Cervi from the mainland of Lakonia.

The particulars of this settlement are to be collected from the extract given from a Turin MS. (cccxvvi.) printed in the table relating to the critical geography of Byzantine history,—*Symbolæ Criticæ Geogr. Byzant. Spec.; Abhandlung der Hist. Cl. der K. Bair. Akad. der Wissenschaften*,

\* Strabo seems to give the appellation of Minoa to the range of rocky eminences along the coasts from Epidaurus Limera. Ptolemy points it out as a port, as well as that of Zeus Soter, which lay immediately below Epidaurus:—'Εν τῇ Ἀργολικῇ κόλπῳ, ἔτι Λακωνικῆς Μινῶα λιμὴν, Διὸς Σωτῆρος λιμὴν Ἐπίδαυρος.

† The Minoa of Megara, originally an island, was joined to Nisæa by a bridge. The promontory of Arosus, on the other side, originally an island, is now, and for a long period has been, a promontory.

Bd. v. Abth. ii.; Curtius, book ii. 328, *περὶ τῆς κτίσεως Μονεμβασίας*.\* From this it appears that its formation was cotemporaneous with the flight of the Eleutherolakones or Lacedæmonians, and their settling down along this coast, when they took the name, or rather retained the old one corrupted, of Tzakones, Tzakonians, Lakonians. A portion fled to Sicily; another, the more distinguished, and among them their bishop, took up their position on this rock; and the remainder of the lower people on the rough fastnesses along this coast towards Astros. They gave it the name of Monemvasia, from its having only one passage or approach, and it is probable that at this period the separation which changed it into an island was effected.†

\* Τότε οἱ Λάκωνες—ἐν τῇ Σικελίᾳ ἐξέπλευσαν—οἱ δὲ λοιποὶ ἐκ τῶν ἐπισήμων, δύσβατον τόπον παρὰ τὸν τῆς θαλάσσης αἰγιαλὸν εὐρόντες καὶ πόλιν ἰσχυρὰν οἰκοδομήσαντες καὶ Μονεμβασίαν ταύτην ὀνομάσαντες, διὰ τὸ μίαν ἔχειν τῶν ἐν αὐτῇ εἰσπορευομένων τὴν εἴσοδον, ἐν αὐτῇ τῇ πόλει κατέκησαν μετὰ τοῦ ἰδίου ἐπισκόπου. Οἱ δὲ ἕτεροι τῶν ἐπισήμων μετὰ τῶν θρεμμάτων νομῆς, καὶ ἀγροίκων (?) κατέκηθησαν ἐν τοῖς παρακειμένοις ἐκείσε τραχίνοις τόποις, οἱ καὶ ἐπ' ἐσχάτων Τζάκωνες ἐπωνομάσθησαν, διὰ τὸ καὶ αὐτοὺς τοὺς Λάκωνας Τσάκωνας μετονομασθῆναι.—(Curtius, *Pelop.* ii. 328.)

This is in analogy with the similar movement at Patras. A portion of the Greek inhabitants had emigrated to Reggio, in Calabria. The Greeks held and kept possession of the citadel, and were afterwards enabled to repel the attacks of the Sclavonians.—(*Chronicle of Monemvasia*, quoted by Fallmerayer, Finlay, 23.)

The territory of the Eleutherolakones was bounded on the north by Prasæ; in time of Augustus, to the south of Monemvasia: Argolis extended to Malea.—(*Itinerar. Sti Wilibaldi, in Cod. Dipl. Nordyat.* ed. Falkenstein, 1733, p. 452; Theophanes, p. 287; Cedrenus, p. 365.)

† In the twelfth century, however, Niketas still applies the same word as Pausanias, *ἄκρα* (promontory), but whether from actual inspection, reading, or hearsay, is not evident. It is doubt-

These events are confirmed so early as 723, or at least 746. The celebrated passage of Constantine Porphyrogenitus (*De Them.* ii. 25), so often referred to, dates the completion of the Slavonian colonization in the reign of Constantine V. (Copronymus), but it is probable that it was much earlier; the account of St. Willibald's pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 723, on his way from Sicily, touching here, places it already in the territory of the Slavonians, though it is very possible that he gives it a vague or popular denomination only:—"Et inde (e Siciliâ) navigantes venerunt ultra mare Adriaticum ad urbem Manafasiam, in Slavonicâ terrâ."\* It is clear, however, that the name given by these Greeks was then in use. The Slavonic population may have overrun the neighbouring

ful, therefore, whether it was actually separated till a late period; for *μόνη ἔμβασις* would apply as naturally to a narrow neck of land as to a bridge like that which now exists. It should be observed, too, that had the place been an island joined by a bridge, it could not have escaped the notice of the chronicler. The action of the sea appears the most natural cause, like that which effected the separation of Cervi. No traces are found of a port, at the spot pointed out as Zeus Soter no more than at Monemvasia.—(Leake, *Peloponnesus*, c. vi.) It is possible there were in both places moles, and that of Monemvasia swept away when the narrow tongue of land had been broken through. We neglected to notice the depth of water, or of substructions on either side of the bridge. Graves's map of 1833 will supply the points. The present harbour is only a beach; indeed, at any time, without some works, it could scarcely deserve to be called *λήνη*. Monemvasia probably acquired that name at same time with Morea, Misra, Mane, Hjereke, which are not found in the history of the Middle Ages before 1300.

\* Quoted by Finlay, *Medieval Greece*; and Fallmerayer, *Geschichte des Halbinsel Morea*, ii. 444, from the *Acta Sanctorum apud Bolland.* vol 8 Jul. p. 504.

districts for a time; but not being of a nature, from their insubordinate and lawless habits, to retain what their violence had acquired, they may have gradually retired, and left the Greeks in possession of this citadel, as they did that of Patras under similar circumstances. It may naturally be supposed that if this portion of the Lakonian population above referred to had been enabled to retain possession of the districts in which they had located themselves, the new colony of Monemvasia would, with greater advantages of defence, have preserved, unaffected by foreign irruption, their independence and customs. Accordingly, we still find it the centre of Greek language, arms, and manners in the thirteenth century. The Tzakonians, of whom they formed the flower, extended the whole way from Malea to Argolis, and it was indispensable to reduce this hold of their power before the Frank invaders could hope to effect the subjugation of the rest of their territory. With all the advantages in their favour, the Frank troops, the Venetian and Achaian squadron, were not enabled to compel a capitulation till at the end of three years (1248), and then only by granting the most honourable terms. The contingents to be paid of men and means were not considerable; they were permitted to retain their private property, and were allowed to serve by sea instead of by land,—a testimony to their superior seaman-like qualities borne out later by Coronelli. The importance of this surrender was soon seen, for it was followed by the reduction of the whole Tzakonian territory.

Monemvasia remained in possession of its Frank

captor, Prince Guillaume de Villehardouin, not more than ten years. In 1259 he was taken prisoner after a battle at Pelagonia, in Thessaly, against the Emperor of Nicea, Michael VIII. He had fought valiantly, but witnessing the destruction of the Frank cavalry he fled, and being subsequently discovered at Kastoria under a heap of straw, was sent captive to the emperor. Pachymeres (referred to by Finlay) shows that the calamity was not unmerited. The licence which he allowed his young knights, causing the defection of John Dukas, prince of Wallachian Thessaly, led as much to defeat as did the superior tactics of John Paleologus, the brother of the emperor. His captivity lasted three years, and only terminated by the cession of Monemvasia, which with Misithra and Maina were not only the sources of his glory, but the chief holds and supports, as events soon showed, of Frank power,—a cession not merely promised, but effectively completed by the prudent mistrust of Michael. Conscious of the duplicity of his own character, and the lax morality of the age in respect to oaths, he would not release Villehardouin, notwithstanding his pledges, and his having contracted the sacred obligation of godfather to his son, until the three fortresses were actually in his power.\*

The Peloponnesus, as the immediate result of

\* Coronelli describes with coolness Villehardouin's violation of the oath and transfer of his rights to the Venetians: — "Michel Paléologue chassa les Français, monta sur le trône, fit Guillaume prisonnier, l'obligea de renoncer en sa faveur à tous les droits qu'il pouvoit avoir en ce pays-là, et luy donna ensuite la liberté de s'en aller. Guillaume se retira à Venise, et fit une donation à la République des mêmes droits qu'il venoit de céder à



this re-conquest, was divided into two provinces : one continued Frank, the other became Greek, and fell under the dominion of the Emperor of Constantinople. A garrison placed in the fortress of Monemvasia, as well as others in those of Misithra and Maina, gave him the mastery of the whole of this coast. But this was not maintained without difficulty. The revolt of the Greek mountaineers, who voluntarily sought the protection of the Greek emperor, led to a fierce war of retaliation which devastated the whole Peloponnesus from Monemvasia to Andravida, so that the very name Morea soon became restricted to the western portion of the Peninsula. Though unequal to the Franks in military tactics, these could not, without the aid of Naples, have made head against the superior forces of the Greek troops, the secret disaffection of the numerous Greek population, and, above all, the existence of the fortresses already mentioned, which added greatly to their difficulties.

To these fortresses they fled in numbers after every defeat, so that, though the whole plain

Paléologue, alléguant que la renonciation qu'il en avoit faite avoit esté extorquée par violence." But it does not seem the Venetians were more scrupulous : "Les Vénitiens firent valoir leur droit par les armes ; ils levèrent des troupes, prirent Malvasie et jouirent de cette conquête jusqu'en 1537."—(*Première partie*, pp. 134-5.) But the Greeks, at least, had no reason to complain that their own code was used against themselves. See the Greek verses of the Venetian Chronicle :—

Οἱ ὄρκοι ἐκεῖνοι ὅπου ἔπηκε 'ς τὴν φυλακὴν ὅπου ἦγον  
Τίποτε οὐδὲν τὸν ἔβλαβαν νᾶ τὸν κρατοῦν διὰ ἀψιόρων  
Καθὼς τὸ ὀρίζει ἡ ἐκκλησιὰ καὶ οἱ φρόνιμοι τὸ λέγουν.

—v. 3031.

Quoted by Finlay, *Mediæval Greece*, 235.

country down to Monemvasia and Helos was ravaged by the Frank armies, the fortress itself increased its population and strength, and continued the chief seat in the Peninsula of Greek civilization and power. Its importance, the war-like and disciplined character of the population, the favour with which it continued to be honoured by the emperors down to the eve of its conquest by the Turks, are well depicted by the Greek historian George Phrantzes (p. 397), whose brother-in-law Gregorios Paleologos Mamunas governed the city in the name of the emperor in 1406.\* It is not surprising, then, that the last of the Paleologi, the despot Thomas, knowing the value of such a gift, should have tried to tempt with its cession the then victorious Sultan Mohammed II., and should have offered to yield it, in exchange for an apanage, to the infidel forces ; nor, again, that, when he found the proposal rejected, he should, with the same servility with which he afterwards accepted his pension at Rome, have promised possession of the fortress to the Pope. The inhabitants, who had already been defending their independence for four years, heard of this proposal, but hopeless of standing much longer single-handed against the enemy, and reluctant to admit or to rely on the authority of the Pope, they invoked the aid of the Venetians, and consented to receive an Italian garrison.

The Venetians, then in possession of Nauplia, Argos, Coron, Modon, and Navarin, to say nothing of their territory in Continental Greece and the island of Eubœa, were the only power capable of

\* Buchon, *La Grèce Continentale et la Morée*, p. 410.



maintaining the defence. This they were enabled successfully to do, though gradually stripped of their other possessions, till the year 1540, when, driven from all the remaining fortresses left them by the treaty of 1479 (Monemvasia with Nauplia being the last) by Suleiman, the fortress, together with the city, for the first time became Turkish. In the hands of the Turks it continued undisturbed to the period of the Greek Revolution, with the exception of the short interval during which it passed again under Venetian domination from the year 1689, when Francesco Morosini, master of the Peloponnesus, forced it to capitulate, to the year 1714, after which it again surrendered to the Grand Vizir.\* This short interval of Frank occu-

\* The first attempt, on the rupture of the peace between the Ottoman Government and the Venetian (1653), was not successful. Coronelli thus describes the attack :—"Le Général Foscolo, se trouvant du côté de ces Mers avec vingt-deux Galères, huit gros Vaisseaux, et six galeaces" (a large force, which ought to have been fortunate), "fit attaquer le Fort, que les Turcs y avoient bâti hors le Fauxbourg. Les troupes l'insultèrent avec tant de bravoure, qu'elles l'emportèrent en vingt-quatre heures. Mais dans le temps que tout retentissoit de cris de joye, et que les ennemis étoient en déroute, une mine joua, lorsqu'on y songeoit le moins, et fit périr cent-cinquante des Vainqueurs, dont il y eut un pareil nombre de blessez. Les Vénitiens vengèrent, l'épée à la main, la mort de leurs camerades, rasèrent le Fort, et en emportèrent vingt pièces de canon, dont les ennemis se servoient pour couvrir des Saïques" (probably, Caiques) "chargées de munitions, et qui venoient attendre en ce lieu le moment favorable pour prendre la route de la Canéa." —(*La Morée*, première partie, 136.)

Another fruitless attack was made in 1654 by land by the Proveditore Francesco Morosini, afterwards the Great Doge, whilst Lazaro Mocenigo, capitano di mare, made head against the Capitan Pasha, who was on his way to succour it. But the Proveditore being obliged to move to Candia, of which he was just appointed Proveditore-Generale, was obliged to give it up.—(Coronelli, p. 137.)

pation altered little of its Greek or Turkish character. The fruitless attempt of Orloff in 1770, judged and condemned for its folly not less than for its faithlessness, tended, as one of its consequences, considerably to increase the Greek population, not of Monemvasia, but of the other islands. Several of its families fled to Spezzia, Hydra, and Smyrna, whence they never returned. The place was regarded, like the other Turkish fortresses, as more Turkish than Christian; even the small number of its Mohammedan occupants dwindled away. At the period of the Greek Revolution there were only three hundred Turkish families in the town, and sixty in the fortress. This, though a good deal above Coronelli's estimate, who holds that fifty or sixty persons would be sufficient for its defence, was a small population for so large a place.\*

In the second year of the war, the Spetziote heroine Laskarina Boboulina, embarking on her own ship, blockaded this fortress, whilst it was attacked on the land side by Georgios Katacuzene.

\* Coronelli represents it in the Venetian time to have been well peopled as well as fortified: "Elle est inaccessible de tous côtes à la réserve d'un seul. Elle a triples murailles, et un gros Fauxbourg" (the town) "fort peuplé, et qui est fortifiée d'une très-bonne enceinte."—(*La Morée*, p. 132.) But, though "Cosmographe de la République," I am afraid much reliance cannot be placed on his details. He speaks of its "port assez grand, et une petite colline si fertile" (near the citadel, or in it) "qu'on y peut recueillir de quoi nourrir cinquante ou soixante personnes qui suffissent pour la défendre."—(132.) It is true, however, that though a great part of the rock is utterly incapable of culture, the enclosure of the citadel might even now be turned into a garden with proper care. The vegetation there was very luxuriant, but allowed to run to waste.

It was surrendered to him, on the 3rd August, O.S., 1822, after a short defence. It is a curious coincidence, that the same fortress was surrendered to Guillaume de Villehardouin after the famous siege by a captain of the same name. The Turks quitted it in a body, and the ruins, never since restored, on the citadel, with the crumbling church, which they had converted into a mosque, are the traces of their habitation. The bridge also, in its existing state, is their work, as is visible from its arches. The tower is Venetian, as well as the fortifications and several of the private houses; the churches are modified Byzantine; their first foundations and arrangements probably Frank.

The years following the surrender to the Greeks saw nothing but waste and desertion, and it was not till some time afterwards that the present population, immigrants from various quarters,—from the towns and villages sacked by Ibrahim Pasha, and the islands of Scio,—in some slight degree repaired the loss.

Monemvasia now figures as the head of the Demos,—Monemvasia, with a population of 129 families and 646 inhabitants, the chief seat of the Eparchy of Epidaurus Limera. The whole demos does not contain more than 2,827 souls; the other places are poor hamlets; the largest, Agios Demetrias, contains only 297. Little augmentation can be expected, though it would be too much to say, with Buchon, that it is doomed to prompt extinction. When there in 1841 he saw a much scantier population than the present, hardly more than forty of the older families, and forty families from Crete, with a garrison of sixty invalids, under the

command of a Phourarch, in the upper town. In the necessity of seeking their provisions and produce on the mainland, and the absence of all commerce, he discerns a direct motive for abandonment. But the little importance it has as a place of strength,—the walls dismantled, without ammunition, arms, or garrison, are better reasons for apprehending decay. Its consequence has hitherto been wholly military. Yet the neighbourhood, notwithstanding its rocky nature, is not wholly sterile. The produce may be summed up under the various heads of grain, vegetables, cotton, figs, oil, wine, lemons, oranges, apples, pears, and other fruit; and a considerable quantity of water—no less than sixteen useful brooks—is boasted of in the Demos. It has, as the chief seat of the Demos and of the Eparchy, all the usual official establishments: a health establishment (σταθμὸς ὑγιειανομικὸς), a custom-house (σταθμὸς τελωνικὸς), and an εἰρηνοδικεῖον, a court of a justice of peace. There is also an office of finance of the second class (οἰκονομικὸν ταμεῖον Β τὰξως), sufficient, at least, to mark its position in the Nomarchy of Lakonia. Its schools I have noticed elsewhere.

We were now, despite a stiff south-wester in our teeth, going fast on towards Cape Malea: the sky looked menacing, and no change for the better seemed probable. The evening was too far advanced to allow us to discern any towns or villages along the iron flanks of those rugged mountains; but we must have successively passed Epidelium, a spot believed by Leake to be Cape Kamili, one-third of the distance between Cape

Malea and Palæa Monemvasia, and the small place of Lide still more to the southward. In this hazy light, however, the scenery on the whole gained; its barrenness was forgotten in its gloomy grandeur.

At half-past eight we rounded Cape Malea, and caught the light of the hermit, now identified with that promontory, very distinctly on our right, whilst on our left shone the brilliant, flashing light of Cerigo, lately erected by our Government as one of a series for the better securing the navigation of these seas. The breeze continuing to freshen, the captain was disposed to lay-to till morning under Cervi, where there was good shelter, especially as, nothing pressing us, we were desirous of touching, if possible, at some of the principal points on the opposite coast, in the hope of catching a glimpse of Maina scenery and manners. As we advanced, however, the night grew clearer, and the sea more moderate, and there seemed to be no ground for turning out of our course.

Cervi was passed about ten,—a low, ridgy land, immediately below Malea. I should have liked to have seen it, had circumstances permitted, though it were hard to say to what dimensions half an hour's delay on its rocky shores might have swollen in the columns of the Athenian press, and how easily a movement, of which an obstinate sirocco was the sole instigator, might have been set down to belligerent instructions from our notoriously Machiavelian Government at home. On this occasion Pater Æolus judged better for us than we could ourselves, and, as though anxious to save us even from

suspicion, which has its triple difficulty in Greece, allowed us clear passage across the Kolokythian bay.

Trusting to his guidance, and to that of our captain, and taking a doubtful view through the rolling clouds of this side of Lakonia, the great eastern arm which embraced so long its Eleutherolakonian population, I retired to rest about eleven o'clock, first passing in my mind the chief places along its broken shores.



## CHAPTER II.

## GYTHIUM.

MAY 9.—Coming on deck this morning shortly after sunrise, I found we were close to the Maina shore; but so much wind and sea prevailed, though the weather was brilliant, that we had but faint hopes of being able to effect a comfortable landing at any point on this inhospitable coast. The wind had changed from S.W. to N.W., and raged with the fury of an incipient Etesian gale. We kept at half-speed, close enough, however, to shore to allow us with a telescope a pretty good insight to many of the valleys, as well as varied glimpses of ridge, promontory, and crowning mountain along the line.

It is a scenery “*sui generis*,” combining melancholy and brightness, the harsh and the noble, the churlishness of nature with the industry of man. Here Greece presents frowns and barriers to the stranger, with no limit to the beauty or variety which shelters behind. The whole coast from Tænarus or Cape Matapan, is a remarkable specimen of Lakonian scenery. An entire range is broken up into mountains, generally of equal level and of tumular forms, like enormous dun-coloured sand-hills, spotted at their bases with scanty plan-



tations of olives, ridged, scarred, and wrinkled by torrents, the seams of which are everywhere visible, and give so worn-out an appearance to the greater part of the mountain physiognomy of Greece. It is not age only, but age in decay. Here and there, sudden heaps of alluvium, collected in these half-deserted beds, are tipped by sparkling villages, with their surrounding patches of cornfield and wild shrub, and occasional vegetation. Below sometimes range, though at a considerable distance, terrace-like platforms, indicating what is or has been arable land by the colour of the soil. The villages in many places are sown thickly, and resemble the Italian more than the recent Greek. Groups of high houses,—one peering over the shoulders of the other,—not close nor ordered, but separate and self-relying,—seem flung together as site or means allowed, protected by no wall, divided by no wall, but apparently plunged separately into masses of fresh foliage, with here and there the characteristic pyrgoi at the extremity and centre.

These pyrgoi are often found isolated, and evince an establishment of themselves. Some were so close to the sea, occasionally commanding a low gravelly beach, sometimes topping a sheer bluff rock, that we could examine them without difficulty. When thus apart, they were generally surrounded by a wall of considerable height, but having the door on a level with the ground, and not high up, as most travellers describe. A large number are still visible, in a more or less state of decay, the whole length of this shore.

Above all this we caught, from time to time,

gleams of snow on the higher points of the range; for, though the corn seemed more advanced than in Attica, winter still reigned in its rigidity on the heights beyond. Along the coast, creek or port is scarcely discernible.\* What we now and then saw looked little more than nooks and niches, cut by the wearing of the waves on the high land.

At ten we found ourselves in a deep bay, enclosing considerable evidences of cultivation, at the end of which lay on a gentle eminence the town of Skutari, the chief place of the district. We prepared to land, and anchored at a short distance from the shore. But the wind was so strong and the surf so high, in this open roadstead—harbour it cannot be called,—that, to our great disappointment, we were obliged to desist, and pay the visit through our telescopes instead. This place is a striking specimen of a Mainiote town, and presents in their most marked form most of the characteristics already noticed. It is prettily situated on some hillocks above the beach, a few groups of olives and other trees finding shelter in little nooks of the high rocks which spring right up from the sea. Towers are numerous over all the country, isolated or attached to houses in the town: almost every habitation seems to have one. They are usually in a very dilapidated condition, still bearing evidence of what they had suffered from the artillery of the Turks. Farther up the country we counted seven or eight such towers on the adjacent hills, combining well their rugged

\* See testimony to the want of ports, ἀλμειρότης, *importuosum mare*, of this shore, and σπανοσιτία, from Xenophon's account of Konon's expedition towards Cythera.—(*Hell.* b. iv. c. viii. 7.)

browns with the fresh mulberry-leaves and sea-green olives.

Prayers on board, muster-roll, and the men's dinner over, and no abatement in the wind, though the day continued brilliant, nor hope of effecting a landing before sunset without a wetting, being yet apparent, the captain proposed making at once for Marathonisi or Gythium. Weighing anchor with the north-west so strong, we were obliged to strike our topgallant masts: but no sooner had the headland been rounded than we found ourselves in calm water, and without further impediment. A noble view of Taygetus, crowned with its crest of snows, opened upon us, and it was half-past three as we steamed into the small harbour of Gythium.

We dropped anchor opposite the town, the island to the south, and the champaign country, varied with undulating ground, to the north. These are the three defining points of the place, and comprise the whole of its history.

The island consists of a low, flat tongue of land, slightly wooded, of which the chief feature is a chateau grown from a tower or *πύργος* belonging to and built, we heard, by the present head of the Gligorakis family. This is one of the houses which contended for many years with that of the Mavromichalis for supremacy in Maina, and between whom existed a feud for the beyship not yet completely appeased. The gradual subsidence of that wild district into the ordinary manners of the rest of Greece, though marked by frequent interruptions, resistance, and outbreaks, has rendered authority scarcely worth competing for, beyond the gratifica-

tion to the personal vanity of the individual. The position of these families still claims attention, for former recollections.

The Gligorakis appear to have begun their settlement here at the time that Leake travelled. Their usual residence was at Vathy, in Kakavoulia; but Leake found them building a pyrgos on the hill, for the residence of Anton or Andon Gligoraki, the then bey.\* This chief assumed the title of bey, as governor or capitan under the Capitan Pasha of Maina; his name Anton, converted to Andon, being rather an exaggeration, to suit the Turkish habits and pronunciation. He seems, indeed, to have had a powerful family support at the time; not less than five nephews, all residents in Maina; two at Skutari, one of whom was the deputy-governor during his father's absence; besides sons-in-law and other relatives. His eldest son Demetrius, called the "Cavaliere of Russia" (*Καβαλίστης τῆς Μοσχοβίας*), governed for him at Kytries. It was this son and Constantine, surnamed Tzingurio, who became the heroes of the family. But the Gligorakis carried on, not only open war with the Mavromichalis, but feuds internal amongst themselves. Anton's predecessor and cousin Tzanet (for Gianni, *Γιάννης*) Bey, had been just expelled by the Turkish admiral for correspondence with the Frank. His son Petro Bizandé (Bey-Zaade), educated in Rome, and wearing the Frank dress, was in Leake's time considered as likely to succeed Anton. He had two brothers, Grigorio and Dimitraki. The Tzanet or Gianni branch is now known at Athens by another diminutive, "Giannetaki;" and they

\* "Travels in Morea," p. 235.

occasionally reappear in some contest, a feeble image of past wars, with the Mavromichalis. Overtures had been made, I was told, after the fashion of Maina, to put an end to this feud by the intermarriage of a son of the Gligorakis with a daughter of the Mavromichalis. Difficulties, however, existed. There were old accounts still to be settled and obstacles to be surmounted, not inferior to those which stood in the way of the reconciliation of Buccleuch and Cranstoun, and of so many other hero houses of our Border wars. The lady to whom the proposals and mission of peace were tendered, is said to have at once declined, even without the intervention of a lady of Buccleuch in the person of her mother. Subordinate quarrels also engaged their attention, and new difficulties in new quarters where Maina heroism was not in favour, or where Mavromichalis precedents were disliked or dreaded. Sinister events and coincidences enhanced the embarrassments. In the summer of 1850, Korfiotaki, another rival, of minor note, but important from the post he held—Minister of Religion and Instruction,—was murdered in open day by a young Spartan in the most public street in Athens, that of Hermes, and at an hour the most crowded. I well remember the Sunday; I saw him leave the public promenade half an hour before. The victim, originally from Corfu (whence his name), was no favourite, and the Spartan suffered the penalty without uttering a word or betraying an accomplice. But Leonidas Mavromichalis fled to Cerigo, and the secret hostility of the higher powers did not let this pass. Everything combined to throw a shade over this



house, however undeserved, from which, despite a conduct calm and discreet, the family have not yet emerged. Too many are ready to take their place, though without their pretensions, and they must be familiar enough with Greek and Mainiote jealousy, to hope for a speedy recovery of their earlier distinction. The present representative of the Gligorakis is not more prosperous. His fortunes, once considerable, through neglect and other causes, have altogether dwindled; and in Greece there exists no other aristocracy than that of money, or the still more spurious one of bureaucracy.

This island, known in olden times as *Cranæa*, bears now the name of *Marathonisi* or *Fennel Island*—why I could not clearly make out—shows few habitations, and seems to be laid out in vines, mulberries, and *valonia*.

On the opposite side, on the hilly ground sweeping off to a gradual height, in undulations covered with vineyards and brushwood, lay *Gythium*, now called *Palæopolis*, or the “old town,” shut in by high eminences on the west, by lesser risings towards the east, and declining to a plain along the gracefully-curving beach.

Between both, on the declivities of a rather precipitous rock, is situated the close-packed modern town or village of *Marathonisi*, its name deriving from the island, but which has been raised by Greek passion for classicality into *Gythium*. It looked a wretched complication of house upon house on the sides of the naked hill, dotted here and there by a few churches, one of which, dedicated to *St. Demetrius*, rejoices in a belfry.

An English war-steamer presenting some novelty, though not altogether unknown, as at Monemvasia, and it being, moreover, Sunday evening, when the "Liturgy" being finished, every one had turned himself to café or promenade after the week's labour, we were not surprised to see a little open space between the houses which run parallel to the shore, crowded with sparkling white fustanellas, and increasing every moment in fresh streams from the close lanes in the neighbourhood. In face of this difficulty we landed, and were instantly seized on by the authorities, eparch, astunomos, and mirarch, with every proffer of service and courtesy.

What could not be found, however, was a didaskalos sufficiently acquainted with the locality to conduct us. A cloud of guides or cicerones of all ages set upon us, each contending for our undivided possession, in the absence of a true teacher, each one lustily supporting his pretension by loud voice and incessant importunity, very much, I thought, like other claimants in similar matters, who carry their theories by main force of lungs and assertion. Once or twice we tried to rescue ourselves from the legion by surrendering to one or other amongst them, but were soon obliged to reject our choice, or were severed from him by a new competitor. None knew where the theatre was, or, indeed, what was meant by a theatre. It was a curious literary discovery to find so considerable a population, as yet unconscious of an idea, which, no doubt, every regular opera-goer considers innate. After a great deal of scrambling through the streets, which look as if they had been for many years in a state of chronic earthquake



—dislocated beyond even Turkish negligence and endurance,—and passing under houses tottering to their ruin and pressing us close on either side, we at length felt ourselves, having first crossed a healthy tumbling stream, left to its own wayward riotous will, once more free in the country. Here the vociferation of the eicerones became desperate, and, rather than be torn quite to pieces by such a host of instructors, we had to run away with the first who got hold of our skirts. I do not know, to this hour, whether we gained or lost in the end. Many still followed; but they could tell us nothing, and we only used them mechanically, taking hands in crossing walls and rivulets, begging them to keep their light as much as possible under a bushel, and not disturb our ignorance by their information.

The first point reached, was enough to exercise our ingenuity. They stopped us at a little distance from the town on the left, by a plain perpendicularly-cut rock, of reddish calcareous stone, which they insisted was the “Theatre,” and the Professor of the flock proceeded to point out the seats above. We walked on, incredulous.

Our road lay through a very rich vegetation—arable land, vineyard, and shrub—to some remains of ancient work towards the west, about a mile distant from the town. They presented a sort of coved vault, the stones in support being large, quadrilateral, and unornamented, of a character of construction anterior to the Romans, and had probably been tombs. Further on, are large portions of laterital work, of what appeared a bath, and so it is designated to the present day. They are altogether Roman. Many similar fragments are to

be met with over the whole of this ground to the summit of the hills; but the entanglement with corn, brushwood, and hedges was such, that we found it difficult to penetrate to each of them. They run on for nearly a mile, at intervals, towards the west and north-west.

In this direction is also the Theatre. Very few of the seats still remain, or else they are overgrown by the thick herbage. Leake gives the diameter at about 150 feet. It looks towards the sea, from which it is distant about 300 feet. No traces of the scena are visible, as is generally the case in the Greek and in some Roman theatres. Between this point and the sea we passed by a large well of curious construction, raised on a platform, the mouth of which, like those of most wells in Greece, is much worn. Both Leake and Curtius believe this to be the well of Æsculapius, found by Pausanias in the Agora; it therefore also serves to mark this latter site.

Near the beach were shown to us some substructions and other coarse Roman rubble-work, with cement and rude mosaic floors; the cement being usually painted red. We were told that they stretch a good way out to sea, like those at Baiæ, and are visible when the water is calm. The Eparch had now taken the lead in our instruction, of which, and of his English and good-will towards England, he was not a little proud. He directed our attention especially to the windmill close at hand, built probably from fragments of these edifices. By its side, a late excavation had brought to light a sarkophagus, which still remained nearly "in situ." This had been discovered, the Eparch

said, about three years ago, but is not as yet completely raised from the soil, and I could not ascertain that it had concealed vases, or other relics of interest. It is of coarse marble, and three of its sides are unsculptured. They were probably intended to be ornamented according to the taste of the purchaser; and this was bought in haste by the relatives. There were always large manufactories of these commodities in the Roman towns, ready, as coffins now-a-days, for the first comer. On the fourth side, which lay exposed, stood a clumsy Cupid, bearing a heavy Roman wreath, and making the centre to the composition. On the extreme right are two dancing figures, of some interest from the peculiarity of their attitude. They form a couple more symmetrically arranged than usual, the two near elbows (arms a-kimbo) touching, whilst the opposite legs and arms are raised. This is probably a local dance, referable to some feast of a local divinity, and of the cyclus which we usually see, especially on Roman tombs.\* The figure to the left is a young

\* At no great distance from the village of Skamnaki are the ruins of Pyrrhicus,—Πύρριχος, according to Leake. It is supposed to have derived its name from Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, or, according to some, from the god Pyrrhicus, a divinity of the Kouretes. The Pyrrhic dance is ascribed to Pyrrhus; others, again, give it to the Korybantes, cognate with the Kouretes. It is not impossible that here may have been the original site, or that this dance may have been autochthonic in this locality. Silenus also appears to have borne the cognomen of Pyrrhicus, and his dances may have as good claim to the name of Pyrrhic as those of Pyrrhus or the Korybantes. Silenus was apparently a benefactor to agriculturists, as he is said to have endowed them with a fountain of water at Pyrrhicus. Hercules shared with Apollo in the veneration of the Gythiotes. It was here that the feud which had

Hercules combating a lion. He is armed with the customary club, and is about to strike his enemy, who advances. This also points to local predilections and traditions. The architectural border, which surmounts the sarkophagus, is sufficient to show that the whole is coarse Roman. Some other fragments are observable from time to time, but all of the same period; no doubt many such might still be detected in the whole of this plain, which runs up to the foot of the hillocks, and which formerly must have been covered by lower Gythium. We heard of two or three, and amongst them a piece of sculpture, in a house in town, described as of superior workmanship: but which I could only see in secret, it was said, "lest it should be made known to the Government." These relics plainly designate the third epoch of the city, when it was restored to something of its former importance by the Romans.

Finding nothing further worth notice in this quarter, we took our way back to town, along the road by which we had left it. I perceived to our right, that many of our young guides, and others who had joined them, had availed themselves of the opportunity of an open space, and were deep in a sort of game, not unlike "cat," which they enjoyed most creditably. We stopped to look at them, and were trying to make out its mysteries, when our over-zealous police in fustinnella fell upon the players with the *ισχὺς τοῦ*

arisen from the robbery of the Tripod was appeased, and the god and hero demi-god were reconciled. To this reconciliation some authors trace, not only their joint worship, but the foundation of Gythium.

νόμου, and notwithstanding our expostulations, dispersed them. This reading of a riot act for a little manly sport is characteristic, and it gave rise to a host of philosophic and political reflections, which might decently fill pages if I could treat here of such Eleusinian mysteries.

We soon found ourselves again before the perpendicular smooth cut rock passed by on our first arrival, and which our paradoxical guides still persisted in designating as "*τὸ θέατρον*." It looks at first sight much more like a deserted quarry. On closer examination, I perceived that it had been cloven down with great regularity and smoothness, and for other purposes than those of a theatre. The rock, too, which we now detected through the brushwood, had been cut with the same precision, and in a right angle on each side towards the back. On these sides rows of seats appear to have ranged above and below. Connecting the two sides, I observed some lines of well-cut stones put together regularly, but without cement, running in the earth at the base, and parallel to the hewn rock. Holes from time to time are seen above. Over them again might have been seats, as also in the brushwood. I could only discover two lines of stones forming the connecting basement, and these I measured as sixty-nine feet from the base of one side to the other. The whole reminded me strongly of the hewn back of the Pnyx. It has lately been cleared and cleaned, but is not yet sufficiently excavated; the rock itself is as smooth as a racket-court, which it strongly resembles.

Here, travellers have placed the "Seat," or "Rest

of Orestes," — "Orestes Ruhe," as the Germans call it,—and point out some of the seats above as the probable spot venerated by the ancients. But admitting the correctness of the designation, it will not account for the other accompaniment. It does not seem that a "ἱερόν" was erected commemorative of the event, or an enclosure later consecrated to the hero. The work is, notwithstanding, of some antiquity, as the form would imply, independent of the execution. Its resemblance to the Pnyx leads us back to the first period of the history of Gythium. It possibly owes its origin to some early tradition or observance introduced by the first settlers, but which disappeared later in the progress of pure Hellenic and Roman domination.

I find no distinct notice of this monument in any traveller. The "Seat" or "Stool," or "Rest of Orestes," is taken to be the sort of niche immediately above the inscription on the face of the rock. Yet this is doubtful, as long as this enigmatical inscription is not deciphered and elucidated. I do not see that the words of Pausanias bear out the interpretation: Γυθίου δὲ τρεῖς μάλιστα ἀπέχει σταδίους ἀργὸς λίθος. Ὀρέστην λέγουσι καθεσθέντα ἐπ' αὐτοῦ παύσασθαι τῆς μανίας· διὰ τοῦτο ὁ λίθος ἀνομάσθη Ζεὺς καππώτας κατὰ γλῶσσαν τὴν Δωρίδα.\* "Above it," says Leake, alluding to the stream which we crossed near the town, "on the left of the road to Paleopoli I find an inscription on the rock in small and very ancient characters, and behind the latter, on the side of the mountain, a chair with a footstep hewn in the rock, and resembling the chair at Athens in

\* Pausanias, c. xxii. 1,—*Lakonia*.



the rocks near the Pnyx. This excavation I take to mark the position of the Leus Cappotas, as the distance of three stades agrees very well with that of the chair from the ruins of Gythium.\* *Ζεὺς κάππωτας*, *i. e.* (in a note, p. 247) *λᾶς κατάπαυσας*, the relieving stone; *Ζεὺς κάππωτας*, Jupiter the Reliever, is another reading of these words." But this chair is high up the rock, and, moreover, is termed *ἀργός*, or rough, unhewn: quite as probably it was lower down, and may have had to do with this singular excavation. I incline to ascribe this latter to the early settlers,—the Minyans, Pelasgo-Tyrians, or Carians. It is, perhaps, one of the earliest forms of temple,† and the Orestes tradition may have been added later.

I am, however, more disposed to see in this a Phœnician, or rather Phœnician-suggested *τέμενος* or *ιερόν* than one either of Doric or Minyan date. Such spaces, first used as quarries, are found in Cythera, Malta, Jerusalem, and near Sidon. Raised altars, cut out of the rock, have been left in some,—in others, tombs, as in the valley of Jehoshaphat; and in others, again, simply inscriptions. They all belong, like the Pnyx, to an early period of culture and worship,—a circumstance, however, which would not preclude this spot from having served subsequently, like the Pnyx, for other purposes, as the cut stone and regularly-laid courses seem to indicate. If the ground was cleared when Curtius travelled, it is matter of surprise that he does not give more details: even his map is unsatisfactory.

A little to the side of this rock, towards the

\* Leake's "Travels," p. 248. † See Welcher on the Pnyx.



town, was a considerable hole or excavation in the rough surface, which resembled the socket of a pillar, and, further on, an inscription rudely cut in its smoothened face: this I climbed up to copy. The character is very ancient, for I observed  $\Delta\Theta\Sigma\Omega$  for  $\Omega$ ; but being half concealed by the wall of a house, which cuts right through the middle, I abandoned the profitless labour. No trouble seems to have been taken to extricate it from its position, nor could I obtain any information as to the existence of similar inscriptions, at least in that neighbourhood. A fragment in the church of St. Dimitri was alone mentioned; but, having already been copied, and as the church appeared some distance off, and our party were anxious to get on board for dinner at half-past five, I gave up the search, and we embarked.

The aspect of this place is wretched. The lanes are narrow, irregular, and unwholesome; and the houses squeezed together, by the nature of the soil and insensibility to such inconveniences on the part of the inhabitants. The town is singularly deficient in fresh water and pure air; but a rushing stream, unfortunately brackish, finding its way as it can through the broken pavement to the sea, gives the means, hitherto unused, of keeping it in a passable state of cleanliness. All, however, looks disconsolate, ragged, and ruinous, as if the place had only yesterday escaped from the cannonade of the Turks, and as though during their twenty-five years of independence the whole population had been fast asleep. There is nothing in its external appearance which could show that it had passed under Christian rule, and were it

not for the ceremonial of the authorities, and the "emancipated" look of the younger portion of the population, who are joyous and active enough, one might suppose they yet felt the enervating influences of their late masters. In this particular, they made a much less favourable impression than Monemvasia; though, as to dwellings and streets, there is little to decide between them.

Yet Marathonisi is not without official pretensions, and what is more important, not without a certain amount of trade, arising partly from its position, partly from the productions of the adjacent country. Under the name of "Gythium," it stands at the head of the Eparchy and Demos of the same name. The Eparchy contains five demoî or communes,—Gythium, Malecorion, Karyopolis, Kolykynthion, and Lageia, with a population in 1851 of 12,122; the Demos contains eight small places, besides the town, the largest of which, thirty minutes to the south, is Mavrovouni, with a population of 709. Marathonisi itself possesses not more than 287 houses and 1,378 inhabitants; but it is not without a large staff of authorities, and a fair provision for intellectual culture. It has an eparch, demarch, justice of the peace, head of the health-office and of a custom-house station, besides an Hellenic school of the second class, and two primary schools for boys and girls.

Its principal commerce, now as formerly, is in the valonea oak and in the red dye of the prickly or holly oak, the *πρινοκόκκιον*,\* of which it annually

\* Various kinds of oak are to be met with in Greece,—the *Quercus pubescens*, *Ægilops*, *Æsculus*, *Ilex*, and others. Amongst them the most remarkable is the *Quercus coccifera*, the *πρῖνος* or

exports considerable quantities. It is the port of Elos and Sparta, and, if there were a good road to each place, it would be exclusively so; for, the difficulties in arriving at Kalamata and in leaving it are considerable. Yet, though now, as in former times, pointed out by situation as the great southern channel for the exports of the richest districts in Greece, no effort of a practically efficient nature has been made to turn these opportunities to good account. Nor has there been any attempt to establish a harbour on the comparatively open shore; and, although a carriage-road was decreed, and is, at this day, believed at Athens to exist, and is doubtless boasted of, in periodical eulogies, the first commencements are not yet

*κόκκος* of Dioscorides, the *πρινάρι* of the modern Greek. As a tree it is found in many places, such as Mistros and Kyparissia; but it usually grows as a shrub, in groups, a harsh, rugged, ever-green, of from three to six feet high, covering more frequently than almost any other wood the lower declivities of the mountains in Greece and the islands. It is generally thickly leaved and covered with prickly points, and takes the form of a round, often pyramidal, cone. Some suppose this to arise from the constant nibbling of the goats; but this is very questionable, though the leaves certainly seem cut as with a pair of garden-shears. The berry is a small insect gathered from the leaves.—(Fiedler, i. 520-1.) The passage in Theophrastus (*Hist. Plant.* l. 3, c. 8) justifies the name, also given to the *πρινάρι* by modern Greeks, of *πρινοκόκκον*, but he almost seems to imply that the *κόκκος*—similar to the animal which produces the cochineal—was the fruit, not an insect attached to the fruit: *ἡ πρῖνος τὸν φοινικοῦν κόκκον φέρει*. Pausanias (*Phoc.* c. 36) is more clear, and distinctly points out fruit and insect, though confining the insect too much to the fruit. In size, he compares it to the *ράμνος*, but is not quite so correct as to the colour of the leaves. It is a little darker, but not blacker nor smoother than the lentisk, *σχῖνος*, with which Greek commentators easily confound it. The lentisk is very smooth, and the prinari is covered with prickly points.

traced through a line of country where everything invites and rewards, and where, with the exception of government inertness, there is no real difficulty. Despite all these drawbacks, it must not be supposed that Marathonisi, possessing so considerable a stimulus behind it as the plain of Sparta, has not improved. Even the neighbourhood of this town shows encouraging symptoms of salutary influences in the increasing culture of corn, vine, and mulberry. The hills around are rich with the most luxuriant productions. The corn crops especially are magnificent; and, walking through field after field well drained and well hedged, we imagined ourselves in Belgium or England. Nor was it easy to reconcile such elements of substantial wealth, in so healthy a state of activity, with the miserable decay of the town, which ought, in some measure, to have been the reflection of so much prosperity.

This coast being but badly provided with landlocked ports,\* the position and comparatively superior accommodation of Marathonisi, at least

\* There is a series of small ports, the whole way down to Cape Malea and to Tænarus, which ports in later times were especially used on both sides of the Kolokythian Gulf, subsequent to the working of the mines in the interior. In some places, as in the neighbourhood of Boiæ, although no mines can be discovered, remains of brass and copper scorïæ are still found. These were probably brought down from the interior to the sea-shore, where there was wood for smelting. Establishments of this description, however, were Dorian,—“Doris Malea” (Lucan, *Phars.* ix. 36); and not without reason, for Sparta soon extended her dominion to the extremity of the peninsula. The mines and fisheries here, as in most other parts of Lakonia, offered large subsidiary resources in conjunction with agriculture.

for the ships of antiquity, naturally pointed it out to the earliest traders. We accordingly find, as in all similar cases, an intercourse established from the outset of history with the Phœnicians, Karians, and Pelasgi, whose progress to the south coasts of Greece, and generally to the Peloponnesus, may be traced across the stepping-stones, so to speak, of Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, and Cythera.\*

\* This island chain has its links so close, that they are visible almost from one to the other. Cervi is only forty stadia (five miles) from Cythera. This island, the last of the range, was for a considerable period the "Pillars of Hercules" of Phœnician enterprise. Once past this point, the pilot entered on new seas, encountered new winds, and left behind him the familiar ports, headlands, or other passes, of the close navigation of the Ægean and of the eastern and southern shores of the Mediterranean. In time, these frontiers were removed to the Straits of Gibraltar, and finally to the British Channel; beyond which, the Ultima Thule designated the last step even of their theoretical knowledge. The old proverb, "Beyond Malea forget thy home" (Strabo, 378), could only apply to an Eastern traveller. It was then an adventure, like our seeking the north-west passage. No point could therefore be more naturally selected for a Phœnician settlement, than Cythera. It became a chief depôt between East and West, not merely for the fishery and dye, but for the preparation of the dye, and from which, indeed, it derived its name. It was probably at first a *συνοικισμός*, a collection of factories or villages, so common in the early ages; τὰ Κύθηρα, in the plural, derived (Curt. ap. Steph.) from ἀπὸ Κυθήρου τοῦ Φοίνικος· ἐκαλεῖτο δὲ Πορφύρουσα διὰ τὸ κάλλος τῶν περὶ αὐτὴν πορφυρῶν, a name which superseded latterly that of Cythera,—Cythera antea Porphyris (Plin. iv. 12, 56). Cerigotto furnishes the link between it and Rhodes, and, singularly enough, has also its Lindus. But Bochart finds stronger indications of Eastern origin in the Greek names. He says, Malea itself is Maleath Hackamor, the jaw of the ass, which is no more than the Onugnathos, the island now Cervi, or Elaphonisi, a name perhaps common to the whole promontory before it was separated, and of which the reminiscence is preserved in the present designation. The very name Ἀφροδίτη is Eastern, converted after-



The Phœnicians opened here a commerce in the mussel,\* which produced the rich purple or crimson known to antiquity as the Tyrian dye. No spot on the coast of the Mediterranean, was so rich in this important fishery, as the eastern shores of the Taygetan peninsula, nor could any point have

wards into Greek; and a legend founded upon it, "the rising from the sea," which had such currency in Greek later fable, that, forgetting the old Phœnician origin, and considering it native and indigenous, Phryne actually represented it to the admiration of the Athenians in the sea at Eleusis. But the Spartan conception, and still more that of Cythera, was of very different order from the rest of the Greeks. The goddess at Cythera was represented armed with spear, ἔγχειος, ξόανον (wooden and archaic) ὠπλισμένον (Paus. Movers. S. 231, 271), as she was venerated in Sidon, Paphos, and Carthage; traces of which, betraying direct connection with Phœnicia, are visible in similar representations in Sparta, and of which again her foot resting on a helmet may be a later translation. It was an old legend based on this feeling that said, whenever Aphrodite appeared at Sparta she had to put down her keston before she crossed the Eurotas. But this is not confined to the islands alone. The name Tyros is found even on the mainland, Τύρος τῆς Λακωνικῆς.—(Steph. Byzan.; Curtius, in *Rhein. Mus.* 1850, s. 458.) We have beside Ἀμάθους πόλις, quasi Ἀμάθος, and Sido, Sarda, Sidon.—(Thucy. iv. 56.) Even Tonaris Bochart derives from Tinar, a promontory.

\* These purple mussels were also to be found of good quality and in large quantities in the Chiristian Gulf, immediately opposite the chief Achaian Phœnician cities. On the north side, the town of Bulis supported with their produce half its population. I collected several myself, amongst the ruins of Thisbe; and in the recent excavations at the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, at Athens, large heaps of them turned up. There has been no effort to revive their ancient use, and the same want of energy is observable in Palestine, where they are still seen in as great quantities along the coast as in olden times. A serious difficulty would no doubt be felt, from the fact that all knowledge is lost of the true manufacturing processes.



been, in consequence, more inviting to the new settlers. As in all such cases, their first establishments consisted of factories and magazines; successively in their neighbourhood, arose all the other accompaniments of a great staple. The Phœnicians, especially the Tyrians, guided by their mercantile instincts and their social experiences, as well as by the example of their own prosperous island state, seem first to have taken possession of the island, Cranæ, solely mindful of its immediate productions, without reference to the inward trade of the country. It offered every advantage sought by a maritime people,—security at slight expense, without need of walls or garrison, the narrow arm of the sea, which divided it from the mainland, being sufficient to secure their possession from the aggression of the ruder natives,—whilst it afforded, at the same time, all the conditions of a good central dépôt.

The mercantile colony, or settlement, soon attracted a neighbouring population, and it is only following the analogy of other similar plantations in modern times to suppose that new branches, weaving and dyeing for instance, were opened subsidiary to or consequent on the mussel fishery. No doubt, artistic applications to ornamental or furniture purposes were introduced later, —such as the ivory dyeing, of which we so often find familiar notice in the Homeric poems, especially in connection with Sparta.

But, harmonizing with similar examples in the Eastern world, other arts, and with them other manners and beliefs, followed. The Asiatic traditions and worship, in their Phœnician form,

established themselves simultaneously with Phœnician trade; at first separately, and then in conjunction with the legends and worship of the natives. Some time passed before this amalgamation was effected, and in this interval it is that Cranæ, (the ancient name of Marathonisi island,) must be considered as a thorough Tyrian colony.\* That it was so held for a long period after, is clear from the legend of Helen and Paris, who spent here the first night after their flight. It was the land of the stranger to which Spartan power did not extend, and from which the passage to Asia was easy and a matter

\* The Phœnicians judged well of the importance and security of an island establishment to a maritime power, and in seizing islands and promontories wherever they could be had, they defied with ease the intervention of the Lacedæmonians. The Spartan constitution in later times rendered them hostile to this influx of luxury, and thus is explained the severity and minuteness with which they watched the arrival of strangers, or of additions to the eastern population in all those islands in connection with Lakonia, but especially Cythera. The Spartans found it difficult to control these colonial settlers. They sent them annually an Harmost with a Spartan garrison to keep the inhabitants, who must have continued for a long period Punic, in order. The military advantages of these positions is seen by the advice (fortunately not taken) given by Demaratus to Xerxes, and afterwards seized with advantage by the Athenians. But this was not the only cause of Spartan solicitude. They also wished to prevent the extension of these settlers and arts through their small and simple territory. In this they appear to have been unsuccessful. We find a settlement for the manufacture of purple in Amyclæ (Ovid, *Rem. Am.* 708); and though this was in the Roman times, it is indicative of an earlier establishment. Nor were they enabled to exclude their perverted and corrupting legends and ritual (see traces of Orientalism in the Heroun of Kadmos) from Sparta itself, though much more so than in other parts of Greece, where these influences were suffered to enter unchecked,—as at Corinth, Patras, and on the whole northern coast of Achaia.

of daily occurrence. By degrees, an intercourse and interchange of the first articles with the opposite coast naturally arose, and with that portion which appears nearest, the present Marathonisi. This intercourse is well expressed, and well preserved in antiquity by the name *Μίγωνιον*, given to that part of the continent where the intermixture of the two races, Eastern and Hellenic, first took place. This intermixture was further confirmed by intermarriages, and we meet in consequence with the worship of Aphrodite, common, in one form or other, to all the Phœnician colonies. Here, from natural and national causes, eminently characteristic and inevitable, it was established under the appropriate designation of Aphrodite Mignotis. Migionion was located, like the present Marathonisi, on the steep sides of the Larysian hill, which then, as now, was soon covered with vineyards, and was dedicated to Dionysos. Dionysos and Aphrodite thus typify the early population: they are the presiding deities, as it were, over the first part of its history.

It would be very curious to pursue this inquiry further. The oriental luxury of the Spartan court, of which so glowing a picture shines forth in the 4th Odyssey, could doubtless be traced to the flourishing existence of a great Tyrian staple, perhaps the greatest; planted, it might be said, with all its refinements, at its very gates. The curtains and couches, the mantles and veils of Helen; the ivory chairs, the golden-clawed tables, the carpets, the gems, the cunning works of the whole East, were within the reach of a day's journey,—Paris travelled faster,—and they were naturally as

familiar to the small Palikari court of Menelaus as all such luxuries still are in our own day to Beys, and Pashas, and mountain chiefs, possessing sufficient means of interchange with the traders of Bagdad and Damascus.

There is no reason to suppose that Tyrian industry,\* or Tyrian population, were at any time expelled. They disappeared, or merged into the indigenous tribes, preserving, however, for a long time their distinctives. The great staple of their trade, the mussel-fishery, appears to have been almost given up, but it still retained a sort of limited existence, during all subsequent political and other changes, until revived with new encouragements by the Romans. The Spartan was distinguished by his scarlet or crimson chlamys from all the other Greeks. It was in some measure, through Cranæ and Migonion, his home manufacture.

But other objects and interests followed on the first accession of the neighbouring Sparta to command. The Dorian race of invaders, of which they were the most uncompromising type, sought something more than a mere import station for Eastern luxuries. They desired an export outlet for the productions of their rich plains, the result of the labours of their Helot slaves and Messenian tributaries. To this end neither Cranæ nor Migo-

\* Phœnicians were celebrated for all kinds of work,—not merely for bronze and ivory, but for earth-digging and canal-making. See how they managed the canal at Mount Athos, in which they contrast so favourably with all the other workmen. —(Herod. l. vii. c. 23.) The mode taken to carry off the earth, is quite analogous to that used in irrigating land in Egypt.

nion seemed suitable. Gythium, or Γύθειον, at the short distance of six or seven hundred paces from Migionion or Marathousi, was founded under the joint protection of their two great protecting divinities, Hercules, the type and founder of the Dorian, and Apollo of the Minyan race, who seem in this, as in other cases, to have got intermingled. What became of the Tyrian or commercial element of Cranæ, whether it fell away in consequence of the internal decay of the mother-country, or was obliged to fly before the anti-Persian (or more properly anti-Eastern) fanaticism of the Hellens, or whether it was lost in Migionion, and Migionion itself afterwards absorbed, does not appear. Gythium rose proportionately in consideration. It became the most important channel for a large corn, cheese, and other commercial trade to Athens, Corinth, and the colonies, for which the neighbourhood of Helos,\* and the Spartan plain itself, so well answered. The man of war, in proportion to his power of oppression and success, extorting daily larger returns from the man of

\* The descendants and successors of the Eleutherolakones are now obliged to pass over to Helos with their labour annually, as Cephalonians and Ithakans do to Akarnania to gather in the harvest, where they are, as in the case of the Ionians, paid in kind. It is to be hoped they have not the same difficulties. Every year petitions are sent to Athens from the five or six thousand Ionian labourers on the western coast of Greece, for leave to transfer their corn to their homes ; but till lately, means, local or governmental, were always found to interfere with the export, and thus they were reduced to sell at a disadvantage, and to carry back only one-third. Perhaps some such obstacles may have suggested the praiseworthy, and I am glad to hear successful, effort to establish inland agricultural settlements. M. Pyrrakos has founded one which is thriving, and which dispenses altogether with Helot employment.



peace, is a prototype of a system, not peculiarly Spartan, but which can be traced through all exclusively warlike communities down to the Middle Ages, for which, however, large retribution has been required and obtained on the other side. The reverse of the picture has happily been made the rule, and not the exception, during our own times.

In other respects Gythium was more than an advantage. It became indispensable to Sparta, as soon as she, forgetting her own peculiar mission, attempted to compete with Athens for naval supremacy. Even so early as the Persian war, it was the arsenal and naval station of Sparta. From its central position it could maintain a good look-out upon the Lakonian coast, and afforded an easy outlet for enterprise against Athens, the Islands, and Asia. Themistokles considered it as the great point at which all Athenian attack should aim. Nor did the consequence and activity incidental to this pre-eminence cease, even after Sparta's humiliation at Naxos (376 B.C.), and three years afterwards at Corfu (373 B.C.). During the whole period of Spartan power, Gythium continued essential to its maintenance. Even the tyrant Nabis did not neglect the diligent fortification of this barrier. He rendered it, by wall and ditch, the strongest place in Lakonia; nor did he err in his estimate. Its capture after a severe siege by Titus Quinctus (195 B.C.) was the first fatal blow to the dominion of Sparta.

The Roman rule, here as at Patras, commenced a new series of prosperity. Emancipated from the oppressive supremacy of Sparta, it shared in



the freedom and progress of the other Eleuthero-lakonian towns. It was made a sort of independent free port, its inland commerce became enlarged, whilst combined with this the mussel-fishery was revived. The discovery of the remarkable porphyry-quarries at Krokeai, in the neighbourhood, added a new article of commerce, and contributed largely, with the then increasing demand for such luxuries at Rome, to a development, which no other state or town in the Peloponnesus could be considered to rival, unless, perhaps, Corinth and Patras. Much the largest portion of its remains is referable to this period of internal and external activity, as also to that which followed, extending to the later years of the Empire. Its subsequent fortunes are bound up with the rest of Lakonia. The present town of Marathonisi, receding curiously enough from Gythium to its ancient site of Migonion, is still young, though in appearance already old. It does not date beyond a hundred years.

The remains, to a certain degree, as they now exist, and still more the temples and statues catalogued by Pausanias, graphically demarcate and typify the three cities\* and the three races.

\* This is not uncommon in Greece. There were two Thebes, two Athens, three Patras, all the *συνοικισμος*, or impression of originally distinct settlements, of which the traditions, names, and their visible expression, the *ἱερά* or temples, down to a late period, significantly pointed out the origin. Athens had its Pelasgic and Ionian elements; Thebes its Æolic, Phœnician, and Doric; Patras its Æolic, Achaian, Ionian, and Phœnician, which finally ended in a general amalgamation very analogous to that of Gythium under the Romans. The principal divisions of Patras were three,—Aroe, Antheia, and Mesatis; of these Aroe is the agricultural type, the city of the Autochthonic Eumulos, where

We have, as indicative of the first, the Temple of Aphrodite Migonotis and Aphrodite Praxidika,\* or the settler of justice in dealings, a title significant of the relations in which the women of the country must have stood, here and elsewhere in Greece, with the new Eastern intruders. The Temple of Dionysos, suggestive of the culture of the vine, and introduced simultaneously with that of Demeter,

also stood the temple or *ιερόν* of Belus, and the sanctuary of Demeter. Antheia, founded by Anthens, rich in flocks, and son of the reigning king, is the pastoral type, and amongst its ruins, spreading out in the further land of the plain, lay the sanctuary of Artemis. Between both, comes Mesatis, or the middle town, on the declivities of the bay, the third and the proper territory of Dionysos, and also his sanctuary, as at Gythium. Augustus united all three under one designation, taking the oldest and newest, and aggregating many other neighbouring smaller places, that of Aroe Patræ.

\* The Aphroditic worship is at once characteristic, and a sure sign of Phœnician settlement. We find it in strong conjunction in Corinth, Patras, and the other Achaian seaport cities, with other traces of Oriental tradition and habits,—such as the legend of Saturn, of which Drepanon, like the Drepanon of Sicily, Trapani, and Zankle, are other versions. The bloody human sacrifices on the banks of the Melichos, and the extensive weaving establishments of Patras, all indicate the same origin. At an early period the Phœnicians raised factories along this coast, from Dyme or Araxos as far as to Corinth. In Patras, the Temple of Aphrodite was in juxtaposition with that of Apollo; and whilst the “*ἱερά δύο Σαράπιως*” (a later Egyptian deity), and the monuments of Belus and Ægyptus, were contemporary with the singular oracle of the mirror; a mode of divination which is not yet extinct in Egypt. The weaving was celebrated, though writers are not agreed whether *βύσσης* is to mean wool or linen. The influence of these settlers and their ritual was conspicuous. The service of the *ιεροδούλαι* of Corinth was nearly equalled by the licentiousness of the women of Patras. It is not astonishing that the philosopher, or wise man, Chilon, should have wished that Cythera could be sunk to the bottom of the sea.

shows the influence of the agricultural population, entering as a new element into the state. The statues of Hercules and Apollo Karneios, already noticed, are supposed by Philemon to date only a century before Christ. Ammon, another foreign (probably Egyptian) deity, with whom, for a considerable period, the Phœnicians were bound up, and whose worship seems to have been extensive in Lakonia; Poseidon Gæiochos, in his double character of protector of the seafaring population and guider of earthquakes, and a representative equally of the foreign and native worship; and Æsculapius, who wandered here, as well as to Epidaurus Limera, at an early period,—all belong to the earlier settlement. The later settlement is expressed, especially during the Roman times, by the tombs, the baths, the aqueducts, and the moles, more or less ruined, but which prove at least by their extent what importance was attached down to a late age to the site and advantages of this locality by a people who eminently understood the utility of commercial and colonial protection and intercourse. But to resume the story of our travel.

We remained at anchor off Marathonisi during the night, and at an early hour next morning, after taking a temporary leave of Captain Craigie, who intended to proceed on his cruise to Kalamata, we landed on the beach three miles from Gythium, where Dimitri with his horses and mules stood ready to begin the journey to Sparta. Left at first to themselves, the steeds had run wild about the country; but Dimitri, recalling them very peremptorily to a sense of duty, and strapping and restrapping till, like a wise economist, he had tempered

the burthen to each back, sent on the first detachment, virtually our commissariat, in mass before us. Dimitri himself, laden with huge provisions against the day, and all kinds of responsibilities, was the next object of his own personal solicitude. In his unimaginable costume, he was now really a traveller and guide to travellers. We found him prepared for the roughing of night and day, by dint of stuffed pockets swollen to four times their natural size, all over pouches and bags, and ready to mount on a saddle bristling with umbrellas, sticks, and canes, almost hid behind a pile of capotes, shawls, and rugs. Into the saddle he tumbled at last, his accoutrements swinging about him, consisting of a gun, none the worse for a hole in it,—fortunately uncapped,—together with sundry knives for carving Palikari lambs, opening tarts, scraping antiquities, or, if need be, killing brigands, who, however, he assured us were all extinct, and now heroic. After immense vociferation,—for whom or for what we could not well make out,—he got us off, and in another half-hour we were all sailing, each behind the other, up the pleasant banks and hillocks which opened the road to Sparta. The worst part of the journey, the Kakiskala, had been avoided. It lay to the left, round the little rocky promontory between us and Gythium, and formed its protection on that side. On the other, the road wound over gracefully diversified ground, copse and thicket, until lost in the distance, in the rich territory of Helos.

Through clumps of fine Valonea oak, with a continued accompaniment of shrub of all kinds,—lentisk, karouba, prinari, rhododendron, chrysoxyla,

broom, and laurel, we passed up and down, over small hills, through miniature dales, with now and then a passing bit of Taygetus piercing snow-clad through the thickets, till at last we reached Letzovo.\* In this line, there are few places worthy of notice; Pausanias begins with Krokeæ, near Letzovo, as the first town which attracted his attention on coming from Gythium. We saw Trinasos to our right on leaving the shore, marked by a projecting promontory,† and some rocks that might pass for islands, and which still bear the name of Trinasi. Since then we had been travelling over the Bardunian hilly country, which separates the sea and seashore from the plain properly so

\* Three roads run through Lower Lakonia,—one to Helos, which enjoys, with the “Hollow of Lakonia,” a reputation, from Strabo downwards, as one of the most fertile territories of all Greece; the second, that which we now had taken; the third, by Aigai, to the north-west of Gythium. This latter was the direction Pausanias followed from Krokeæ. The combination with a sacred lake or basin (*λίμνη*), which might have formerly been the case (see the changing of the coast), the mouths of the Eurotas, “where fishers feared to fish,” besides the name itself, *Αἶγαι*, thoroughly Poseidonian,—all point, though the distance is not specified by Pausanias, to the village of Limni as the site of the ancient *Αἶγαι*. The lake, or basin, has, as might be expected, disappeared; but not wholly, for a sinking is still visible in the swampy ground in that neighbourhood. The Poseidonian, like the Aphrodite, worship was a sign of early maritime settlement, though not so strange to Greece as the Aphrodite. Curtius, in “Die Ionier,” gives it the precedence in time considerably over the Apollo worship, and even over that of Athena. Sparta and Lakonia had, moreover, other special reasons for venerating Poseidon, the Earth-shaker.

† At this spot it was that the Mainiotes opposed the advance of Ibrahim Pasha, with a valour and determination that made it a second Thermopylæ.



called,—the “Hollow,” Κοίλη Λακεδαιμόνων. The village of Letzovo, or Levetzovo—an Albanian or Slavonic name—is an Albanian settlement, and over the whole of this hilly district, down to the sea, their habitations were scattered. The place itself is a miserable hamlet, on the left of the road. The rocks to the right contain the celebrated quarries of porphyry. We stopped at a poor khan, and spread our table under a large shadowy tree, unfortunately, however, in an arable field still charged with all the heat of the day. Whilst dinner was preparing, Lanza scrambled up to catch a glimpse of the Taygetan ridge, and I strolled among the rocks which furnished the porphyry. These are large separate blocks, broken by a strong stiff brushwood of the various kinds we met with in our journey, such as lentisk, prinari, and broom.

Hard by, are some traces of the ruins of Krokeæ, and remnants of Roman brick buildings, which sufficiently prove by whom these quarries were opened, and to whom they were of value. The period when they ceased to be worked, has not been ascertained. No attempt to reopen them has been made in modern times, and any one who takes into view, independent of the inaptitude and indifference universally shown by the Greek government to such enterprises, also the want of roads and harbours in the district, will not find it difficult to account for this. The discovery of quarries equal or superior in quality in other countries, and the comparative difficulty, even with modern processes, of preparing a material of the kind, which, though beautiful, requires much time and labour





MOUNT TAYGETUS  
FROM THE SITE OF KROKEÆ  
LAKONIA

*W. Langley del.*



to fit it for architectural or sculptural purposes, forms another powerful reason for the apathy now evinced.

But this "green porphyry" is by no means confined to the neighbourhood of Letzovo. It is found in veins through the whole of the southern territory. That portion of the quarries, however, which are probably identical with those described by Pausanias, are about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  miles to the south of the village of Levetzovo. Small hills, called by the people "Psephia," amongst many others near to the old Krokeæ, exhibit quarries coinciding sufficiently with his description.\* There are clear evidences of working. The quality of those near Levetzovo is a green felds-path porphyry, lying on a mica formation. It runs through the hill in separate masses, forming galleries about eight feet high, and from two to more feet wide; but yet so broken, as Pausanias describes them, that it were difficult to find a piece of more than one foot long by a few inches thick. The largest pieces are on the north side of the hill, and it is certain that there the ancients chiefly carried on their works. A few of these are visible to the whole height of the hill. The green porphyry, with sharp marked crystals, can only be found of good quality in the upper strata. The eastern side presents a much inferior description, more broken, and of a duller colour. It is possible, however, that better specimens might be found further on the road to Daphne. This porphyry, sometimes erroneously called serpentine, and verd'antico serpentine, the writer in the French "Expédition

\* Paus. Lak. iii. 21, 4.

Scientifique de la Morée," terms "prasophyre." It is remarkably hard, and difficult to work, though, when worked, it takes a bright polish. Being found but in small pieces, as already mentioned, it can only be used for mosaics and small vases. No. 389, in the Dresden Collection,—one of the largest known, but still modern,—which is made up of three pieces, in the urn portion, measures only 13 inches diameter by 12 inches high. Little use, however, was made of this or similar marbles, in the flourishing epochs of Greek art, although the passion for colour, during the archaic period, transmitted in the love of chryso-elephantine, from the old painting of statues, would have led one to expect it. The labour of working such a material proved too great. Even white marble, though much softer, was rare in such applications, and was employed for a time, almost in the same line with ivory. The statues of wood, with feet, face, and hands of Pentelic marble, mentioned so often by Pausanias, were a transcript of their vase-painting, in which the female often figures in a tight dark-coloured wooden-like dress, the same portions of the body being coloured white.

During the Roman period, when luxury superseded art, and matter was placed on a level with form, and indeed often elevated to a superiority, all these appliances were largely adopted for draperies and other ornaments. Busts of red porphyry, for generals and emperors, and for the imperial pallium, as well as alabaster for female mantles, were extensively employed; but, still, with a material thought so precious, the bust came to be considered the permanent, and the head the transi-

tory, portion of the statue. It was so arranged, that the heads, let into sockets, could be taken out and replaced, under any change of dynasty or emperor. This "boutique" practice was carried still further, and similar alterations were made for the empresses' busts even to the style of hair. Hair-dressing changed as frequently as with us; and to keep a head always in fashion, it was necessary to have a succession of head-dresses, as well as a succession of heads, to fit these busts.

We had still a long journey over these Bardunian hills, and brushwood thickets, before we could reach the entrance of the valley or plain of Sparta; so after our neat repast, "light and choice," Dimitri inexorably summoned us to horseback. We were soon in our saddles, ladies and gentlemen, and were off in the best of spirits, horses and riders, at half-past three, once more on our way to Sparta.

On the whole of this line, the great military and commercial one of all periods, and which must have been so often trodden by the Lacedæmonian heroes of every age, we scarcely met with a village or a habitation to which our agogiates could give a name; no ruins, no trace of the earlier footsteps, and none newly printed by recent civilization. The entire of this district has an uncultivated appearance; for, though valonea and prinari rescue it from the charge of waste or barrenness, they are widely scattered, whilst ample room exists for other culture. No blame can be attached to the inhabitants; they are few, and have not the hands of Briareus. The more attractive soil of Upper Lakonia and Helos, monopolizes their care; and, even for the ordinary industry indispensable to the



working of these localities, they are not sufficient in number. A much more unaccountable circumstance, is the probability of a similar state of things having existed in ancient days, and even during Roman rule. Pausanias, travelling in the third century, mentions Krokeæ as the first place, four hours distant, coming from Sparta.

Leaving Bigla to the left, we emerged at length from the copses, by a sudden turning, upon the more open road, and gaining the summit of an eminence close to a mountain-stream called the Rasina, we for the first time caught a decided view of the great plain of Sparta and its magnificent wall of mountain. And a noble sight it is, worthy of all the wonder and enthusiasm which, as simultaneously we stopped our reluctant steeds, burst forth from our lips in chorus. As far as eye could stretch, we beheld before us an immense tract, perfectly flat, rich as a garden, without exactly distinguishing the varying forms of abundance poured out upon it, as they glowed in the golden hues of a declining sun. On the left rose up Taygetus, stern and still, — defile within defile, fortification within fortification, gigantic and impregnable, of a dusky dark purple, deep for the most part in shadow and enveloped in that hot misty gloom which rests on those Greek mountains after the sunny glare of a hot day. We found it difficult to move; but our horses and Dimitri were of a different opinion, and soon took us splashing through the Rasina.

This stream preserves in its modern corruption the old name "Erasinos," which again reminds us of the other Doric applications or namesakes to be met with in other parts of the Peninsula. It



forms the boundary between the Κολαη and Southern Lakonia. Daphne, recalling the Apollo worship of the district, lay to the north. Westward, were some Roman remains of minor consequence. I intended to visit Xerokampo and its Cyclopic bridge; but the day was much too advanced to allow it, and we had to hurry on with all speed to Sparta.

As we proceeded, we passed through lanes and shadowy roads, and, amidst a succession of all kinds of cultivation, admitting peeps or broad openings from time to time into the adjacent country. Our road was now and then crossed by a Taygetan brook or torrent, which would keep us company for half an hour or so, and then bid us a sudden good-bye, on its way to the Eurotas. The Eurotas itself could occasionally be detected by its white scanty stream, often broken into many threads under the red, low, level, yet cloven range of Mænalon, which bounds it for many miles on the north, running off above Zarax, to Tzakonia.

Towards sunset we reached some Frank fortifications, afterwards converted to Turkish purposes, which lay immediately over the Eurotas. But evening having set in, we could now only bestow a moment on the spur-like hill and promontory, once the akropolis of Amyclæ, now the site of the church of St. Kyriaki. About a mile to the S.W. lies Sklavokori, which had formerly enjoyed those honours. After crossing many complications of mill-streams, and the usual angular Turkish bridge, as also some new wooden substitutes, to which our horses, not much to our surprise, appeared to have decided objections, we found ourselves, in the dark

hour of eight o'clock, making way up the side of a low hill, and scrambling into the first streets of the modern Sparta. Rude roads they are, not streets. No light nor guide was visible, but those which had been sent to meet us; the noise of children and pigs alone announced a capital. By lane and passage we picked our way, till stopped, at last, opposite a large gateway in a rural part of the town. In a few moments, the entire household had flocked out to bid us welcome, and we were soon under the hospitable roof of Kyrios Phengara.

## CHAPTER III.

## SPARTA.

MAY 11.—On opening my window, at a reasonable hour in the morning, I was greeted by a rush of odours from the flowers and fruit of the neighbouring orange-groves, and by a delicious breeze from the Taygetan range, which gave encouraging promise for the remainder of the day. The buzz, too, of early labour had begun, whilst close beneath us I discovered a whole school assembled, waiting till the gates of the establishment should be opened. The boys were scattered up and down in knots, in the street and on the grass, before the school; some in discreet chat, others conning earnestly their task; all actively occupied,—a slight-limbed, wide-awake, intelligent, and healthy specimen of the younger part of the population,—the predominance of the fustinella, bearing evidence that the neighbouring villages had contributed a large proportion, as well as Sparta proper. These favourable prognostics were not afterwards belied.

The authorities were with us at the earliest moment, and profuse in their earnest offers. Indeed they had been already tendering zealous service to a young midshipman who had accompanied us, and whose uniform, notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, (everything is abnormal

and possible in Englishmen and their Government), had induced them to take him for the English minister. Fortifying ourselves with local information for the labours of the day, we set out at once on our inquiries. The town itself—if such it can yet be called, and not rather a set of houses in “villeggiatura” from old Mistra,—with its several buildings and institutions, headed the programme; and first, as nearest, the school just mentioned, which proved to be the Σχολεῖον Ἑλληνικόν.

The building is plain and solid, with little architectural pretension, and not in any way fitted for the uses of a school. Proceeding upstairs, we found that it also comprised a primary or demotic school (σχολεῖον δημοτικόν). The room was crowded, but, on the whole, well ventilated, and well supplied with windows. The furniture, on the usual European model, consisted of long desks and benches in parallel lines one behind the other, with various engravings on the walls. The boys were ranged according to classes, whilst the master occupied a small pulpit at the other end. The Lancasterian, or mutual system, to a certain degree, prevailed. The master, however, boasted an assistant, and both had come from the seminary for teachers at Athens. Considerable attention seemed paid to dress and cleanliness. Most of the boys wore fustinellas, and these were white and clean. They were going through their usual lessons, and I did not wish for any divergence on my account, the subjects being Greek interpretation, arithmetic, and grammar. The boys read with facility, but without emphasis, and answered, apparently, with more readiness than reflection. The master made

no particular effort to digress into collateral illustration or discussion, but rather kept to the question and answer of his text-book. Amongst others, he was using a translation of Campe's "Young Robinson," which has at least the merit of exciting curiosity, though scarcely in harmony with Greek habits and predilections. Good discipline maintained without effort appeared the rule. There was no unseemly noise, and they showed us the proper courtesies on arriving and departing.

It was but a step across the passage to the Hellenic school. This proved to be a very small room, lighted by a single window: and so packed and jammed together were the students,—for the most part young men rather than boys,—that there was hardly sitting room for the majority, and we had to gather ourselves as we could into a corner. It is only just to say, that masters and scholars loudly complained. They accused the demarchy of negligence, of parsimony, of ignorance; they were stifled in summer; in the hot months they had to break up; it was impossible to breathe, much less to learn; the physical evil was too strong, for the strongest resolution of the spirit. But, in the midst of it, I heard nothing of the Government. Where were their inspectors, or inspection? A Government which takes all power, must bear all responsibility. What could have been prevented, and is suffered, has been caused by their neglect. The book the students were reading was Xenophon's Hellenics. I begged them to continue it. The passage being the great Athenian defeat of Aigos Potamos, it was curious to hear those pages in the very heart of Sparta read by this young Spartan, almost

unconsciously, I thought, with a sort of Spartan jealousy of the ancient rival. Like most modern Greek readers, he declaimed, rather than read it, with a swell and song which recalled the censure thrown on the old Athenians, of "tragedising" on ordinary occasions. The punctuation was not the more attended to; and the emphasis, as is usual in all Southern reading, being sacrificed to rhythm, sentences ran into each other without much apparent knowledge as to what they belonged. But when we came to the translation into modern Greek, I found that I had prejudged. The sentences were mostly well rendered, and a source to me of deep interest, from the increased approximation which they showed and promised between the two idioms of the same language. This was followed not only by parsing as far as required, done with admirable accuracy and facility, but what I valued more, by a minute analysis and synthesis of the sentence and words, perhaps now and then somewhat too servile a copy of German methods, and as dealing with forms rather than realities, more linguistic than rationalistic. Historic and other illustrations also seemed to have been attended to. I could not learn that instruction in history went further, or was pursued on any very enlarged or systematic plan. Arithmetic obviously held a secondary place in the estimation of master and pupils. Geography was treated on the usual plan, and large maps hung round the room, on which the principal places were pointed out by the pupils. One of them gave a general review of Europe, and of its leading divisions and provinces, which he seemed to have mastered;



but he did not profess to aim higher. The lesson is taken, with slight modification, from a rather indifferent textbook. The classifications of physical and political geography, with all this implies, carried out on the German or on our plan, seemed unknown. No lessons introductory to the sciences, exact or mechanical, appear to have been attempted, which, in a school of the degree and character of a σχολεῖον Ἑλληνικόν, is a matter of regret. Though true that, as its name designates, it is principally intended for Hellenic studies, of which language is considered the most important, and that, at best, it ought to be no more than a progymnasium, or preparatory school to a gymnasium, yet clearly many whom I saw there were destined never to leave Sparta, and therefore the management of their ordinary rural affairs would have largely benefitted, by such portions of mathematical or chemical science, as would render them conversant with the elements of mensuration and agricultural chemistry. Many of those who were in attendance showed, by their costumes, that their future walks in life would probably be in that province. Though alive to the language portion of his duties, the teacher did not seem to have carried, any more, probably, than his superiors, his views or wishes beyond it.

On leaving the schools, though the sun now bore with noontide energy on town and country, we were too conscious of the shortness of the time allowed us, not to request M. Pherengas's kind offices and guidance through the streets and neighbourhood. We accordingly set forth to that

portion more immediately in the neighbourhood of our obliging host's residence, which, happily, is situated on the verge of the country.

Passing through some half-formed, grass-grown streets, studded here and there with houses, leaving yawning distances, dead garden-walls, and stray watercourses between, we proceeded towards the ruins of the theatre. The streets are broad and straight, and look tolerably well drawn out and levelled, so far much in advance of the capital; but, like Athens, they have the irredeemable, unpardonable fault of being traced over the site of the ancient city. The houses are strong and coarse, but good, and few or none without their fresh enclosure of garden. M. Pherengas's is a type of the tribe. All seem to have been sent down, made to order,—a square mass, planted in a courtyard, with a high rough set of steps outside, to reach what we should call the first story,—the offices below and around. A good central room in white plaster, with ill-shutting, unpainted fir doors, and a coloured or panelled ceiling, forms the reception-room of the family. Behind or around, a small lot of ground is filled to the fullest with all such fruit and leaf as can be furnished by vine, fig-tree, orange, pomegranate, and peach, enough to rejoice at once all the senses; occasionally a small trellis, draperied with vine-leaves, forms a framework to marble fragments of bas-reliefs below; and, as the acme of town-rural delights, the rare luxury of a fountain is sometimes added. In all this, though there is much to envy, there is also much to wish for: the exigencies of season and country are forgotten. It is a Bava-





TOMB OF LEONIDAS.  
SPARTA

*W. P. Wood*

rian suburb, a German bath on a visit. Just as reasonable would it be to walk abroad in this blessed sunshine (80° Fahr. in the shade), in Muscovite pelisse and Esquimaux trousers.

We now came to a small enclosure, the door of which being open, we beheld in the centre considerable remains of the best Hellenic masonry. It lies at a little distance from the theatre towards the S.W., and to this circumstance probably owes its popular name of the Tomb of Leonidas (more properly Cenotaph), with whom also is associated Pausanias. The building\* rises to a height of three or four courses, in the simplest style, resembling in no particular an ordinary tomb, and characteristically opposed to many of the recent remains which lie around. The proportions are such as cannot justify its being taken for even the *ναός* of a temple, which is the prevalent modern idea; but it may very well stand for a "Heroum," or monument dedicated to a hero; and as the body of Leonidas was afterwards removed from Thermopylæ to Sparta, there is reasonable probability that this may have been the spot destined to receive it. Its position in reference to the theatre, is one we would willingly assume for such a purpose, and very nearly accords with the description of early writers. Fortunately it is shut up from further depredation, for many stones appear to have been removed, and many more would have followed them in the process of constructing the new town.

\* I saw later, at Sikyon, a small building exactly coinciding in style with this of Sparta, which had evidently been a temple, and converted afterwards into a Christian church.

The heat increasing, and this part of Sparta being entirely without shade, we thought it wiser and pleasanter to defer till evening further examination of the plan and ruins. These are difficult now to be detected, through the perplexing enlargements and defacements, and rapid obliterations, arising from the modern city. Meanwhile, wishing to put the hours to profit, I proceeded to visit the other institutions.

Our first introduction was to the Court of Justice. It is a common-place house in a good airy situation, and we were ushered upstairs to a room where the portion between the two windows was railed off, and contained a pulpit or slightly raised platform for the judges. These, four in number, in common Frank dress, very much like what we should see in an ordinary country police-court in England, were quietly examining a young Spartan witness, who stood in front. Secretaries (γραμματεῖς) were seated at tables, and busily engaged on both sides. A considerable number of attendants were present in wild Albanian costume, their earnest mountain physiognomies betraying intense interest in the proceedings. All remained standing before the judges, there being no seats, but without pressure or disturbance, and throughout was preserved the same creditable decorum. On each side of this principal room another opened, reserved for the officers and secretaries. They were spacious, clean, and well-kept apartments, the furniture somewhat scanty, a small table and a few chairs being deemed sufficient, and the entire suite left free for any who might think proper to enter. In the room to the left, the archives or documents



were kept in open pigeon-holes. I observed to the γραμματεὺς, who was seated before them, that they might easily be abstracted, even by a casual visitor. This he did not deny, but remarked that he was always present. Such accidents, however, have from time to time occurred, and, together with occasional conflagrations, not unknown at Athens, they have contributed to shake confidence in the safe custody of the public records. I saw five or six prisoners pass in and out, some from the lowest classes; and the influx and efflux must be considerable during the greater part of the day.

On the whole I felt favourably impressed, at least with the manner in which public justice was distributed in this remote town, and thought I could perceive in the decent demeanour of the attendants, removed alike from tumult and indifference, a consciousness of the blessing of the institution, and a disposition to respect and second the officer presiding, as well as the law itself.

In other rooms the Eparch of the Eparchy of Lakedemon, and the Mayor of the Demos of Sparta, transact the business of their respective offices. For these purposes the house offers very reasonable convenience.

Here also are preserved, till they have found a building specially adapted, such fragments and inscriptions as turn up at intervals amongst the surrounding ruins. The few yet collected,—seeds, as one may hope, of a future local museum,—either in the way of sculpture or inscription, are of inferior interest. They are of a comparatively recent period. Two inscriptions which I copied,

of a later character, still preserve the Doric dialect, and deal occasionally with changes in spelling. I found, for instance, *μαγίος* for *μαγείρος*.

The new church, not yet quite finished, was next visited. It is well situated, on a rising slope; a good clear space has been preserved around it, the limits of which are defined by a few newly built houses, superior to any at Sparta. The church is of considerable size, solidly built of well-worked stone, and of fair architectural pretensions; the style being Byzantine, or Byzantine modified by modern feelings and necessities. Internally pillars support the roof, forming also aisles and nave; the gynækeion (*γυναικείον*), or gallery for the women, is in consequence placed over the narthex. This gallery has the peculiarity of being shut in from view by a trellis of crossed wood, forming a screen not unlike those seen in the West before the church choirs of nunneries. In answer to some surprise expressed at this punctiliousness, not observable at present in other parts of Greece, I heard the practice prevailed, by order of the present Greek Bishop of Monemvasia and Sparta, through the whole of his diocese; but our informant thought it would not last, and on the death of the Bishop would probably disappear, to the satisfaction of the younger parishioners. The yashmac, here or in Turkey, in whatever shape it maintains its place, is gradually retreating before the advancing freedom,—or coquetry shall we say,—of the age. The iconostasis, where all the art and riches of the church continue centred, was richly carved in pine-wood, though not with perfect taste. Traditional paintings covered it in the

traditional style, it is true, but these are making rapid strides towards the heavy and clumsy characteristics of decline, with undue attention to minor detail of manufacture and ornament. The painter, born at Sparta, had studied in the still existing school of Mount Athos, and seemed, from other performances observed elsewhere, to have laboured not unprofitably through the southern part of Peloponnesus. The expenses of decoration were liberally defrayed as *ex votis*, by native Spartans, the fact being accurately chronicled underneath each picture. Above this screen was an open rood-loft, on which stood the cross, with the painted figure of our Saviour leaning forward, seemingly the custom in this district. The rest of the church was in whitewash, until funds could be collected to embellish it with paintings. The belfry, without which no Greek church is now considered complete, was in course of construction. The whole of this creditable edifice had been raised exclusive of any aid from synod or government or central church fund, by local and foreign contributions, and does honour to the religious zeal and liberality of the country. It is the cathedral, or more properly the church, of the place: none other was pointed out to us. On leaving, we proceeded to complete our examination of the schools, which were at no great distance, in one of the adjoining streets.

The first of these (elementary or demotic) was the girls' school, established at least temporarily in a low barn-like building. The children had gone to dinner, we were told by a cheerful-looking young girl, who proved to be the mistress, and

who said the room had been recently fitted up, and prepared for a considerable number.\* The attendance was represented as excellent. She had recently come from Athens, having there received her education as teacher, and appeared to be well satisfied with her pupils and position.

The boys' school was open, though the classes had already broken up. It was a fine large room, long and lofty, properly ventilated and lit by high windows, and appointed with school furniture of benches, desks, and books, such as would have been no disgrace to Europe. The classes were told off in divisions, by letters fixed on the top of poles and the floor was traced with the circles necessary for the mutual instruction system. The walls, cleanly whitewashed, were rendered gay, and at the same time useful, by moral sentences painted in different colours,—some from the Scriptures, others from the Greek gnomie writers and the poets, such as the following :

ΑΡΧΗ ΣΟΦΙΑΣ ΦΟΒΟΣ ΚΥΡΙΟΥ

ΤΟΝ ΘΕΟΝ ΦΟΒΟΥ ΤΟΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ ΤΙΜΑ

over the pulpit of the master. And again,—

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΠΟΣ ΔΙΑ ΚΑΘΕΝ ΠΡΑΓΜΑ, ΚΑΙ ΚΑΘΕΝ

ΠΡΑΓΜΑ ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΤΟΠΟΝ ΤΟΥ.

ΠΝΕΥΜΑ Ο ΘΕΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΟΥΣ ΠΡΟΣΚΥΝΗΤΑΣ  
ΑΥΤΟΥ ΕΝ ΠΝΕΥΜΑΤΙ ΚΑΙ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ ΔΕΙ  
ΠΡΟΣΚΥΝΕΙΝ.

\* Kleobulos advocated female education, as well as education in general. (See Diog. Laert. l. i. c. vi. s. 4.)

ΔΡΑΞΑΤΕ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ ΜΗ ΠΟΤΕ ΟΡΓΙΣΘΗ Ο  
ΚΥΡΙΟΣ.

And from an ancient writer,—

Ω ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΙ ΠΟΥ ΦΕΡΕΣΘΕ ΟΙΤΙΝΕΣ  
ΧΡΗΜΑΤΩΝ ΜΕΝ ΚΤΗΣΕΩΣ ΠΕΡΙ ΠΑΣΑΝ  
ΠΟΙΕΙΣΘΕ ΣΠΟΥΔΗΝ ΤΩΝ ΔΕ ΥΙΕΩΝ ΕΙΣ  
ΤΑΥΤΑ ΚΑΤΑΛΕΙΨΕΤΕ ΜΙΚΡΑΝ ΦΡΟΝΤΙΔΑ.

All excellent, though the last might be more appropriately addressed to the parents than the children, and especially in a country like Greece, which, of all others, the least needs pressing in that direction; nor should I have been sorry to see more stress laid upon the duty and courage of truth,\* upon an universal respect for property (though it might look rather strange at Sparta), and upon the beauty of humility and the meanness of vain-glory and vanity, as well as a word or two added on Christian charity, honest works, and love for each other, themes not out of place beside the most urgent recommendation of ΠΙΣΤΙΣ ΚΑΙ ΠΑΤΡΙΣ, great as these are in their way both in school and battle-field.

The boys were scattered up and down on the benches in tolerable numbers, though school hours were over, preparing lessons for the evening, and that not listlessly, or as task-work, but with their hearts in it, as if a labour of boyish love. The master soon joined us, and drew after him a group or

\* Μὴ ψεύδου, a Solon maxim for the ancient Athenians (Diog. Laert. l. i. c. ii. s. 12), might have found its place here, as well as any of those cited, and with more reason and advantage.

See opinion of Anacharsis as to Greek truth-teaching (Diog. Laert. l. i. c. viii. s. 4).



two sufficient to form a class. We asked to hear them, and both teacher and scholars evidently felt as much pleasure in granting the favour as we in accepting it. In a moment we had an impromptu examination going on in full force, master and boys enjoying the set-to, as our boys would a run at cricket or football. They were all young chaps, in summer fustinellas and red fezes, with fine, clear, open, fresh-coloured countenances, and abundance of fair hair. Well set on their light, clean limbs, they looked as ready as their own goats for a tough mountain walk, and resembled in nothing the rickety build, or listless movement, of the sharp-nosed, thin-lipped, sallow-cheeked, imp-like creatures packed up in the schools at Athens. The master told me they flocked to him from all sides. Every village round sent in its contingent; whilst others came from the town, and many even down from the mountains. Sparta itself is only a large dislocated sort of village, and it is difficult to say which can claim it, town or country. But the *morale* had to do more with their appearance than the *physique*. They were boys in their normal state of healthy boyishness, not worked into that hateful age where is monstrosity and distortion, the result of too early consorting with the gossip, pedantry, intrigue, and meannesses of their elders. These, on the contrary, were allowed frankly and freely to aim at Truth, and honest Mother Nature, instead of the sham and counterfeit set up in her stead in all capitals, but in none more so than in those which grasp at the external when they cannot achieve the internal elements of civilization.



The master was worthy of his pupils. He had been, I feel sure, a boy like them in his time, a good, sinewy Palikare looking fellow, also in fustinnella, but sharp and shrewd with word and deed, delighting in the grapple and wrestle, the ἀγών of his profession, and keeping all his athletes up to their work and time. In former days I used to see such men often in the nooks and bye-places of Greece, whose every scrap of knowledge seemed to have a smack of robbery about it, a laying up of ammunition for good battle in the sure-coming time. He leaned combatively, I may say, against the pulpit, enjoying his task too well to mount it at such a distance, and in a moment he had an eager circle round him, all asking to be the first to commence. Singling out two little fellows from the ring, both of ten or twelve years old, they at once began "Hellenic" history, and, to our delight, that portion which, whatever *we* thought, *they* seemed to believe as historic as any other,—the Homeric legends of Menelaus and Helen. Helen, I regret to say, was treated with less tenderness than by Mr. Gladstone, and he would have been shocked to find how far dramatic and other distortions had penetrated, leaving her little better than in her own country some think of Mary Queen of Scots. We forbore to press the matter too far, but were rejoiced to perceive, as is, indeed, the case throughout Greece, that the story appeared to them like a recent event, in which they and their families had a personal interest.

The master needed not to lead, for they generally got before him; but he took care to bring his young greyhounds back, and put them sharply

enough through their training. It was a very pleasant thing to hear him ask a question, and then lay his ear down on the pulpit at the other side waiting for a reply, as much as to say, "let him get out of that mess," but disdaining to influence the question or pupil by magisterial physiognomy. The little ring around on tiptoe for each answer, sided with master or pupil alternately. The whole thing was vitality itself, and came from the boy and not from his book,—from thought, not memory. We then passed to Scripture reading, and had the history of Joseph, the delight, as it ought to be, of all children, and in which they answered equally well. A little arithmetic followed, of the ordinary kind on the board, and some geography, rather feeble, but not discreditable. The text-books were those which are met with in most schools of Greece, sanctioned, not composed, by the Government. Their specimens of writing may have been pet samples, but they were excellent,—all religious or moral sentences.

No attempt is made to teach the boys even the rudiments of gardening; the teacher hardly knew what I meant; whilst religious instruction is in great degree limited to the master. But he was an advocate for any improvement which could be introduced, always keeping language in all its forms as the principal. We left the school much gratified. There are details to improve, omissions to supply; but reform is easy and certain. No obstacles exist, but rather co-operators alone, and the great mainspring of improvement is there—life. I have seldom seen a more active, cheerful, free-looking establishment.

The greater number of children live with their parents, whether from town or country. Those from the country, if their home be tolerably near, go back the same day; if distant, they remain in town, and return on Sunday. The boys pay fifty lepta per month, the girls a drachm, to their teachers. The master of the boys' school has 60 drachmæ per month besides from the Government, so that, with these allowances, his position, lodging being included, is comfortable.

We took the opportunity from the commanding situation of the school-house, over the small stream Skiathas, as they named it (the same which Leake calls Trypiotiko), to obtain an extended view of the whole plain as far as Agia Kyriaki and Slavochori, both of which are distinctly visible from its south windows. The entire space between has the appearance of an unbroken garden. To our left lay Menelaion, and the low ground marked by a few cypresses, which is held to be the site of the old Platanistas.

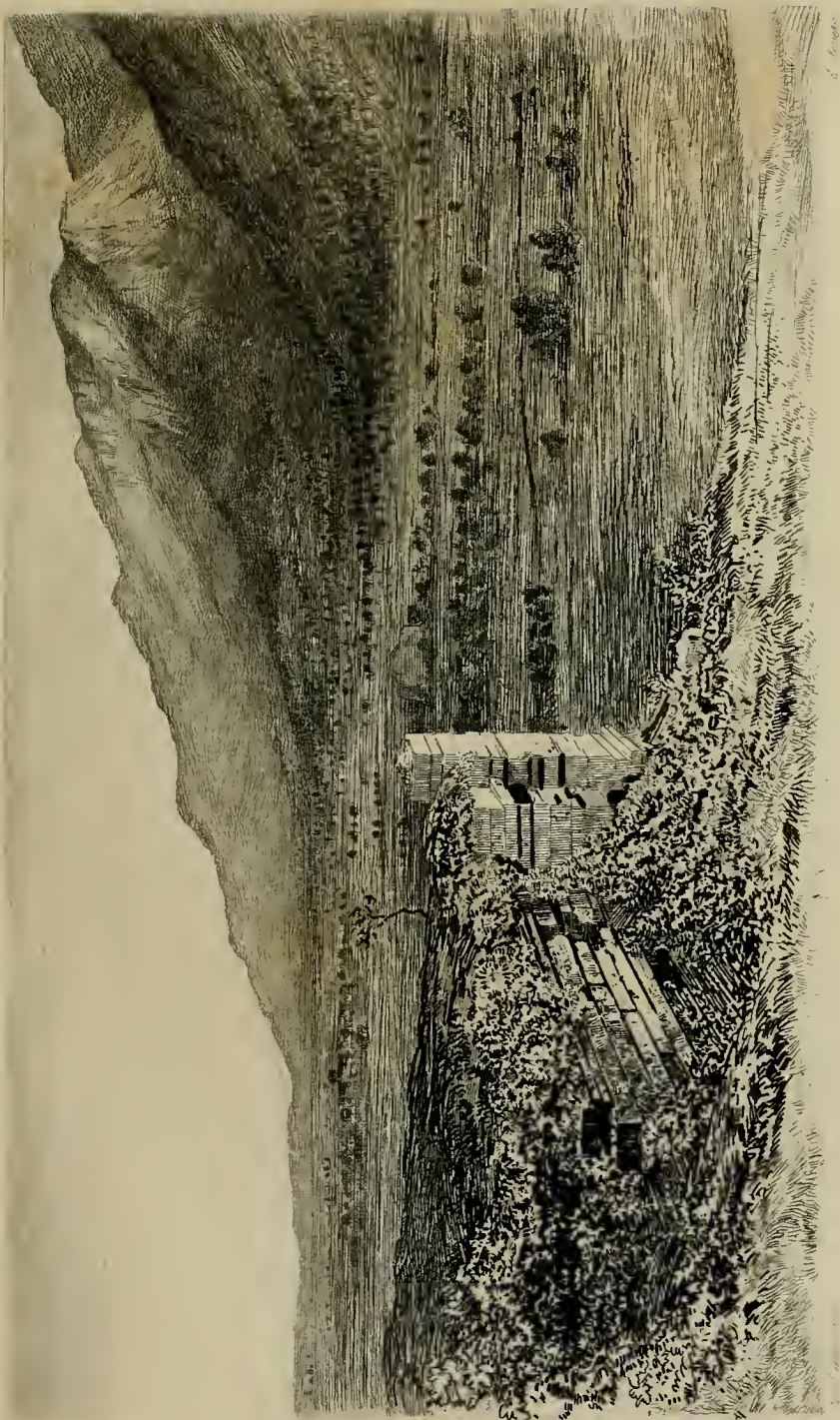
Retracing our steps we passed through the bazaar over roads rather than streets, still unpaved and dusty. The bazaar, constituting one of the principal thoroughfares, is too broad for a southern climate, and does no credit to the new "city." It is of the rudest Turkish fashion of unpainted carpentry, and meagrely supplied: vegetables and straw hats seemed to be the chief commodities. The want of fountains, — though apparently little felt by the inhabitants, — is a grievance to the traveller; the more so when it is remembered that there would have been one in every corner, with pleasant shade of plane-tree or

vine trellis, in Turkish times; but fountains seem to have gone out everywhere, with baths and storks, as well as mosques.

After dinner, we sallied forth to examine the site and remains of the famous city, and took our way at once to the Theatre, as the point beyond all cavil, and most likely to set us right with regard to the rest of the topography. A variety of causes have here increased the ordinary difficulties of deciphering an ancient plan,—the nature of the ground, of the plan itself, the disturbance and shifting of old sites, confusion of names, and, not least, the hand of carelessness or destruction, to which the present settlement has largely contributed, and is still largely adding.

Passing the *heroum* we had seen in the morning, we found ourselves suddenly before an imposing piece of wall of large blocks and regular masonry, probably late Hellenic, without cement, but in well-kept courses. It had originally projected further, and seemed abruptly broken off; but at a little distance the wall continued. This formed a portion of the Theatre, probably one of its flanks. The opposite side is not so well preserved, yet sufficiently so to give the entire form of the *koilon*; though, from the thickly-sown corn and the brushwood it was impossible to discern any other remains than dislocated stones. None of the seats were visible; Leake conjectures that they must have disappeared in the building of Mistra and of the neighbouring villages. When too large for transport, they have been broken to pieces. As far as Mistra is concerned, its distance, besides its close vicinity to Taygetus, where stones can be





VIEW FROM THEATRE  
SPARTA





quarried with less expense and labour, suggests a doubt of their ever having been used at that spot. There is no *scene* or traces of one apparent, unless some Roman remains at a little distance from the Theatre can be taken as such. It is true the Romans, in their repairs or reform of Hellenic theatres, often added a new *scene* of brick, as at Taormina; but it may be much doubted whether the remains in question had anything to say to the matter, or whether the theatre ever had a regularly built *scene*.\* Leake considers the total diameter to be about 450 feet, which would place it

\* The purposes and character of Greek and Roman theatres were altogether different. The Roman was exclusively theatrical, and intended for a drama very much modified from the Greek. The lyric element was almost effaced, and only a mutilated piece of affectation retained. The orchestra, in its Roman application, as with us, was a misnomer. The Greek, on the contrary, was applied to many different purposes besides the drama. It was the place of lyric and orchestric contests; this, at least, in pure Spartan times, was the sole dramatic purpose of a Spartan theatre. In addition it came to be used as the place of public meeting; in Sparta peculiarly so, and for which it was even better fitted than the Dionysion of Athens, from its proximity to the Agora, general in all parts of Greece. The theatre of Corinth was employed for reviews of troops; and no particular observation is made in noticing this, which would, it is presumed, have been the case had a *scene* existed,—it being hardly possible that in the precincts of an orchestra with a *scene* this march even of single files could have been very practicable. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the *scene* was a dramatic necessity, and in the nature of things indispensable to any kind of performance, lyrical not less than dramatic, in Hellenic as well as Roman theatres. I am disposed to think that the earliest of these—like the theatres themselves for a considerable time—were constructed of wood with painted panels or other decorations. It is remarkable how rarely even substructions of *scenes* are met with in pure Hellenic theatres, and then they are low; in Roman they are common.

next in size to the two first of Greece, Athens and Megalopolis. The form is not particularly graceful, far behind the inimitable curve of the famous Epidaurian, which in one particular, however, it resembles,—that of being excavated from, not surmounted by, a rock or hill. But the attractions of the Spartan theatre are other than those attached to architectural beauty. It is, like the Dionysion, the centre point of much of the great intellectual and political movements of the state, the sacrarium of her robust muse, the sanctuary of her institutions, the framework of some of the salient and characteristic events of her history. Here, be it remembered, assembled Sparta first received the news of the fatal battle of Sellasia,—the turning point in her destinies,—and received it in a manner that the Poet would, in the fitness of things, have *a priori* invented for a Spartan. All listened, none rose, none spoke: the performance was continued to the end, and in silence. There was as much in this, as in the winning of a battle. Sparta was not so much conquered, as unfortunate. An Athenian audience, even an English one, would have felt the blow otherwise. The only counterpart, is the Roman senate awaiting Pyrrhus. But that happened in Rome; Hellenic history contains no parallel to it.

It is very probable that the situation alone of this theatre, within the boundary of the Roman as well as of the Lacedæmonian Sparta, would have led to its reconstruction; but there can be no doubt that at all times a theatre was at Sparta scarcely a less object of concern than at Athens. Too extensive and stringent an operation is assumed for the

law of Lycurgus. We have only to look to the exemplification in the Doric colonies, where the feeling and habit of the mother country would of course be seen reflected. None of these were without their theatres, and few without a strong enjoyment of dramatic composition, principally too during the later chapters of their history. But this idea of the Lycurgan law is based not so much on any prohibition to be found in it as on the belief that Sparta generally was an enemy to every species of intellectual pre-eminence and art. Her well-grounded hostility to the philosophism and rhetoric of the sister republic declared itself boldly: but such hostility was not peculiar to Spartan statesmen or institutions. Rome more than once had to expel her "mathematics," as well as her "Bacchanals;" and even Attica,\* for peace or security, was driven to adopt similar measures. But apart from these, which may be almost called sumptuary laws in literature and art, Sparta showed nothing of that unwise barbarism which is ascribed to her. She worshipped the Muses, as she did Apollo and Aphrodite, in a manner different from the rest of the Greeks. Her conceptions of art, as of religion, were not Ionic but Doric. Her predilection for the lyric, and the most impressive part of the lyric,—the military,—was sustained in a manner as pre-eminently national as was ever her strategy. In this department she became in later times a wonder, as well as a model to Greece. Alcman, Tyrtaeus, and Terpander, were objects of reverence even to the most opposite schools and generations.

The "Doric mood" included a much wider range

\* Athen. xv.

than mere military preparation. It penetrated the whole Spartan life: it was the expression of all that belonged to the individual or to the state. In its development it required and produced the greatest masters: as in music, so in dancing, only another idiom in form and motion, of which music was the counterpart in sound. The same Spartanism was seen, honoured, and sustained throughout: and as a natural result, the exercise of war but caused a large advance in both. No Spartan was considered complete in discipline who did not excel in music and dancing equally as in war. It was the Homeric practice, and the old tradition; and in its balanced perfection supplied the nearest approach to the heroic type. The enthusiasm of Athens for her music and poetry, was comparatively feeble; it was intellectual,—whilst that of Sparta was moral. The Spartans gained in depth what they lost in extension. The same may be said of the two cognate arts. All their architecture and sculpture was almost archaic in its solemnity and severity. Symbolism and tradition held their sway to the latest. They took no pains to expel or rescind Phœnician or other elements, no more than we English do our Norman laws. The results were similar; 400 years of conservatism kept them the same in the midst of all changes, “armed,” says the Athenian historian Thucydides, “steady, and strong.” Such a people could not continue, with such wants and such attachments, without the means and places for the gratification of these feelings; and therefore a theatre at Sparta, instead of being abnormal or of recent date, will appear to those who read her history aright as





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inevitable an accompaniment of her institutions, as the Dromos or the Platanistas itself.

And certainly, no site could have been more appropriately chosen. So at least thought we, while, seated on the rude relics, the only rough remembrance of her fortunes, we allowed our eyes and imagination free scope over the wonderful scene which now opened before us, and of which an artist's outline can give but an inadequate idea. Not one spectator in these seats, which our fancy restored, but had this great picture before him during the manly national dances, or religious hymns, with which he proudly associated superiority to all other Greeks; and, need it be added, to all things human. Over this plain and on those mountains they beheld their happiness and security, their duties and their destiny. I doubt whether the view from the Theatre of Bacchus, and which must have run like a trumpet accompaniment through the performance of the Persæ, should be preferred to it. All travellers have passed, worthy the name, over this *genius loci*; but the day has its moods as well as the country, and I can bear, personally, different testimonies, according as season and hour differed. Mure sees in the first view, the golden vale predominant, walled in by its Alpine defences, and, wondering at such a framework to such a locality and for such a history, builds up a theory as questionable as that which he attacks. Buchon is not less ardent, in his mediæval way, and Leake not quite without a vibration. But as we now beheld it, there was a solution for all theories. It is difficult to see more abundance with less uniformity. All kinds of luxuriance in full pro-

duce,—the sharp green mulberry, the tender vine, the valonea in sturdy masses, oranges, and lemons,—embosoming bright tiled houses, corn, like a very sea below us, and through the whole, clumps of cypresses, marking two realms departed for ever—old Greece and aged Turkey—and breaking up the monotony, both pictorial and historic. Sparta the new, in the midst of this, was hardly discoverable, except as a string of pleasant places, with here and there a twinkling of the Eurotas, to indicate the sources of profusion. Life and work, and reward, are seen now in all this; but it is a faint reflection of its ancient renown, or ancient proprietors. Here is found whatever the most industrious, or the most luxurious could desire. And to complete the picture, Taygetus rises beyond, the great mountain guardian of all, its upright wall rising from the plain, its ridgy defiles, its outstanding spurs, each a base for a citadel, gloomy, grand, unchanging; all this has another influence, and, comprising the adjoining scenery of Menelaion, stretching off to Parnon, in its stern Tzakonian character, brings back the temper to a more Doric mood, and braces up to manly thought what would else dissolve under gentler influences. I saw in it such a landscape as nature chooses when she makes Tells and raises at the same time, in the same spirits, the strongest attachment to soil, with the firmest nerves and resolves to defend it. My first impression on seeing Sparta and its plain, years ago—it was then indeed far more solitary—came just to this: a grander, gloomier, sterner, richer scene could not be found, exactly the ground which my imagination would

have chosen for that remarkable element of Hellenism, the Spartan.

The situation of Sparta, like its institutions, is peculiar. It resembles that of no other ancient city, whether of Greece or of the South or East. The comparatively modern foundation of Megalopolis bore some resemblance; but there were causes and circumstances connecting the ingredients of the Arcadian capital, which did not act in the case of Sparta. It entirely rests on its own principle, and altogether departs from the usual model. The type-city\* plan is nowhere per-

\* The Phœnician settlers generally preferred islands, for reasons easily comprehensible, as we have already noticed. They were navigators and traders, but strangers. Subsequently they ventured to the mainland, but seldom far inward. Most other founders, in Greece at least, leaning at first on the sea for their subsistence, kept near to it; but being fearful of attack, located themselves at sufficient distance to insure protection from surprise. All early towns of this kind are found on heights, for the most part isolated, and defended naturally. In progress of civilization, closer proximity is required, and we have the long walls, the *σκέλη* of Megara, Athens, and Corinth. An akropolis becomes the city-type, even in the most considerable communities on the seashore; in the interior mountainous districts it is a matter of course, often even with the sacrifice of water. By degrees the Akropolis spreads beyond its limits, and overflows into the Agora. The necessity of larger population is felt, and smaller communities and villages, as they are conquered, are amalgamated. An ancient Greek town, physically, represents its history. The archaic origin, the nobility and divinity of the race, is found on the Akropolis; the activity of political, social, burgher life in the Agora and its adjacencies; the country industry, the trader, the skilled races, in the suburbs, or within the long walls and outposts. The same phenomenon exists in Italy, where the town is the daughter of a municipium, a reflection of the old Roman republicanism. San Marino to this day is an illustration: — a conical hill spreading into country and plain beyond, with its church, palace, and patricians above; its

ceptible. It lies on a range of low hills, at a distance from the sea : but whether by accident or choice, no position could have more accorded with Spartan institutions or habits, or more tended to form them. Such a city could not have required walls ; and a city without walls must, in the long run, have required a martial people. It may be doubted, however, how far the vaunt of ancient writers on this head is to be taken as an exclusive merit of the Spartans, or whether there was not as much material security, independently even of their military superiority, in the apparently undefended and unwall'd capital, as in the long walls of Athens or Megara, the Akropolis of Corinth, or the far-famed fortifications of Messene : ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ὄντων ἕρκος ἔστ' ἀσφαλές, was the sentiment of an Athenian, though put in the mouth of a Persian, at a time too when Athens possessed no walls ; and

piazza d'Arengo, shops, and burghers midway ; its "popolo" and "contadini" stretching into field and vineyard,—a visible type of a mixed citizen constitution. Feudalism presented a counterpart to this formation. The lord and his castle was here the type of origin, antiquity, and authority,—sometimes the convent, a lord spiritual, and the village or the people below, who had fled for protection under his wing. Exceptions to this, are the great Asiatic and Egyptian cities. But religion in one, despotism in the other, built them up abruptly, and they so remained until both departed from the race. The case of Sparta does not come under any of these categories. The only analogous instance, in itself an exception, was that of seven-hilled Rome. Were the Sabine range brought a little nearer, and the Tiber reduced to the Eurotas, the resemblance would be more perfect. Janiculum might stand for Menelaion, as Menelaion now gives a faint semblance of the Janiculum. But it is as little of the soil as Sparta ; the "pendentibus oppida saxis" of Virgil is the rule. All Etruscan cities of note go further, and cut, as at Orvieto and Volterra, the rock itself into a high platform fortress.

doubtless it expressed the thorough stout-hearted conviction of early Sparta. But it must not, therefore, be supposed that military precaution was discarded. Few places had better defences. Those who look on the low Sparta alone will see no rampart, perhaps, except the breasts and arms of men. But material supports were not wanting for this high moral feeling to rest on. All cities were at first so placed. Themistokles built the first walls of Athens. The Akropolis even was so defenceless as to provoke a discussion whether the oracle did not mean that it should be palisaded. In a condition similar to Sparta, it might have thus continued, had there been no Persian war, and no fear of a Peloponnesian one. The sea exposed Athens to attack from Marathon on the one side, and from the Peiræus on the other. The jealousy evinced by Sparta of the walls of Themistokles, was not so much caused by what Athens had done, as by what she herself could not do. Her population was too sparse, and her means too scanty, distant as she lay from the sea, and her only port difficult of access, to attempt anything similar. Moreover, Taygetus being impenetrable on the land side, towards Sparta, she had no solicitude save on her western and northern frontier; and those frontiers she soon removed as far away as possible. Her earliest attacks and conquests were undertaken with this object. She made war on the Kynourians, towards the frontiers of Argolis; and, on false pretences and at some risk, conquered Messene, itself on the frontier of Messenia, considering both territories necessary for her safety. Even in later times, she watched that line with the utmost



jealousy. Hence her boundary fortress of Ion, and the privileges and favours conferred on the separate sacred corps of the inhabitants of Skiris, or of the tribe of the Skirites. This, with the nature of the country from Parnon on the north, was in itself a surer rampart than any wall or ditch. While appearing to disdain defences, Sparta had thus in reality stronger barriers than any other Greek city; and such was the traditional *bonâ fide* conviction not only of every Spartan, but also of every Greek, from Thucydides down to Xenophon. In the time of Epaminondas even the victorious Thebans dreaded a campaign in the Lakonian territory. *Δυσείσθολος πολεμίσις*, says Euripides.\* The Thebans resisted, *ὅτι δυσεμβολωτάτη ἡ Λακωνικὴ ἐλέγετο εἶναι*.† Hence is explained, on one hand, the astonishment of the Spartans at seeing the smoke of an enemy's camp for the first time before their city, and the rapid retreat of Epaminondas on the other hand. The only semblance of a "surprise" was the attempt of Aristomenes; but that would have been rather an exploit than otherwise, had he succeeded. The city itself, at an early period, must have had in the Eurotas a tolerable ditch, and, at its rear, the population of the 100 *πολίχνια* of Lakedæmon and of Taygetus. After all, it is a mere contest of terms. Whoever considers Paris and London, the one with, the other without walls, will be able to solve the enigma, which is solely one of imagination.

The site on which the three cities of former times—and their modern successor—were disposed

\* As cited by Strabo, viii. 366.

† Xenop. *Hellen.* 6, c. 5, s. 24; Diodorus Siculus, 15, c. 63.



is a series of disjointed eminences of no great and of nearly equal height, to a certain degree running parallel, west and east, along the banks of the Eurotas, though at various distances. Towards the north they seem connected with an outlying continuation of Taygetus, and appear of the same nature as the many heights which, like Agia Kyriaki, mark the plain beneath. These are the last points of the Taygetan spurs, and in the end become so numerous as to form the high land of the Bardunian territory, which shuts out the sea, and which we traversed on our way from Gythium. But those of Sparta, though they may all originate in the same cause, are, more distinctly, very recent formations. Composed of the accumulated detritus of the great mountain, and carried down, for a long succession of countless postdiluvian ages, by its winter torrents, they combined with the deposits of the unconfined stream of the Eurotas, much fuller and stronger in early times than now. The vertical character of the banks opposite, so like the northern bank of the Alpheus, shows the working of a powerful river. It is probable that the hills now broken, may, in their primeval state, have been continuous, and the space between them and the opposite range, thus constituted the bed of the Eurotas, which spread and stagnated around. This agrees with geological appearances, and with ancient testimony.

The entire plain of Sparta, especially the site of the city, is a conglomerate covered with rich soil, created no doubt by the causes mentioned. The portion near the river is an alluvium, filled with pebbles of every size, just as Lelex, or the Autoch-

thons, the first settlers, found it. Though placing no implicit faith in Euemerism, or its symbolism, I find it impossible not to see, in the *primordia civitatis*, as given by Pausanias, the allegorized progress of this tract or its reclamation.

The Lacedæmonian tradition relates that on the death of Myles, in whom ended the Lelegian or Autochthonic line, the son of Eurotas assumed the government, and conducting the water then stagnant by a canal to the plain, gave to the remaining part, which then formed the stream of a river, the name of Eurotas. This name, derived from *εὐροτάω*, designates the first operation, analogous to so many others in Greece,—draining the land, confining the waters to a regular bed, and rendering the cleared ground fit for cultivation. The tradition continues. No male descendant of Eurotas remaining, he marries his daughter Sparta to Lakedæmon, the son of Taygete, by Jupiter. Sparta, from *σπείρω*, to sow, is the natural offspring of Eurotas, as culture is of judicious drainage and irrigation. Lakedæmon, the father of the Lacedæmonians, derives fitly from Taygetus; the mountaineer descends into the plain as soon as it becomes susceptible of culture. As no higher mountain can be found, so no higher the origin of man,—thus extravagantly spoke the ancients, even to a late time, of the height of Taygetus. The line here, as in all other similar Hellenic genealogies, ends in Jupiter. Successive small towns, or villages, offshoots from the first Lacedæmonian root, soon spread around, and nothing but ordinary statistics are seen in the sending out of Amyklas, *βουλόμενος ὑπολείπεσθαι τε καὶ αὐτὸς ἐς μνήμην*, to found Amyklæ, followed, on

similar missions, by Kynortas, Œbalos, and others. Consequently, the first foundations of Sparta are no more than an aggregate federation of mountain *καλύβια* descending into the plain, gradually becoming stationary, and increasing by an accession of new associates. Such appears to have been, in one shape or other, the uniform origin of all Hellenic cities; in some cases, as in Attica, the collection of all these scattered rural communities into a capital, as yet no more than an akropolis; in others, as at Patras, the free union of different races, or different cities, in one.

Sparta, so called by Lakedæmon, in memory of his wife, was the principal of these villages and burgs; and in this case, as in others, the central spot to seek for would be the Akropolis. The other villages would gradually be founded, on lower and similar eminences around. Common sanctuaries, common points of sacrifice, of games, and of assembly, would gradually arise between them; the intermediate portions would ultimately be filled by the increasing population, and the whole accumulation would form the city.

This appears to have been precisely what occurred at Sparta. On examining the ground, we found the space behind the Theatre to be a great irregular platform of considerable height; but, behind it, to the north, rose another still higher, connected with what has been noticed as an offshoot from the roots of Taygetus. This northernmost eminence was probably the Akropolis, and it is here I look for the first rudiments of the mountain-descended city of Sparta. No remains are discoverable on its present surface (though it is hard to say what excavations

may yet turn up), beyond some square Hellenic blocks. It is separated from the platform on which we stood; and between both lies another hill, also divided from, but closer to, the Eurotas. To this eminence is opposed another, and the ravine between conducts to the Eurotas, to which this latter hill is the nearest. It forms a promontory, with a deep curve on either side: all between is low land, as far as the river. Below the platform of the Theatre, the ground shows a smooth surface, except where rise two eminences, on which the first houses of the present town stand; but this part itself constitutes a table-land above the ground adjoining the Eurotas. The whole of this space, covered at first by detached hamlets, was successively embraced in the city,—Sparta.\*

The local tradition above mentioned assigns all this district, down to Amyklæ (founded by one of the Lelegian dynasty), and indeed as far as Pheræ, to the first settlers, or—what is equivalent in their language—to the Autochthons, an agricultural people, engaged in the simple tilling of the earth, and who discovered, in the rich soil and plentiful water of the plain, sufficient to attract and reward their labour. Dwelling apart from the arts, commerce, and corruptions of sea-placed nations, they were more or less Arcadian in their virtues and rudeness, and indisposed to quit their native

\* See the more than Spartan devotion of the Amyklæans to the Doric deity Apollo, and its recognition by the Spartans, in the remarkable case of the return, for the Hyakinthia, from the army of Agesilaos, near Sikyon, resulting in the destruction of the whole *μύρα* by the Iphikratian peltasts, described with more than his usual grand outline-sketching by Xenophon (*Hell.* b. iv. c. v. 11).

villages, or to allow them to be absorbed into one city.

Amyklæ, detached and prominent, appears to have been the strongest place of this small confederacy, and to have had the best claim to the name and advantages of an akropolis. When attacked, it was the first to resist, and the longest in standing out. It appears, too, to have been the earliest seat, and most important sanctuary of their special rite, the worship of Apollo; not indeed that the sanctuary was placed upon the Akropolis of the village itself, but in some position where it might be considered equally accessible, and the common property of all around. The jealousy of the early races in this particular requires no proof.\* It flowed naturally from the peculiar qualities attached to possession, extending even to the sensible objects of rite and worship. Amyklæ was

\* The perseverance with which the Ionic race, who had been obliged to cede to the incursion of the Achæans, and yield to them the possession of Helike, prayed even for a copy of their old altar to Poseidon, and the suspicious obstinacy with which they were refused by the Helikans, is characteristic, but not more so than the public opinion, as expressed afterwards, in attributing the catastrophe which befell that city to the wrath of Poseidon at this monopolizing and exclusive spirit of the new comers.—(Paus. *Sparta*.) The description of Pausanias, showing at each step new accessions to their Olympus, is enough to prove how readily they received all traditions and nationalities. Abaris from Thrace, Kadmus from Phœnicia, Karmes from Akarnania, Serapis from Egypt, to say nothing of the cognate family legends and the earlier mythology of the former settlers they succeeded, are all evidences of this system. There was some reason for the remark of the pious traveller, that no parts of Greece were more superstitious, or regardful of supernatural influences, interventions, and signs, than Sparta and Athens.—(*Lak.* l. iii. c. 5.) See the robberies of the Palladian statue of Diana.



an amphictyonic sanctuary in the religious sense of the word.

This has not been sufficiently kept in view by travellers, who confound Amyklæ with the Amyklæum, and are perplexed by the relative merits of contending sites. Whether coming from north or south, however, there is no eminence which so well answers the character of an akropolis, or corresponds with the historic strength of Amyklæ, as the little hill of *Ἁγία Κυριακή*. The road from Gythium twines close to its northern base. The ascent is tolerably steep, though not rocky or rugged, and it ranks as one of the second class of eminences, of the same geological construction as those we met at Sparta. On its highest point stands the small church dedicated to St. Kyriaki, or St. Sunday;\* and below, amongst the cypresses, a few houses, which might be construed into a rural village. A little beyond, to the south, almost buried in its rich foliage of fig, mulberry, and olive, is the hamlet of Slavochori; † but, though a little raised above the plain,

\* This is not in Greek ecclesiology an abstract designation converted afterwards into the personality of a saint, but was the true name of a young martyr in the first century of Christianity. Her picture is to be found, though rarely, in Greek churches, as well as St. Paraskeve, or St. Friday, as also in the Martyrologies. A small church near Athens has the latter as a martyr, with the usual emblems. In a similar country chapel on Mount Pentelicus, I have seen a painting of St. Kyriaki with a royal crown, and the pallium clasped in front, as an empress. These names ought no more to surprise us, than St. Veronica, or St. Domiuc, veritable personages called after things.

† Slavochori, as the name signifies, was a settlement of the invading Slaves, probably their temporary Sparta, though I should suspect it of much earlier importance; it was, not improbably, the point to which Sparta shrunk on this side, as on the other to the



it lies considerably lower than the hill of 'Αγία Κυριακή. Slavochori has usually been pointed out as the site of Amyklæ; and the distance from Sparta agreeing (1 h. 30 m., or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles) with that of Agia Kyriaki, and the place being covered with fragments of marble and pottery, to say nothing of its several ruined Byzantine churches, so often designating ancient temple sites in modern Greek towns, the prepossessions in favour of its claim have been rather general. It is not to be denied, that these constitute some title; but they belong more to a religious sanctuary than to a military one, and would point it out rather as the site of the Amyklæum than of Amyklæ. From Sparta the line is in a south-westerly direction over a perfect flat, and would admit without difficulty the road

village of Magoula, a collection of houses (the name is not uncommon in Greece), during the Byzantine empire. In these later periods the Roman town broke up again into its original form of separate agricultural villages, in which state they have remained ever since, and are likely so to continue for some time longer. Agia Kyriaki, and Slavochori, both form part of the Demos of Sparta, under the title of χωρία 'Αμυκλίων, restoring the old name, but forbearing to attach it, to suit our usual reserve—*pendente lite*, I suppose—to either locality. Slavochori contains 49 families and 246 inhabitants, more than half the number of Sparta itself. There is another village, Socha (Σοχᾶ), about half an hour to the S.W., nearly as populous,—41 families and 225 inhabitants by the census of 1851. The list of other villages and smaller groups of houses in the neighbourhood, and forming part of the χωρία, as well as nearer to Sparta, συνοικεῖαι, or suburbs, are Machmout Bey, Riza (hamlets), Georgi-Mandra, Katsouron, in the χωρία; Chaloulon, Chadanaki, Chatepi, Psychiko, adjoining Sparta. This shows how entirely they have reverted to the scattered existence in which the inhabitants probably were found at the arrival of the Dorians, and which seems in some sort a direct consequence of their inland agricultural position.

or avenue which led to the Temple of Apollo, and which was a sort of *ἱερά ὁδός*, or "Sacred Way"—to the Spartans.

The Apollo worship is the characteristic of the early, or rather, Achæan race, and here was perhaps the first remarkable seat of its power. It appears to have been marked by all the peculiarities of archaic worship, struggling from symbolism into representation, and substituting, at least partially, form for type. The statue, if so it can be called, of Apollo, was a colossal pillar, with intimations of hands, feet, and head, a combination of East and West,\* the first meeting of the Eastern and the

\* The whole of Greece abounds, in the description of Pausanias, with these archaic statues,—the hands and feet sometimes of Pentelic marble, sometimes of Parian, sometimes of gold, the origin on one side of the Chryselephantine, on the other of the Hermes statue. Venus was long worshipped as a single cone, and the Dioskuri as two parallel pieces of wood crossed by a third. Hence the symbol, in antiquity, of the twins.

The brass pillar is more special, and proves Eastern descent. Sparta, in the description of Pausanias, abounds with bronze statues (the Spartans were always famous for the casting of statues); we do not, however, find those of hammered metal (*sphyrrelata*), so common in other parts of Greece, though it is doubtful whether this mode of working was not practised also on a large scale. Compare the description of the bas-reliefs of the Athena Chalkioikos in the Akropolis, with the evidences of plate decoration still existing in the treasury of Atreus, the myth of Danae, and the Phœnician ornamentation of Solomon's temple. A vase in the Berlin gallery, and in Gerhard's illustrations, puts the reader in possession of the means by which this art was accomplished in the case of statues. The Amyklæan statue appears to have been a simple shaft; the contrast to the hands and arms was probably obviated by the chiton—*χίτων*—which the Spartan women wove annually in the building called *χίτων*, set apart for the purpose in the city,—a relic, no doubt, as the *πέπλος* of Athens, of Orientalism. See the Homeric reference to it at Troy. The chiton was

Hellenic. In this particular, Apollo was served as the other gods, stocks and stones, literally for a long period, until Greek mythology, taking a lower metaphysical grade, agreed to express the divine in the shape and elements of man, and passed from the higher degree of traditional belief, the abstract essence, to the mortal gods, their human agencies. The association, too, with the tomb of Hyakinthus below the pillar—is a remarkable step in the same human direction; and the sculptures on the sides of the monument furnish one of the most interesting developments, irrespective of their important artistic data. Few other illustrations, the coffer of Kypselus excepted, show so clearly the rapid progress of this tendency. The Apollo worship all along the coasts had to retreat, or effect a compromise with the Poseidonian, as the race itself had to yield to the Dorian, who also drove before them the Ionic. Tænarus, which formerly was the exclusive *τέμενος* of Apollo, when the Achæan race probably extended to the whole coast, was made over to the new-comer Poseidon, in exchange for Delphi. A similar transfer was concluded of Calauria; island or seacoast always suiting the taste of the rough divinity, and consonant with

not a loose robe, but a close-fitting garment, exactly the original of those perpendicular figures, men and women, which we see in the archaic vases. The art of casting metals came, no doubt, to Sparta directly through the Phœnician colonies, or indirectly through the Telchines from the East. They were equally celebrated in iron; but this they appear to have obtained from Samos. Theodoros the Samian, who built the *Σκιάς* at Sparta, is described by Pausanias as the first who discovered the art of casting iron statues. There was a celebrated one later of Epaminondas at Messene; these do not seem to have been much used in Upper Greece.—(*Lak.* 12.)

his characteristics. Poseidon is the Earth-shaker.\* The sea may well be said to have something to do

\* Earth-shaker (*ἐροσίχθων, γαίηοχος*). The great earthquakes were universally ascribed to the action of Poseidon, generally as marks of his wrath, for some sacrilegious violation of his own worship. Physical circumstances confirmed this conviction of his intervention. The Peloponnesus generally, but no part more so than Lakonia and Achaia, was afflicted by these visitations. In most cases they were directly connected with some natural cause, but the most remarkable was the refusal of Helike which history says provoked the god to its destruction. The inhabitants opposed the restoration and extension of his worship, and in one night they disappeared in the sea. In like manner Brysæ, a neighbour, who had participated in the refusal, was levelled to the earth. This was equally the case in Lakonia. The great earthquake which left Sparta a heap of ruins was the consequence of the *μήρυμα* of the god for the violation of his sanctuary at Tænarus by the seizure and punishment of the Helot suppliants who fled there for safety, and it was appropriately followed up afterwards by their revolt. This is a belief not more unnatural than the influence of Artemis and Pan in the woody and caverned wilds, or of Zeus, in the rain and thunder on the hills and mountains, of Greece. All along the Achæan shore I met instances of houses split and in ruins, and the inhabitants could never rightly tell me whether it had been caused by sea or earthquake, or both. An ancient would have solved it at once,—“Poseidon the earth-shaker had been there.” The trident suddenly striking forth springs of water, is equally a theologico-physical result. Generally these brackish wells, so often met with on the shores of Greece, are ascribed, and not unfittingly, to earthquakes. “Poseidon has opened them, as on the Akropolis at Athens, and they taste still of his element as well as of his power.” His claim to “Hippios” is not quite so general and clear. It is to be observed, however, as occurring most usually in districts such as the isthmus of Corinth,—flat low lands, beachy bays, sandy lines of shore, than which no better hippodrome could be desired. In such locality the sea-god might be invoked, it was supposed, not without success. A horse-course under his protection at the isthmus was not considered inappropriate, nor his title of “Hippios” ill applied.

See a curious interposition of *Ποσειδών*, Lac. *Ποτειδων*, in Xenophon, *Hell.* l. iii. c. iii. 2. A specimen too of good Lakonism.

with earthquakes, after the catastrophe of Helike, not single in its disaster. The Spartan people was a conglomerate of races, as well as of villages, and not more averse than other sections of the same people to accept the gods of the territory they had conquered, like the territory itself, into their alliance. In this respect they were anti-Scmitic, though it may be doubted whether the Jewish people, if left to themselves, would not have ended in granting citizenship to all the adjacent idolaters. The Dorians brought with them their own patrons and protectors, but they were not sorry to take into their aid the old guardians, as also to subject to their service the old inhabitants. This will explain why such a race should have had, as their pre-eminent divinity, the Achæan Apollo—" *captus cepit*," and that they should have mourned not less for Hyakinthus than for Hercules, in their annual solemnities.

Another race and other civilization intersects these two types, and is in like manner accepted, and intercalated into the concrete of Spartan traditions. The reader of Homer will see in the older Sparta but one Sparta, that of Menelaus, Helen, the Dioskuri,—the rich semi-oriental Sparta of the Odyssey. I read that 4th Book this day with fresh delight, but with some astonishment, on the site itself, wondering how such luxury as the restored Helen and her court displayed could cohere with the village simplicity of her people camped or hutted around. The present incipient town, or rather its predecessor, the grouped villages of Magoula, might not inaptly represent her immediate subjects.



The name "Menelaion," applied once more to the upright steep range of bank and hill on the opposite side of the Eurotas, recalls them. Here was situated that village or fortress of Therapne, which is so intimately interwoven with all their history. Here was the residence and tomb of Menelaus, the seat of his rule, and the possessor of his memories. Therapne is fitly identified with one of those bluff points, which project into the stream just above Amyklæ on the north shore. It is in itself a fortress; just such as a Pelopid would choose, amidst a heterogeneous people. Recent researches have detected enough to confirm largely the presumption; but it is to be regretted they have not been pushed further. A considerable portion of what may be looked on as the substruction of a temple has been discovered, and pottery and fragments were found below in sufficient abundance to justify the belief in an ancient city. Whether the antiquity be such as the Homeric settlement required, may be doubted; but it is likely, even if these remains be more modern, that this was at all times looked on as an old site. The history was too intimately interwoven with Spartan tradition, — the most brilliant it possessed, — ever to have been neglected.

Taking then the scattered hills immediately around us for the primeval Achæan Sparta, Amyklæ for its strongest point, and Therapne for the residence of the Pelopid or Homeric Sparta, the ground is clear and suitable for the arrival of the Heraclids or Dorians. They have nothing to do but to set up their dominion on the necks of those who choose to stay, and urge to flight or emigration all who refuse it, not destroying any element



social political or religious already there, but absorbing all, allowing all, and causing the entire substratum to adopt Crete-imported, so called Lycurgan institutions, for their future.

Sparta, as it then rose and for a long time continued, has two aspects; it is a great military depôt, and an independent loosely connected fraternity of gentlemen-farmers. The cultivator was the Lacedæmonian *Periœkos*, or Helot slave. The Spartan had no more to do with these manual labours, than, in later times, the Venetian gentleman—like him, a descendant of the first planters—with the vulgar duties of the shopkeeper. He had the great obligation of constituting, continuing, and defending a state. Whether such a state was worth preserving, at all events at such a price, is a question, but still one which may have been asked with equal justice of many other institutions, besides that of Sparta. A more material point is, whether means were taken, fitted to preserve it, and this again depends on their free and unimpeded action. Both being points hardly attainable either in Sparta or at Rhodes, dissolution becomes an inevitable law, to which, sooner or later,—the time to be decided as much by external as by internal circumstances,—they like all such artificial and self-contained constitutions must submit. Sparta trusted to her Lycurgan and Taygetan barriers for seclusion from foreign contact; but the irruption must ultimately take place, and the first silent inroad, scarcely perceptible in itself, is necessarily followed by others. It was not the battle of Sellasia which destroyed the life of Sparta: it had been undermined by a continually increasing malady, the earliest symp-

tom of which may probably be traced up to the period of her glory itself.

But, whilst still in the comparative enjoyment of vigour, it is remarkable with what force she imprinted herself on all things and men upon which she could act. Her conquests had a fanaticism of oligarchy about them, which recalls almost the blind courage and perseverance of religion. She everywhere planted her Harmosts, and under their shadow, not a little Sparta, but a subject Helos or Lakonia. Her institutions were not to be shared, but felt. At home,—laws, religion, policy, society, the very outward form of her city itself, preserved the peculiar spirit or principle of their origin. It is in this sense, as the mould which once held her, that even these “disiecta membra” of the former Spartan city become interesting.\*

On the arrival of the Dorian immigration, the city probably differed in little from what it now is. The new comers began with Amyklæ, and with the Akropolis and Agora, as was the case indeed in all cities; and from these two points all inquiry will naturally proceed.

Pausanias does not particularize any one hill as the Akropolis, but only characterizes it generally as the highest point,—a point, therefore, difficult to decide, where all are very nearly of the same height. His text would almost imply, except for the buildings afterwards described, that the Spartans of his day were not quite certain as to its site or

\* See a remarkable passage in Xenophon (*Hell.* l. v. c. ii. 7) on the tendencies of the life *κατὰ κόμης* and its aristocratic influences, in contradiction to democratic. He was himself an eminent instance.

designation. The Lacedæmonians had no akropolis rising high enough to be seen all round; but, the city possessing other hills, λόφων καὶ ἄλλων, the highest part amongst them, τὸ μάλιστα ἐς μετέωρον ἀνῆκον, they called the "Akropolis." \* The most notable eminence, not a separate hill, on the general platform was what they considered as their akropolis; though, being perhaps at first unfortified, it did not answer the character of an akropolis such as was usual in other parts of Greece. This would agree, as regards height, with any of the eminences behind the Theatre; but, in fixing the site it will be also necessary to provide sufficient space for the buildings of which Pausanias gives the catalogue. Below the Akropolis was the Agora.

No space sufficiently large for our purpose exists to the rear of the Theatre except the platform itself; but this, as already noticed, breaks into two. Leake takes the smaller of those laying westward to be the Akropolis, the greater one—that namely from which the Theatre was excavated,—for the Agora. His reasoning, however, is not conclusive.† It is possible that the

\* Paus. *Lak.* iii. 17, 1.

† "Pausanias says it was the highest of the hills of Sparta. This is rather a doubtful description, as there is little or no apparent difference between the height of the great hill, and of that at the northern extremity of the site. Upon further examination, however, it is seen that the only part of the great hill equal in height to the other is the back of the Theatre, which could not have been the Akropolis. There is some reason to think, also, that the natural height of this hill has been increased by the Theatre itself and its ruins, which, moreover, being separated from the rest, and at one angle of the site, was better adapted for an akropolis than

hill of the Theatre may have risen by accumulation of ruins; in some parts they evidently have been considerable, and the small half-detached hill to the west may have been more fitted for the kind of citadel usual in the smaller towns; but it could not have contained half the numerous edifices noticed by Pausanias, unless they were most diminutive in proportions and heaped one on another. It should also be observed, that the Spartans laid no particular stress on a citadel; they were opposed to all fortification. Hence, it was not really an akropolis, but only what they called an akropolis. The position too, which Leake's theory renders necessary for the Agora (he places it on the hill of the Theatre), is not what any people, least of all an agricultural people, would choose. You have to ascend to it, and that by no easy route. Taking these considerations into view, and moreover, the fact that the so-called Agora appears to have been walled round, formerly by the Greeks, subsequently by the Byzantines, and that the Theatre is found here, which in general far more appropriately lies at the base of the Akropolis,—as at Athens, Argos, and Sicyon, I am more disposed to coincide with the arrangement of other writers, and, despite so high an authority, place the Akropolis on the platform behind the Theatre, or rather upon the open space to which the Spartans agreed to give that name.

any other.”—(Leake, *Travels in the Morea*, i. pp. 173, 174.) In his map this is strongly noted; a small hill connects the two, with usual separations marking them. On the site of his akropolis he marks “ancient vestiges.” In the rather indistinct maps of Kiepert and Curtius they are massed together.

## CHAPTER IV.

## SPARTA CONTINUED.

THE buildings here noticed, are the oldest memorials of the city and state. They belong to all the races: but they are principally Dorian. The first of these, is the Athena Chalkioikos. This is usually considered a temple. The name is a just one, though not so in a recent sense. It was more truly an *ὄλκρημα*, a sacellum, a chapel. It dates from a time anterior to the Dorian, but seems to have been, during a series of after-periods, successively enlarged and embellished in reference to the traditions of that race. Tyndareus, a Pelopid, is given by Pausanias as the founder; the Twins, his sons, as having continued the work of their father. But the words of the text do not give a satisfactory description. The spoils from the plunder of Aphidnæ, where the sons had gone in search of their sister Helen, may be presumed, not improperly, to have been rendered back to the presiding divinity of Attica, yet they apparently formed the foundation of its decorations. This will also explain the shape, size, and ornamentation of the building, diminutive and rich at the same time—possibly a small oblong edifice, covered with plates of brass, after the fashion of the Mycenæ buildings, as they in turn were after the artistic traditions of



the East. The after-repairs,—more justly attributed to Gitiades, a true Dorian,\* than the erection of temple and statue,—were probably on the strict model of the old edifice; his own especial share being, it would seem, the sculptures. These constituted, not improbably, little more than the work called “sgraffiato” by the Italians, and which seems to have been the first attempt of bas-relief art, alike in Egypt, Greece, and Italy.† The subjects, happily preserved, are entirely illustrative. They present a continuation or succession of the two traditions, Pelopid and Dorian, with

\* Pausanias seems also to imply “builder” (εἰργάσατο), when taken with the preceding sentence,—*Λακεδαιμόνιοι πολλοὺς ἔτεσιν ὕστερον τὸν τε ναὸν ὁμοίως καὶ τὸ ἄγαλμα ἐποίησαντο Ἀθηναῖς χαλκοῦν* (*Lak. lib. iii. xvii. 3*); but this might simply mean, not that he built or made either *ναὸς* or *ἄγαλμα*, but merely covered them with brass,—made them of brass,—fully explained by his bronze sculptures later. The idea is carelessly expressed, *ναὸς* instead of *ιερόν*.

Gitiades reminds one of the great early artists of Italy. He was a poet, as well as sculptor, and he carried the inspiration into both arts,—*ἐποίησε δὲ καὶ ᾠσματα Δώρια ὁ Γιτιάδης, ἅλλα τε καὶ ὕμνων ἐς τὴν θεόν*. He worked also with success at Amyklæ. Pausanias appears to have admired particularly, amongst other works, his Birth of Athena, Amphitrite, and Poseidon—*ἃ δὲ μέγιστα καὶ μάλιστα*,—though with a certain reserve,—*ἦν (ἐμοὶ δοκεῖν) θείας ἄξια*. He takes care to note that he was a native,—*ἀνὴρ ἐπιχώριος*.—*Lakonika*, l. iii. c. xvii.

† The earliest Egyptian bas-relief, if so it can be called, is simple linear scratching on a plain surface, the battles on the propylæa of Luxor, the temple-palace tomb of Osymandyas, so also the linear drawing on vases, between painting and sculpture. In modern times, the old gates of bronze of San Paolo *fuore le mura*, from which the step to low relief, at first almost flat, was easy. This “sgraffiato” was raised by occasional silver. The later “sgraffiato” of the Italian school, that in the cathedral of Sienna, was pure drawing.



others which refer to the Poseidonian and Athena worship, and some which touch on the mixed traditions of Greece and Lydia.

The epithets—generally the *résumé* of the local functions of the deity—applied here to the goddess describe the history and impressions of the Spartans. She is *χαλκίαικος*, a name of honour, given by a new race, in wonderment at the peculiar richness of her shrine; she is also *πολιοῦχος*, keeper of the city or state (*πόλις*),—*nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem*,—evinced a feeling which here, as in all ancient cities, is predominant, and in a Christian sense has preserved its fullest vigour through the Middle Ages down to our own times.\* They had already found her, like Apollo at Amyklæ, in recognized possession of this patronage; it was the foundation of the Pelopids;† and in adopting it they begged her to continue her protection to the new settlers. Nevertheless, hard by, she is again worshipped in a new character,—Athena Ergane,

\* For instance, SS. Peter and Paul, patrons of Rome, St. Petronius of Bologna, St. Anthony of Padua, and many others. The most remarkable, perhaps, is St. Marinus. On his church, one reads “Santo Marino, auctori libertatis.”

† Belonging to Pelopid tradition were, besides many other feats, the carrying off of the daughters of Leucippus by the Dioskuri, the sons of Tyndareus; to the Dorian, many of the labours of Hercules, as well as others which he had himself volunteered; to the Ionic, the birth of Athena; to the Poseidonian, Poseidon and Amphitrite; and to Eastern or African, the nymphs giving Perseus his helmet or cap and sandals, which were to bear him through the air when about to proceed to attack Medusa. The delivery of Hera by her son Hephestos is of ancient date, an archaic myth even in Homer, and might perhaps have come in with the Telchines and other workers in metal, who, as already mentioned, early settled in Lakonia.

for which Pausanias gives no explanation. It is curious to meet the patroness of all art, commerce, and manufacture, invoked in the city of Sparta, unless, indeed, we consider the worship to be addressed to her under the more general title of Patroness of all industry, including even agricultural. Near the *ιερόν* of Athena Chalkioikos, was thus placed the *ιερόν* of Athena Ergane.

It is difficult to say whether Pausanias meant that the *οἶκημα* of Athena Chalkioikos was surrounded by a portico or stoa, so usual at all times in the East, or whether a stoa ran only along the south side.\* In any case, it seems clear that at this southern stoa, or at this southern portion of the square-enclosing stoa, stood the Temple (*ναὸς*) of Zeus Kosmetes, evidently a later production. The title *κοσμήτης*†, — regulator, administrator, legislator, a term preserved in that sense to our own times,—would imply reference to the share attributed to Jupiter—or, in other words, to Crete,

\* See the *οἶκημα* at Karnak, with its porticos or stoæ at four sides; also the Temple of Herod, according to the description of Josephus, and the mosques at Cairo. Michael Angelo, whether with this antique reminiscence or from his own inspiration, so intended to surround St. Peter's.

The words of Pausanias are vague, *ἐς δὲ τὴν πρὸς μεσημβρίας στοῶν*; and again more indistinctly, *ἢ ἢ πρὸς δυσμὰς ἔχει τῶν στοῶν* (*Lak.* lib. iii. c. xvii. 4). Curtius, however, writes, "Die Erzkapelle lag in einem ansehnlichen Tempelhofe, welcher von Säulenhallen umgeben war und verschiedene Heilighümer einschloss."—(*Peloponn.* ii. p. 228.) This is probable; but nothing of the kind occurs in Pausanias.

† *Κοσμήτης*, — the shaper, adorer. In the present day the name is given in the University of Athens to the deans of faculty, in whom its legislation and administration are chiefly vested.

whence his worship came with the Lycurgan institutions to Sparta—in the ordering of the new city. This carries us a step further, in the polity and history of the place, to the consecration of a fresh epoch or phase, by the enlarged worship of another divinity. Yet all these are linked together; for, even in front of this last-named sanctuary was the grave or tomb of Tyndareus.

The Temple of Zeus is placed by Pausanias adjacent to the stoa, towards the south. Proceeding onwards, he locates the ἀνάθημα of Lysander in the stoa to the west. This ἀνάθημα commemorated the two victories of Lysander, one over the pilot of Alcibiades, Antiochos, and the triremes at Ephesus, the other when he destroyed the Athenian fleet or maritime power—τὸ ναυτικόν—at Ægos Potamos. No separate or distinct building is mentioned, but simply the dedication of two eagles and of two victories,\* as ὑπόμνημα, probably on the entablature of the stoa.† This would leave room for the placing of the other buildings in this quarter. Continuing the line, and keeping the Athena Chalkioikos as the central point, he notes another small building on the left of the οἴκημα, ἐν ἄριστερᾷ δὲ τῆς χαλκιοίκου, and towards the north, according to Curtius. This was the ἱερὸν of the Muses, here, as well as Aphrodite, warlike deities,

\* Or might it be a gloss in the text, ὄρνιθας ἀετούς τε δύο καὶ ἴσας ἐπ' αὐτοῖς νίκας,—two pediments, and two victories upon them, of equal size.

† This was in analogy with the hanging of shields and dedication of tripods; the first an Athenian, the last a Spartan passion. It is difficult now to make out the position of the νίκαι. ἐπὶ would seem to mean "upon;" but ἴσας, rather that they were alternate, and of equal size along the cornice.—(Paus. *Lak.* iii. c. xvii.)

the leaders to battle and victory.\* Returning thence (as though he had forgotten it) to the west of the Chalkioikos, he next notices the Temple of Aphrodite the Warlike, ἄρεια, a very ancient ναὸς, to judge from the statues—τὰ δὲ ξόανα ἀρχαῖα, εἶπερ τι ἄλλο ἐν Ἑλλησι. To the right of the Chalkioikos, and probably not far from the temple known under the name of Kosmetes, stood the statue of Zeus, in bronze, likewise of great antiquity, παλαιότατον παντῶν ὅποσα ἐστὶν χαλκῶν.† This would also be to the south, if we believe that the front of the Chalkioikos, as seems most likely, faced the east.

\* The Spartans did not, like the rest of the Greeks, go forth to the sound of trumpets, ἀλλὰ πρὸς τε αὐλῶν μέλη καὶ ὑπὸ λύρας καὶ κιθάρας κρούμασιν.—(Paus. *Lak.* l. iii.) The philosophy of this can be traced through the whole Spartan life and discipline. To the Spartan, μούσα was his entire education; μουσικός was “mens sana in corpore sano,” as curiously applied in the opposite sense as “virtu” in the Italian. For this reason Sparta was painted with a “lyre.” See the use made of this by Milton: “deliberate valour” was the scope of the Spartan military education, to say nothing of the association it had with the whole of their life; the κιθάρα and λύρα were alone pleasing to their ears. The σάλπιγξ appeared harsh and barbarian. So even the αὐλός, Lydian or Ionic, was thought effeminate and orgiastic. The σάλπιγξ was used in sea-fights.—(*Hell.* l. v. c. i. 9.)

† Ascribed to Learchus, a Rhegian, said to be the inventor of statuary in bronze. The description of Pausanias is accurate: 1. The statue was not in one piece. 2. Each limb was put on apart, so as to accord with each other. 3. They were not grooved, but fastened by nails. But Learchus traced his artistic school up to Dædalus, who was his teacher. This is the ultimate point of Greek art (Paus. xvii.), corresponding to Orpheus and Musæus in poetry, and to the Cimabue of the modern Italian artist histories. Yet the Spartans were far from being insensible to the arts or to literature, and still less to science. See Röth, ii. B. 132, 133, and their reception of Anaximander, the Humboldt of ancient times.

Pausanias, immediately after these monuments, mentions the σκήνωμα,\* containing the εἴκων of a woman called by the Lacedæmonians Euryleonida, the same who carried off the victory of the σύνωρις, or pair of horses, at Olympia; but whether this εἴκων was immediately in juxtaposition with the statue of Zeus or the Chalkioikos, is uncertain.

The altar before the Chalkioikos, and the two expiatory statues of Pausanias hard by† are then

\* This building Curtius seems to consider as connected with the Chalkioikos, and refers to the καλύβη adjoining the sanctuary of Poseidon at Tænarus, where Pausanias took refuge,—or rather to the οἶκημα itself, separated from the ναός,—as similar. “Das οἶκημα οὐ μέγα ὃ ἦν τοῦ ἱεροῦ, in das Pausanias flüchtete (Thuk. i. 134), halte ich für das σκήνωμα (Paus. § 6), vergl. die καλύβη in Tainaron, Thuk. c. 133.”—(Curtius, *Pel.* ii. 313.) But the καλύβη is merely a tent, and the word is used in that sense to the present day; τὰ καλύβια are the sheds set up by shepherds and temporary agriculturists, quite synonymous with the old meaning of σκηνή and σκήνωμα. It should also be observed that the betrayer erected a second καλύβη or compartment behind, where he placed the ephori, who listened to him without being perceived. This could not be possible unless the construction were a shed. Such sheds I have seen outside Christian churches to this day, as a protection from the sun, more necessary where no peristyle or portico existed, as would have been the case in older temples, then simply οἰκήματα. I am disposed to believe the σκήνωμα in this instance to have been a shed, and afterwards a larger building. Pausanias must have gone further, otherwise how explain the history of the closing of the temple with stones? It may, perhaps, have had a communication with the ἱερόν.

† These statues are strangely placed here, unless as a record of crime and execration, a “colonna infame” to the memory of the traitor. But the whole history of Pausanias is exceptional. These are mere expiatory statues, not denunciatory, erected by order of an oracle of Delphi. The crimes of Pausanias, his betrayal of his country, punished by his involuntary murder of the Byzantine Kleonike; his remorse, not to be extinguished by all the counsels and arts of the Psychagogues—the “soul-leaders” of Phigaleia,—



noticed, as also the statue, *ἄγαλμα*, of Aphrodite Ambologera, and those of the two brothers Sleep and Death.\* This would necessarily bring the visitor to the front of the Chalkioikos, and to the east of the Akropolis, at no distance, it may be supposed, from the line leading from the Theatre towards the Eurotas.

Whether the building next mentioned, the *ναὸς* of Athena Ophthalmitis, stood on the Akropolis, or on the declivity near the lower part of the town, cannot be collected from the text—*ἰόντι δὲ ὡς ἐπὶ τὸ Ἀλπίον καλούμενον*. But where was the Alpion? Kiepert places it to the south-east side of the Akropolis. Probably, as well as the *ἱερὸν*† of Am-

and his visit to that cognate sanctuary of Apollo, the Aider, the Consoler; his punishment in the most revered shrine of Spartan worship, and the after-visitation down to the fourth generation,—his innocent descendant Agis suffering the atonement by being waylaid on coming from the bath to his sanctuary,—all read, in the very heart of authentic history, like an *Œdipean* myth. “The Lacedæmonians,” continues Pausanias, “performing these orders of the oracle at Delphi, both raised these brazen images and paid honours to a Daimon named *Ἐπιδότης*, saying that this *Ἐπιδότης* would turn away the *μήνιμα* remaining from Pausanias for the violation of the rights of the suppliant,—*τὸ ἐπὶ Πανσανίᾳ τοῦ Ἰκεσίου μήνιμα ἀποτρέπειν τὸν Ἐπιδότην λέγοντες τοῦτον*.”—(*Lak.* iii. c. xvii.)

\* Aphrodite *ἀμβολόγηρα*, Ionic for *ἀναβολόγηρα*, Venus “the retarder of old age;” *ἀναβολάς*, *ἀμβολάς*, “thrown-up soil;” *ἀμβολίη*, “delay,” derive all from the same root, *ἀναβάλλω*. Why here, unless in reference to Helen and her family tradition, is not clear.

† Ammon, Pausanias remarks, was a favourite Spartan divinity, —*φαίνονται δὲ ἀπ’ ἀρχῆς* (at the earliest period of their history, or from the very beginning, probably from the Phœnician colonists) *Λακεδαιμόνιοι μάλιστα Ἑλλήνων χρώμενοι τῷ ἐν Λιβύῃ μαντεῖω*. See the influence of mingling with other nations, in Lysander’s dream, and its effect on the Lacedæmonians. How the Aphytaians came to venerate the oracle “no less than the Ammonians themselves of Libya,” does not appear.—(*Paus.* i. iii. c. xviii. 3.)

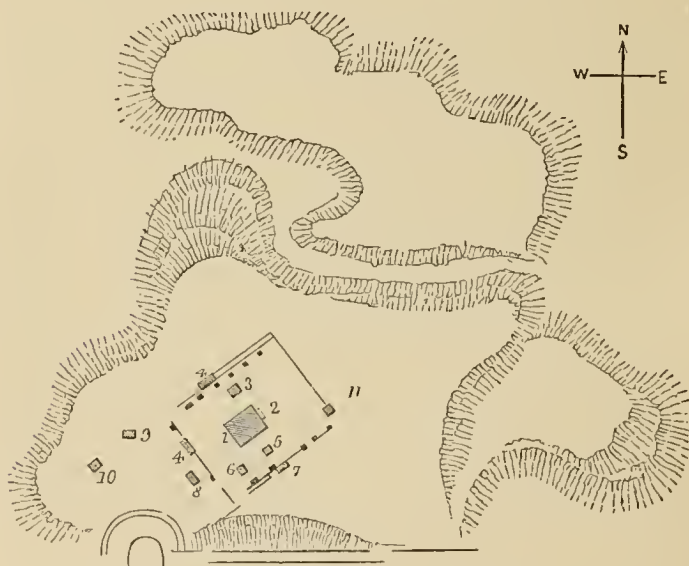


mon, and perhaps the Knagian Artemis,\* it was not far from the market-place. Both are indications of that admission of external and often of Oriental rites, to which, notwithstanding their political and social exclusiveness, the Spartans never appear to have been much opposed.

No remains of sufficient size exist which could help to verify any of these sites or positions, or the many fragments of architectural and sculptural marble scattered around. The portion of Hellenic wall near the Theatre continues for a certain way at right angles, and may have formed the original Hellenic enclosure. Similar fragments are again observable on the north-east angle, several blocks of which have tumbled into the fields below. The whole surface, however, up to the edge of the platform, lay so covered with corn,—the corn itself so tall, close, and luxuriant,—that we found it difficult to examine it to any extent. On the platform I noticed one of the doorways described by Leake still above ground, its posts and entablature being each formed of a single stone, very closely resembling, though of smaller dimensions, the architecture of the gates of Mycenæ; I therefore take it for a Pelopid construction. To which of the *ἱερὰ*, whether to that of Athena Chalkioikos or Ergane, this fragment may with most propriety be ascribed, would be difficult to say; but it is certainly of high antiquity. The

\* The Knagian Artemis came from Crete. It is strangely transferred with other traditions (L. iii. xviii. 8). "Knagia" seems an Achæan designation; there is the river, *κνακίον*, near Sparta, and a promontory, *κνακαῖον*, on the east coast of Lakonia.

earth is now gaining close upon the lintel, provocative of immediate excavation; an undertaking that would be well worth the trouble, not only as tending to decide, should holes, for instance, like those of the Treasury of Atreus be discovered, the identity with the Chalkioikos, and the whole collocation of the monuments, but also as settling beyond all cavil the site of the Akropolis. In its absence we must only lean on probabilities. The arrangement will thus be nearly as below :



- |                                  |                           |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Temple of Athena Chalkioikos. | 2. Skenoma.               |
| 3. Athena Ergane.                | 4. Monuments of Lysander. |
| 5. Tomb of Tyndareus.            | 6. Statue of Zeus.        |
| 7. Temple of Zeus Kosmetes.      | 8. Aphrodite Areia.       |
| 9. Ammon.                        | 10. Athena Ophthalmitis.  |
| 11. Musæ.                        |                           |

Leake abstains from fixing any of these positions; and Kiepert places them very differently. The Theatre is south-west; Ergane nearly as above;

the Muses close to, and Aphrodite Areia immediately behind, the Theatre. The others are omitted, probably from want of space. Later travellers are still more uncertain, and must every day become more so. Vischer complains that he saw no remains of churches as marked by Leake; and the other doors mentioned by Gall have disappeared. This is not extraordinary. The slightest effort would, by undermining, detach any portions of wall, and these, falling below, could easily be concealed amidst the high corn, until used for some building at New Sparta. Agriculture likewise has seized upon the declivities, and turned them into arable. The upper portion I saw used for a fold; and the peasants, to whom I spoke, were divided as to its name: some called it by the usual term for all ruins—*κτῆρια*—and *κάστρον*, others, *μάνδρα* or fold. I also understood from these people, that stones from time to time disappeared. The place is not enclosed, and its sole guardian is a single Greek “Invalid.” Yet, though inferior in interest to the Kadmeia, to the Akropolis *par excellence*, and to the Akrokorinthos, no one but must feel deeply touched by a locality which contained so many of the sanctuaries and relics of a succession of remarkable races, and which shuts in so many events, from the romantic night expedition of Aristomenes and his Homeric feat of hanging up the conquered shields of the Spartans in the Chalkioikos itself, to the last extinction of their liberties in the fortifications\*

\* As much against his reluctant subjects as against his enemies, the Achæan league. Nabis made it his residence, and materially fortified it; but it had been a royal residence before.—(Xenop. *Ages.* viii. 7.) It had ditches and temporary works, for which the

of the tyrant Nabis,— the first derogation from the lofty Spartan rule, — and which might be well called by the Roman writer, “Deformes Servitutis cicatrices.”

II. *The Agora* was near the Akropolis, and not far from the Eurotas, particularly from that part of the river crossed by the bridge, Babyka. To this point many of the roads from northern and western Lakonia converged, and naturally would lead on to the Agora. But it may be doubted whether it stood in the low ground contiguous to the *λίμναι*, or marshes, still less in the narrow defile or hollow between the upper and lower eminence behind the Theatre, where Leake seems to place it.\* It must have been of much greater extent than this lot of ground, so as to have contained the monuments noticed by Pausanias. More than any other city, Sparta, from the peculiar nature of its constitution, required the amplest space for its

proximity of the river and *λίμναι* to the north-west, well fitted it, against Demetrios and Pyrrhus.—(Paus. *Achaic*. c. 8. See also Livy, xxxiv. 37 ; xxxviii. 34.) From the first passage it would seem the plain only was fortified, and the heights defended by armed men.

\* “Between the western side of the Agora and the Theatre, he mentions only one monument, the tomb of Brasidas. We have the situation, therefore, of the Agora in the hollow of the great height behind the Theatre. Thus placed, the eastern extremity of the Agora would be not far removed from an opening, partly natural and partly artificial, which is still observable towards the middle of that bank of hills which overlooks the valley of the Eurotas, and forms the front of Sparta to the north-east. This opening, it is further remarkable, is immediately opposite to the remains of a bridge over the Eurotas.”—(Leake, i. 170, 171.) The artificial character of this portion consists only in the walling of some parts of the Akropolis. In Leake’s map, it is remarkable that the *ἀγορά* is marked on the platform of the Theatre, on a height.

agora, and in return this space offered the best opportunity for the collocation of the most important buildings of the State.\* Such appears to have been the case, even at an early period, and to have so continued to the latest. Not unlike the market-place or "place" of the Mediæval cities of Germany and Italy, here were all the buildings of all the institutions necessary for the public legislature and business of the State. Here stood—what we should call the town-hall, and the Germans the Rathhaus—the seat of the Gerousia. Here also the Ephors, Bidiaï, and Nomophylakes assembled, and kept their archives. But the most remarkable of these edifices, probably also for public use,† was the Persian Stoa—στοὰ περσικὴ, —erected from the spoils of the Medes, and adorned with statues of Mardonius, Artemisia, and

\* Sparta having a currency of little use for large purchases, effected sales by exchanges in kind, a commerce well adapted to an agricultural people, especially at the outset.

† About the same time the Stoa Pœkile at Athens was built, and ornamented with paintings by Polygnotos, it is supposed, commemorative of the great deeds of the Persian war; just as, a little earlier, the Lesche at Delphi was painted with the more mythic national achievements of the Trojan war by the same artist, Polygnotos. In their origin these λέσχαί or stoæ may all be considered places of public resort, the exchanges and cafés of that day, but applied later also to national purposes. Athens adopted painting in the decorations, Sparta sculpture. Further on we find the Athenian stoa converted to the use of philosophy, down to the age of Arkadius, when the Stoics were expelled, and the paintings taken away. Curtius imagines the Spartan to have been converted to the uses of an Ἐφορεῖον, but gives no authority for this view, except the mention of Ἐφορεῖα ἀρχαῖα, believed by him to imply Ἐφορεῖα νέα: this it certainly does; but Pausanias has already mentioned the latter, not in connection, however, with the Stoa. A stoa was not the place best suited for the duties of the Ephors.



others.\* It appears to have gradually been enlarged and embellished, until brought to the state in which it was seen by Pausanias. The Agora, *θείας ἀξία*, as he describes it, had other reminiscences of antiquity. The *χορός*, or Choros, where the Spartan youth exercised or celebrated their dances, feats, and solemnities, under the protection of Apollo, was situated near. Intermixed with and surrounded by these greater edifices, stood a crowd

\* The situation and nature of these statues is a subject of doubt. That they were personal, as far as costume was concerned, seems clear; but what we call "portraits," as Leake supposes, is more questionable; nor do they appear to have formed supports of any kind. Pausanias says,—*εἰσὶ δὲ ἐπὶ τῶν κίωνων Πέρσαι λίθου λευκοῦ καὶ ἄλλοι*—not *ὑπὸ*—his *ἐπὶ* would imply—(see description of the Eagles and Nikæ) of Lysander—that they were *upon*. Leake believes them to be in front: "These words seem to show that the statues of the Persian portico more resembled the colossal figures attached to pilasters on some of the temples of Egypt than the Caryatides of the Pandroseium at Athens."—(*Morea*, c. v. 161, *note c.* vol. i.) In this he is correct; but the difficulty he points out of their not being of a varied character would preclude their being used architecturally, like the Egyptian. All these supporting or attached statues were combinations with architecture, yet not wholly so. The Memnon avenue, isolated, was intended to be a sort of ideal portrait-gallery. "Kings and kings" was the general answer received when their names were asked. Successively, from being attached, they were placed under or supporting, and called Karyatides, more likely from the country of Karia than from the small town of Karyæ. But this was not universally meant to imply subjection. The Canephoræ of the Athenian Eretheium have neither the attributes, attitude, nor character of slaves. It may be otherwise with the Atlantes or giants of the Temple of Syracuse, and perhaps the Incantadas of Salonika (see Stuart's detailed explanation), to whom Curtius likens them. I do not see why they should not have been placed, as was common at a later period, but adopted even early (see again Lysander's Eagles and Nikæ), on the pillars,—though the Egyptian and Ethiopian arrangement *against* would be more oriental and archaic.

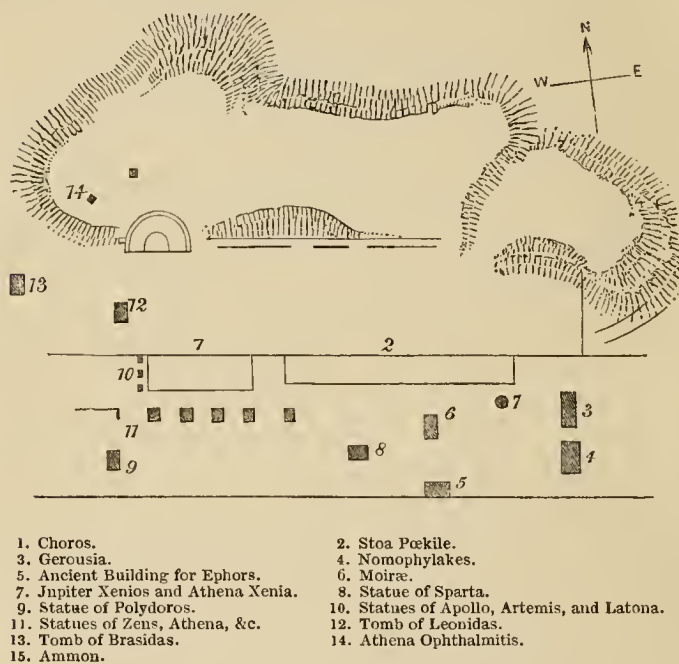


of temples, sanctuaries, and statues, of all epochs, from the primordia of Sparta down to the era of the Roman Cæsars. Amongst the first must be classed the *ἱερὰ* of Ge, or the Earth, of Zeus Agoraios, and Athena Agoraia—venerated, under a similar designation at Athens,—of Poseidon, called Aspholios, probably an asylum of Apollo and Hera, and of the Moirai or Fates, as they were worshipped by the Lacedæmonians; near this last was also the tomb — *τάφος* — of Orestes, whose bones were brought from Tegea, in obedience to the oracle, and buried here. These, for the most part, were directly connected with the earlier traditions and worship of the Spartans. Afterwards were added, as elsewhere, the temples of Julius and Augustus Cæsar; to the latter of whom in particular Lakonia was deeply indebted.

Adjoining, sometimes in connection with these buildings, ranged the statues. Those of Apollo Pythæus, Artemis, and Latona, stood near or in the Choros. That of Polydoros, whom the Spartans honoured by the adoption of his head on their coin — *εἰκὼν Πολυδώρου*,—the tomb of Orestes, that of Hermes Agoraios (probably close to it was the old Ephoreia), and the two statues or monuments of Epimenides and Aphareus, are noticed by the traveller. In the same vicinity were also the statues (remarkable at Sparta) of Zeus Xenios and Athena Xenia. But above all towered the colossal figure, it would seem, of the Demos or People of Sparta, which serves as a sort of counterpart to the Demos of Athens at the Peiræus, or the Athena Promachos on the Akropolis.

To meet these two conditions,—a centre point

for the north and east roads to Sparta, in proximity to the Theatre, and space large enough for the numerous buildings just mentioned, — the low level ground, which we found covered with corn and interspersed with brick ruins of late date, directly to the east of the Theatre, seems fitted much better than that designated by Leake. The arrangement would then stand thus :



In the progress which Pausanias continues from the Agora, he obviously moves in a southern and south-eastern direction. The plain is altogether open to the south-west and south, and is only interrupted on the south-east and east by the two low hills now occupied by New Sparta. Here

then will run the principal streets or roads, connecting the different quarters or villages; for we must always keep in mind the original character of the town, which was but partially obliterated even by the Romans. The only street, properly so, was the Ἀφεταιί, — or what we may call the “Corso” of Sparta, — lined with temples on either side. It ran in all likelihood in a south-eastern direction; for Pausanias distinguishes it from the other street, which he describes as running west. On one side, beginning with the house of Polydoros, — named Booneta, in consequence of its having been purchased, at the price of a number of oxen, from his widow, — were a complete series of other monuments, sanctuaries, and Heroa, of which the catalogue is given with religious faith by Pausanias.\* On his reaching the Hieron of the Diktyнна and the sepulchres of the Eurypontidai, he nearly touches the after-wall of the Romans, and then, retracing his steps to the Hellenion, takes the other side of the Aphetæ, enumerating at the same time the remaining monuments. This street went across the open space towards Taygetus, in a southern or S.S.E. direction, across the hill on which now stands the most southern portion of New Sparta.

Another street, which Leake inaccurately calls Σκίας, opened from the same quarter of the Agora, but apparently in a more south-eastern line. It commenced with an edifice termed Σκίας, a large

\* Amongst them are several, recalling the earliest as well as latest traditions of Sparta, — the graves of Iops, Amphiaraus, and Lelex, and the Hieron of the Tenarian Poseidon — belonging to the Lelegian epoch.

tent-like construction, erected by the Samian Theodoros. This was followed again by a long series of buildings, sanctuaries, and statues, enumerated by Pausanias, until the small hill lying to the south-east and close to the Eurotas, was reached, and where a temple to Dionysos Kolonotas, or of the Hill, terminated the range. In this neighbourhood may be placed the Hieron of Zeus Euanemos, probably towards the north. On the next eminence, and not far from the Eurotas, stood the double sanctuary of Hera Hypercheiria, so called from her having saved Sparta, it was supposed, from an inundation of the Eurotas. These three hills may be identified with this street, beginning at the Skias, and with the northern portion of the present town, where it joins the village of Psychiko, and at the point which rises rather steeply, from the south-eastern and eastern plain. They form, as Curtius justly observes, in their continuity—for these hillocks are all connected—a sort of dam against the floodings of the Eurotas, separating its low valley or bed from the other part of the plain.

Leake traces another road at the opposite side of the Aphetæ, but in a more south-westerly direction, and marks some Hellenic ruins as existing here, but without giving them a name.

On returning to the Agora, Pausanias advances by a fresh road, straight past the Theatre, to the west. This presents him in the first place with the Cenotaph of Brasidas, “at no great distance from the Theatre,” and opposite the Theatre itself, with monuments, one of Pausanias, the commander at Plataea, the other that of Leonidas. Instead of

proceeding with his usual regularity, however, he suddenly breaks off, to describe the tombs of the Agidæ line of kings, in a place called Theomilida. From what follows, they appear to have stood in the quarter of the Pitanaatæ; there seems no doubt that this quarter occupied the land lying between the Akropolis and the Eurotas, and extending along the Eurotas up the river. If we continue our course west, and on through the defile to the north, we shall find ourselves in a small valley running towards the Eurotas, and observable from the northern side of the Akropolis. Here were probably situated the tombs in question, and the other monuments mentioned by Pausanias. On his left, in returning towards the Akropolis and Agora, he speaks of the Hieron of Artemis Issora, also called Limnæan, which designation places it in the vicinity of the Limne. Curtius with reason marks it on the small hillock commanding this pass from the bridge Babyka.\* Limnæa, as a title, seems analogous to

\* This is nearly the disposition of Leake, but not adopted by Kiepert, whose map places the Theomilida immediately close to the Agora on the north-east, the tombs of the Agidæ beside it, at the angle of the Akropolis, and the Lesche of the Krotani considerably to the north-east of the hill, which, with Curtius and Leake, he considers the Issorion. This arrangement may, no doubt, be justified by the abrupt manner in which the Theomilida is introduced (*Lak.* xiv. § 2), unconnected with the previous notice of the tombs of Brasidas, Leonidas, and Pausanias,—implying a sudden departure to a northern part of the town, from whence he commences anew: the theory is further supported by the position of the Issorion, in rear of the Lesche. But it is more natural to suppose, that where no mention is made to the contrary (unless, indeed, the north road terminated abruptly at the walls, or towards Taygetus), the line should continue round the Akropolis; and that would necessarily lead by the narrow defile, and the space between



the Hera Hypercheiria near Psychiko ; both were probably erected to these several divinities as protectresses against inundation.

This arrangement disposes of all the leading points of the city ; but between the range of broken hillocks bordering the Eurotas, from west to east, lies a flat tract of low marshy land, probably in former days covered by water, and even now subject to casual inundations and changes. The nature of this ground on the right bank of the river and within the city, is level and in some places of sufficient breadth to fit it for the gymnastic exercises of the Spartans ; here we ought therefore to look for the Dromos, Platanistas, and Phœbaion. The Dromos is very clearly designated by Pausanias. It is the

the spur of Taygetus on one side and the hill of the Issorion on the other. The tombs of the Agid kings would thus be on the side of the first of these eminences, and the Lesche (πλησίον) adjoining, probably to the north front of the Akropolis. A series of monuments and temples then follows, "not far" from the Lesche,—the Hieron of Æsculapius, called Enapadon ; and "going on"—προελθοῦσα δὲ—to the monument of Tænarus, the Hieron of Poseidon Hippokourios, and also to that of Artemis Aginæa. These probably reached a considerable way, until they joined, or ran in lines with the second road stretching north-west and north-east, and beyond the hillock on which stood the Issorion ; for "in returning" to the Lesche, Pausanias notices for the first time the Hieron of Artemis Issora. This brings him again in the vicinity of the tombs of the Agidæ—they were μνήματα,—whilst he sees "very near" them—ἐγγυτέρω—the στήλη and Nikai, erected by the Lacedæmonian Anchiorios. The epithet Limnæa leaves little doubt that the Hieron of Artemis Issora was close to the Limne or marshy land near the river ; on the other hand, it is stated that the Crotani were a portion of the Pitanaæ, which quarter, so far from having extended to the east side of the Issorion, appears to have stretched beyond the city to the west towards the Oinus valley. This would altogether displace the Lesche of Kiepert.



first low land met with, after leaving the tombs of the Agidæ\*—ἐς τοῦτον τὸν Δρόμον ἴοντι ἀπὸ τοῦ τάφου τῶν Ἀγιδῶν;—and on the left stands the monument of Eumedes, also an ancient statue of Hercules, just without the Dromos, and near which appears to have been the ancient palace of Menelaus,—a private dwelling at the time of Pausanias. In the Dromos itself were gymnasia, and a variety of monuments, statues, and Hieras, especially on the right, enumerated as usual by him. On leaving the Dromos, we meet another series of small temples, and sanctuaries, πρὸς δὲ τοῦ Δρόμου τῇ ἀρχῇ, such as the Dioskuri—ἀφ' ἐτῆροι;—and going on a little further, the Heroum of Alkon and Hieron of Poseidon Domatites, all more or less bearing on the gymnastic exercises of the Spartans. The Πλατανιστάς—so called from the thick and lofty plane-trees which shadowed it—formed a species of island, and easily identifies itself with the small rich ground shaded by plane-trees and cypresses to this day, close to the Eurotas, at the eastern extremity of the city, and not far from the present village of Psychiko. The Ephœbaion, or Phœbaion, is placed by Pausanias outside the city. The Dromos nearly touched the wall in his time, and was not far from Therapne; but this does not authorize Kiepert in marking it on the left, instead of on the right bank of the Eurotas. Several roads led from the Platanistas east and south; and the monuments which lined each, are given with great minuteness by Pausanias. These must, from the limited space that compressed them, combined with the rich intermixture of tree and shrub—the planes extending even along the roads,

\* *Lak.* c. xiv. s. 6.

which connected the various quarters of the city,—have imparted to it a character very distinct from that of other Greek towns, and have justified the boast of a Spartan at least, that no other town in Greece could compete with it in beauty.

The small stream Skiathas \* terminates the new Sparta, as already mentioned, on the east, and runs through Psychiko to the Eurotas. Writers are divided whether to assign it the name of Knakion or Thiasa. But no other stream, of any note, exists between this point and the small rivulet called the Kelefina, at the north-western extremity of Sparta, supposed by some to be identical with the Oinus or Babyka. The oracle which ordered the foundation of these two limits—Knakion and Babyka—will not therefore be intelligible, unless this rivulet Kelefina be looked on as the Knakion, to the south of which, and not to the west, ran the Thiasa. Pausanias, in quitting the Platanistas, places several monuments without the city, between that point

\* Leake calls this rivulet "Trypiotiko," and derives it from Trype. The name we heard on the spot was "Skiathas," which might almost seem a corruption of Thiasa. Thiasa by most writers is placed close to Agia Kyriaki. Many of these streams intermingle with each other, in consequence of old and new canals, not a few being of very ancient date. Some are so old as to belong to the early establishment of the city, as may easily be conceived, from the necessity of constant irrigation : others are so narrow, as to be crossed by a flat wooden bridge. Plutarch considered both the Knakion and Babyka to be streams, and differs from Aristotle, who takes Babyka to mean a bridge. Curtius is of opinion that if a river be meant by the latter name, it must allude to the rivulet by Magoula, the only point which could define the south boundary ; and he believes the Oinus and Knakion identical, according to the unanimous opinion of writers. Leake identifies the Oinus with the Kelefina.—(Curt. i. 238.)

and the present river. The difficulty respecting Therapne is easily overcome, provided we do not read the text of Pausanias too strictly.

The first walls of Sparta cannot be traced back farther than the time of Demetrius and Pyrrhus, and the walls erected by Nabis; but these latter were partial. They never comprised the whole city. Leake supposes, that the remains seen round the Akropolis were of this period, and contained the whole of the then inhabitants, and that, a century or two later, when Pausanias travelled, the population had again shrunk up, and had left the entire space towards the river unoccupied. This is not impossible, when it is remembered that all this ground, like the Campus Martius at Rome, was never thickly peopled, and was chiefly dedicated to the public exercises and to some of the public buildings. These buildings belonged, more accurately speaking, to a lower period even than that of Julian, though the circular erection near the river would seem to justify our attributing it to his reign. Their construction, however, is too coarse even for that period, and too mixed up with fragments of heathen times, to give them a date earlier than that of the fourth or fifth century. The portions now traceable probably belong to the first defences; but, at an epoch when they had become necessary, against the Gothic invasion of the fourth century. Evidences of haste and confusion are here as apparent as in many parts of the walls of Athens. Independent of their lateritital construction, which renders them less exposed than stone to neighbouring depredation, they appear to have been kept in repair much longer. The circular building, though amphithea-

trical in its form, was too small for amphitheatric representation, and may be more naturally ascribed to musical or other purposes, which were common to Greeks as well as to Romans — a Skias, Tholus, or Odeion, on a larger scale.

This city, the Byzantine “Lakedæmonia,” is described by the French chronicler as a place of great strength, and, according to Buchon, corresponds with the space inclosed within these fortifications, on the Akropolis and neighbouring eminences. It may be doubted, whether it ever really merited the description of the historian, though its defence may have been sustained for five days against the ignorant Frank invaders. The remains of church and pillar within these walls belong to this period, and show little magnificence in size or material, though sufficient disregard of order and ancient art to claim connection with the Frank age. They consist chiefly of pillars of the most meagre diameter and common material, on the simplest and poorest plan. Buchon supposes, that this ground could have contained 25,000 inhabitants; but before the Frank incursion it had already suffered. The Slave irruption effaced Sparta by degrees. Slavochori superseded it for a time, and finally Mistra succeeded to whatever honour the name of Sparta left behind. In what period this occurred, is not easy to decide. Sparta did not fall by any great blow, but seems to have gradually dropped unnoticed out of history.

After a long day's work, we now returned to our kind host, where, to complete our entertainment, and to give modern Sparta also its place in our recollections, Mr. Pherengas insisted on making us

happy by a *réunion* of all the fair inhabitants of the place. This we should not have declined, remembering that we stood in the kingdom of Helen, and that no part of Greece, except Bœotia, could rival the *καλλιγυναῖκα*; but need of rest, and the short time at our disposal, obliged us to sacrifice to the exigencies of the case. A compromise was effected between necessity and our host's civilities, by requesting him to substitute for the projected ball a dance in the open air, after the fashion of the country. I thus hoped to see, on a spot of such gymnastic celebrity as Sparta something of its old renown.

Accordingly, as soon as the sun went down, all busied themselves in arranging the court of the house, and calling in the neighbourhood to the *χορός*. Seats placed for us on the high steps made a good set of boxes, whilst Dimitri and his party established themselves below, the centre of the court serving for the orchestra. The lighting could not be called brilliant, though sufficient for the purpose, and the music consisted of the usual drum with a pipe and guitar, which performed the part of the old *κithάρα* and *αὐλὸς*; with more zeal and perseverance than positive credit. All being ready, the *χορὸς* was commenced by the women, led out, however, with becoming gravity by our host as *χορηγός*. The circle included all costumes, classes, and ages, from the mistress of the house down to the children and servants; for here equality is perfect, not in fact only, but in feeling, no one thinking it in the least extraordinary, or a breach of propriety, to mingle all ranks together in primeval fashion. A thousand incidents, on this and similar occasions,



especially in the provinces, confirm this conviction, and show how completely uniformity of all classes is the necessary growth of a long-maintained despotism. Nothing rises above the dead surface, except wealth and court favour. Wealth soon migrates, and official superiority is precarious; yet, while either act, they are abundantly authoritative. The dance was the usual *syrtos* — *σύρτος*, — the descendant of the *κύκλικος*, in all save its gaiety. It is difficult to determine how far it has been orientalized by contact with Constantinople, but its present aspect is solemn and monotonous; originally it may have been religious. The music always preserves the same rhythm, without the slightest variation, punctiliously accompanied by the one step and figure in the one never-ending circle, worthy of the long sweeping trains of the *ἐλκεσίπεπλοι* of Spartan matrons. Dimitri, after a time, was permitted to join the ring; but nothing like hilarity was infused in the proceeding until the wine circulated, resinous and full of gypsum as it seemed to be,\* and prepared with care for the

\* Most of the Greek wines, if treated with the same attention as in Europe, are in themselves good, though much more fiery than the produce of France or Germany. Rhenish and Burgundy vine-stocks have, when transplanted to Greece for two or three years, retained their native grape-taste, but have then passed, as in the experiment tried on the plains of Argos, into the hot Greek wine. In the Peloponnesus, for the most part—the islands are exceptions—resin is added. This is supposed to preserve the wine from turning sour; but it is observable that, in Zante, so rich in grapes and wines, and also with the muscats of Santorin, Tinos, and Cyprus, it is not employed. The mixture of resin may arise from a traditional taste for the fir-tree, whence it is extracted,—the *Pinus maritima*. No firs yield so much as those on the seaside, though



*cognoscenti*. Many of the spectators were evidently meditating an exhibition, excited by rivalry of Dimitri, the stranger, when a young man in fustinnella, anticipating the general movement, stepped forward first. His gravity of look and bearing betokened nothing comic; and this seriousness he resolutely maintained to the end. After a few preliminary dainty steps, scarcely touching the earth, he burst into a whirlwind of antics,—sometimes squatting to the ground, then shooting

they ought not to be tapped till ninety years old. This tree was sacred to Bacchus, as well as to Neptune. The present Greeks, especially those of the Peloponnesus and Attica, like it so much, that it is difficult to prevail on them to take wine without it. They regard pure wine as others do lemonade, as poor and unsatisfactory, and creating weakness. The best wine, without resin, they look on as no better than water; and should it afterwards make impression, they express surprise at its hidden power—*ἔχει κρυπτό*. Strangers, too—at least Germans—acquire this taste, and in a short time cannot drink wine without the admixture, though at first its astringent qualities parch the palate and throat, and cause intolerable thirst. Burnt gypsum is also very frequently used, as a disguise for the thinnest wines,—those which Dodwell said were worse than the smallest small beer of England. Gypsum is likewise often added when the wine is getting sour, and, uniting then with the acidity, makes it of a sweeter flavour than at first. It gives headaches, however, quite as much as resin, and produces an exciting and stupefying effect. When wine becomes scarce, this mixture is constantly applied, for the purpose of rousing labourers and others engaged in outdoor work to exertion at a smaller cost. I have been assured by employers, that it has this effect for a limited period, but is followed by a stupefaction which lasts sometimes for a day or two. Labourers like it, as they do dram-drinking in other countries, where (for instance in Sweden) the dram given by the master is not infrequently preferred to the same amount given in money. They miss the gypsum, in ordinary wine: *δὲν ἔχει πέτρα*, “it has no stone, no sting in it;” *οὐκ ἔχει δόντα*, “it has no teeth,” would have been said by an ancient.—See Athenæus.

up into the air, swinging himself about in all directions; flinging his arms abroad, or clapping them suddenly to his side, but with no attempt at grace, or combination in his movements with those of his companions. He became the leader of the dance, and it would have been difficult to find a more fitting conductor. The men soon took the place of the women, but none ventured to imitate our hero. With his handkerchief displayed in one hand, and clasping his next friend with the other, he continued to lead the same circle until fatigue terminated his labours. The whole was managed with a silence and sobriety, notwithstanding these evolutions, which resembled the performance of a religious rite, and was more decorous than many ceremonies, especially in Greece, conducted with such intention.\* We expected to see the island-dance,—one and one, or two and two; but the attempt they made at it proved that its intricacies were here unfamiliar. This simple pleasure lasted for some hours, and it was late when we retired to rest.

*May 12.*—At an early hour this morning, I set out alone, for the purpose of more closely examining the ground near the Eurotas, and the bridge Babyka. I took the direction, at first straight to the river,—a matter only of a quarter of an hour from M. Pherengas' house,—over the same hill, and then on towards the bridge. All this corn-covered plain was perfectly level, canals here and

\* If not Pyrrhic, this dance is of Pyrrhic descent. It does not appear to have been always strictly military; the fantastic was mixed with the military, as in the religious-military antics of the Korybantes.

there intersecting it, from which reeds grew in abundance; but no part was sufficiently swampy—at least not permanently so—to justify the present appellation of the *λίμναι*, or marshes. For a long period, even in ancient times, it must have been like the *λίμναι* at Athens, the name designating a tradition more than a reality. At different distances to my left rose the broken range on which lies the modern town, and I clearly stood in the Dromos. This I soon quitted, and proceeding onward, had to keep nearer to the river, the high ground coming down close upon it. This range is the Issorion. At its northern extremity, after passing a sort of mill-course, I found myself beside the Eurotas, and facing the ruins of the bridge. It formerly consisted of two arches; abutments now remain on either side, whilst the central support rests on a sort of island formed by the stream. This spot was easily fordable, the water being very shallow, running over a pebbly bed at a brisk pace. The opposite banks, leaving only a small space between them and the river, rose perpendicularly into a tableland, such as would be formed by an alluvium of some standing; and they thus continued in one unbroken line until immediately opposite the Platanistas. The substructures of the bridge show large masses of irregular Hellenic masonry, but the superstructure is Roman or Byzantine. After tasting the water, which was cool and sweet, I hastened homeward, passing by the low land, and then through a defile. At the entrance of this pass, I observed to the left considerable portions of masonry belonging, not improbably, to the wall of the Akropolis. Below, may have stood the

Lesche of the Krotani, the tombs of the Agidæ being possibly to the right : on the heights above there were also traces of ancient remains. Emerging from this by the south side of the Akropolis and Theatre, I found my way back, through olive and other plantations, to Mr. Pherengas', noting numerous fragments of Roman wall and remains of pillars, standing above ground in different places. The whole of this plain must be one heap of ruins, of which these only are faint indications, few and far between. The village Psychiko, and that of Magoula,\*—both names, as in other parts of Greece, intimating a church,—with the two hills now covered by New Sparta, are all suggestive of considerable relics, which prompt excavation may yet save. The accumulation of soil on the platform of the Akropolis must be slight compared to that in the interjacent valleys. The Byzantine Lakedæmonia, the Slave Slavochori, and the Frankish and Ottoman Mistra, doubtless carried off much ; yet ancient Sparta, dealing more with metals than with marble, was particularly unfavourable for pillage, and thus protected from serious loss. Much must therefore still exist to justify Buchon's rather too extended phrase of a "sol vierge," and to reward the careful examination of an energetic government. No time should be lost, as other influences may arise, in the progress of the town, which no law or official, be they what

\* Magoula occasionally signifies a church, in the Neo-Hellenic or Romaic ; as in the song's *τὴν δεξιάν σου μαγοῦλαν σέ βλέπω ἀκροβασμένην*. It is common enough in Thessaly, as applied to small swelling hillocks, generally indicating the rubbish and ruins of ancient cities.

they may, can efficiently control.\* The lamentable result of neglect, is not limited to a mere profit and loss of statuary, or other works of art. Inscriptions are often of far greater value: and, topography, yet doubtful, is of equal interest. A stone, in such cases, is like a word in a controverted sentence: upon its proper collocation, irrespective of its discovery, not the reading only of a passage, but the rectification of many a fact, may depend.

Many inscriptions have from time to time been found, of which a copious list is given by Curtius, and also some fragments. I remember noticing, on my first visit, a sarkophagus exhibiting a Bacchanalian scene of Nymphs, Bacchantes, or Mænads dancing with dragons or serpents. I saw nothing now but the few pieces at the court-house, and the small bas-relief at Mr. Pherengas', curiously enough, also representing a Bacchanalian group, conducted by young Cupids with grace, but showing the effeminacy of a late school of art. The double pipe is characteristic.

Sparta we now left, accompanied by Mr. Pherengas, and took our way by a broad—too broad—road † to Taygetus and Mistra. Often looking

\* I noticed more than one instance, in the course of my journey, yet no depredations or abstractions, can be compared to those daily going on at Corinth and Argos. A government has a *primâ facie* right to these treasures of its soil, and I have never omitted an opportunity of supporting it; but, to enforce such right, the means ought to be well chosen and well administered. The Greek government has not as yet done either, and is constantly suffering in consequence.

† The new roads of Greece, under the direction of the government, are, with few exceptions, too wide for present or even for future use. It would require a population twenty times the



back, filled with the recollections of its past, and anticipations of its future fortunes, and the contrast between my first visit in 1818, and this my last, for ever in my mind, I rode on as slowly as possible, loath to break off too soon the enjoyment of such a scene and of such a reverie; but I had another before me, which soon called for attention.

New Sparta—*νέα Σπάρτα*—was commenced in 1834, on the plan of the Philhellenic General Iauchmutz, long in the service of Greece, and afterwards, in 1848, in that of the German Diet. It was laid out in wide rectangular streets,

present amount, with commerce proportionate, to justify them. In many cases they are as broad as those running from our great capitals. Ostentation and the low price of land are the provoking causes, without reference to present wants, or future rise in value of the soil, or the necessity of repair. In England we are more wise and discriminate, making wide roads for great intercourse, and keeping narrow ones for lesser; thus distinguishing between village and capital. A road over a plain, such as this to Mistra, is easily made, but not so easily kept in even tolerable order. After a time, nature points out distinctly what ought to be the strict limits; one half is travelled over, the other half falls into ruts and grass, if, indeed, both results are not indiscriminately spread over the whole surface. On higher or more broken ground, the winter torrents soon break them up, and in that state they often remain untouched for years, till at last a new road has to be made, as the penalty of neglecting to repair the old one. In fact, the future of roads, as of most public works in Greece, is the last thing thought of; hence we find no due provision of bridges, gulleys, or reservoirs for the reception or carrying off of the rushing water, no good levelling or proper collection of well-broken stones, and, worst of all, no arrangement for surveillance or maintenance. With an accumulation of orders, little is executed, and even the orders themselves are crude and incomplete. The whole system has to be reconstructed; the fruits, so far, being precisely what might be expected—worthy of the tree.



emulating the ἐμπόρευσις celebrity of its great predecessor, and with good open spaces for public institutions. In that particular, it has a great advantage over its sister Athens, independent of the refreshing intermixture of garden and orange-grove with building, as well as the proximity of the exuberant vale of Sparta, irrigated by a fair supply of mountain waters. The landscape is further enlivened by the habitable, cheerful breaks, caused by the various villages of Magoula, Slavochori, Isman Bey (perhaps the ancient Brysæ), and the many others which still dapple its surface, to the foot of Taygetus. The whole, as already stated, preserves the aspect of a collection of hamlets—συνοικίαι—less aristocratic than democratic, at least for the present, and no unfair representation of the early condition—the public buildings excepted—of the ancient city. The only portions rising above this character, are some of the habitations of the new town; still even these are not Greek, modern or ancient, but of German-Bath architecture, showing as little regard to the exigencies of the country, where they seem to be as it were garrisoned, as the men who planned them exhibit in all such matters.\* Consequently, with defence enough against rain and snow, there is none against heat; whilst a rigid adherence to one arrangement is manifest, and complete defiance to change of temperature and

\* The survey of this Demos gives two rivers and five small streams, more immediately in the district of Amyklæ, four of which are applicable to irrigation, together with two large brooks and seven smaller, or winter torrents, which might be made serviceable to the same purpose.

its inevitable results, to which this locality, even formerly, was subject, and now, more than ever, is exposed.

Putting aside all objection on the ground of encroachment upon the site of the old town,—the worst of barbarisms—what should we think of a “new Pompeii,” or a “Bourbon Herculaneum” ? The position, even on the ordinary basis of sanitary and social conditions, is singularly unfortunate. The climate is not good ; the water is not good ; the conveniences are not good. The place itself is exposed to exhalations from the marshes to the west, to the overflowing of the Eurotas, to the damp heat of plantation and garden, and to the want of due atmospheric circulation. The noon-day sun strikes intensely on the flat plain, and is checked suddenly, at an early hour, by the chilling shadows of Taygetus. Winter is rigorous and summer severe. There exists no free play for the Etesian winds, and no return of periodical breezes from the sea. To hear the complaint of the inhabitants themselves, one would suppose they were repeating Hesiod. The fruits are abundant, but of indifferent quality ; far behind those of Messenia, as they always were, and even behind those of Mistra. Mistra, with all the disadvantages, arising from its situation and fortress character, possessed water, air, and shelter ; every one of which are wanting in modern Sparta, the consequences being what might have been anticipated. In its present shape it appears like a sort of country retreat for town merchants. But where is the town from which they retire ? We look around, and see no great capital.

A heap of ruins on the rocks opposite form the only prominent counterpoise. New Sparta is, in fact, a great solecism.

The agricultural industry of the plain, is represented to be in good condition. Hands, it is true, are scarce, as in all parts of Greece;\* and no wonder that this should be more keenly felt in proportion to the development of agriculture. Wages for common day-labour are three drachmæ, or two shillings,—as high as in the neighbourhood of Athens, though all articles of food appear more abundant. This rate of wages is regulated not so much by the actual prices as by the absence of competition.† Want of communication contri-

\* Sparta in ancient times could never boast a population, either in numbers or equal distribution, to compare with that of Attica. At an early period "the Hundred Cities"—*πολίχνια*—of Lakonia dwindled to *κῶμαι*, and the attempt made by Augustus to restore something of the old importance, by constituting the Eleutherolakones into a confederation, was not more successful. Their twenty-four towns had diminished to eighteen in the time of Pausanias. Even under Turkish rule, there was a more crowded population, at least in this portion of the Nomarchy, than at the present day. Mistra is said to have contained 20,000 inhabitants, just before the breaking out of the revolution : this, however, seems an exaggeration : in 1851 it had not quite 1,000 (968). If the contemporary historians are to be relied on, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, the large Attic village of Acharnæ alone could furnish 12,000 warriors. In this respect, however, Attica and Lakonia are at present on a par ; Attica rather below Lakonia. The whole of Attica and Megaris does not include more than from 50,000 to 60,000 inhabitants ; and, a single Nomarch governs these states, which had their fleets and armies, and which maintained many an obstinate war, one against the other.

† Wages for unskilled labour vary greatly, throughout Greece, according to locality and season. Recent events, the war of independence especially, with its various incidents, have produced great

butes, more or less, to maintain this state of things. Food is plentiful, because no egress has been provided for produce: small possessions and direct

changes, not in prices only but in system. It was formerly customary for large bodies of Albanians to travel down to Greece at harvest-time, much as the Cephaloniotcs and Ithakans still annually cross over to Ætolia and Akarnania at the same period for employment. They were for the greater part paid in kind; and in Attica, with which intercourse was more easy, this was the rule. At all times it is an objectionable mode of remuneration, betraying a rude state of society. Wherever it now occurs it is rendered tenfold worse by the grasping avidity of the employers, the intrigues of the authorities, and the inconceivable folly and ignorance of the government. Proofs of this are abundant, until within a very late period, as, also, evidences of the strong antipathy to strangers, with which, like their Hellenic predecessors, all Greeks, high and low, are imbued. Much the largest portion of the Attic villages being Albanian, these bands of labourers found themselves amongst their countrymen, and a profitable and regular system of labour-supply was established, not unlike that which prevails in Rome. In the same manner as the Abruzzi peasants come down under their "capitani" to the Piazza Navona to be hired at the sowing, harvest, and vintage seasons, the Albanians appeared in Greece under *their* capitani. This name would seem to indicate an Italian origin, if it be not the usual term for everything like a "chief" in their part of Turkey. Contracts were not made by each individual with the employer, but by their head, and on his own part only, the labourers having already made their engagement with him. The amount paid was generally one drachme per day, of which twenty-five lepta were kept by the captain as his profit of commission. They were also fed at the rate of one oke of kalamboki, a small quantity of oil, and a flask of common wine per head. The youngest of the party usually acted as cook, making a sort of cake, partly baked and partly pudding or polenta, on which the squad messed in common. The whole might amount to about a drachme and a half, or one shilling per day. Since the revolution, this system seems to have been given up, and each man now makes his own contract,—a mode presenting a good deal of uncertainty and inconvenience, and opening a wide door to all sorts of stratagem and litigiousness. Wages have, of late, sometimes run up to six drachmæ for common labour. As the demand arises

proprietorship, seem to be the rule. There are no large farms, and no scientific agricultural outlays. The basis of all their cultivation seems to consist in the skilful and economical application of water. Nor is the letting of land common. Where it does take place, it is only for short periods, on the usual *Métayer* principle. The cart is the only material improvement in machinery since the days of the Turks; the plough and most other implements of husbandry being as deficient as in Attica, which is enough to say.\* The farmhouses seem on the whole well-built and comfortable, and there is an apparent absence of abject poverty and mendicancy. The dress is Albanian; the *fustinella* and *fez* for

suddenly, the labourers set out by making the most fabulous demands, and few proprietors have the capital or courage to resist them. When the pressure is over, the wages often fall one-half in a day. The want of communication in inland districts is at the bottom of all this, as of almost every other obstacle to agricultural improvement.

\* Though Attica has the advantage of being the seat of government, and in direct intercourse through the *Peiræus* with Europe, it is, in agricultural progress, disgracefully behind most other parts of Greece. With the exception of the garden-cultivation close to Athens, and the immediate neighbourhood of *Kephissia* and *Marousi*, nothing can present a more melancholy and abandoned aspect than the plain of Attica, once so renowned for its fertility. Even what cultivation does exist is of the clumsiest and coarsest description, while the agricultural implements are of the most primitive character. A plough I saw at *Marathon* in 1818 was identical with those used near Athens in 1858. In the Turkish valleys of *Thessaly* and *Epirus* they use ploughs like these, but they turn up instead of scratching the earth, and three or four oxen are not wasted on the operation. To understand this, one need only ride from Athens along the *Phalerum* road on an ordinary evening, and watch the droves coming in, caravan-wise, with all their implements from the farm, perhaps two hours' distant, to stow them away for the night in hovels under the *Akropolis*.



the men, the overcoat or tunic for the women. These articles, for the most part, are spun, woven, worked, and ornamented by the home labour of the people.

Sparta is one of the thirteen demoi, though not the principal one, of the Eparchy of Lakedæmon, which numbers 35,039 inhabitants. The whole demos contains fifteen villages, besides several out-lying groups of houses; but the villages have not a population equal to a common-sized English hamlet. In 1851 they did not boast more than 6,691 souls. The demos is of considerable extent, stretching off as far as Trype, including Mistra and Parori, on one side, and reaching nearly to Slavochori on the other. Sparta, which is the *ἑδρα τοῦ δημοῦ*, contained only 418 inhabitants and 96 houses in 1851, less than Mistra, Trype, and Ἅγιος Ἰωάννης, which counted 948. Even Magoula still competes with it, numbering 108 houses and 437 inhabitants. Sparta possesses one Hellenic and three elementary or demotic schools,\* and has recently become the seat of a "Justice of the Peace," or of a "Tribunal de Première Instance." I could not hear of any prison, hospital, or other public institution, and the attempt to establish a silk manufactory appears to have been a failure. None was in operation at the time of our visit.

\* A gymnasium was established in 1862, and in 1863 had 77 pupils. The Demotic schools in Sparta were attended by 213 boys and 101 girls in 1863; there are no returns for 1858. The Hellenic schools counted 278 boys in 1858, and 273 in 1863.  
—ED.



## CHAPTER V.

## MISTRA.

THE road runs in a direct line from Sparta to Mistra, leaving Magoula to the right, through a pleasant avenue of plane and fruit-trees, olives, and vineyards, culminating in the broken ridges and ravines of Taygetus. Athwart this position lie scattered the walls and ruins—now literally no more than ruins—of the Franco-Turkish town, crowned on one of its most fantastic summits by the shattered citadel. As we approached, each point of view broke prominently upon us, opening reaches down the defiles, rock fronting rock, until lost at last in gloom and mystery; or again, forcing our attention to broken battlements and skeleton houses, which looked as if the conqueror had only just passed through and left his vengeance written everywhere. Some of the more marked of the buildings—those which seemed to stand out beyond the others, striving as it were to explain the scene of desolation—had once been mosques, but were now restored as churches. Even these, however, were left in a state of abandonment, conveying the impression that despite the restoration of the worship, the worshippers were insufficient to fill the churches. Below were still gardens, forming a sort of faubourg, which blended the rough and

decayed old town with the ever youthful plain. We rode up under a hot sun, through rocky narrow streets, between high enclosing court-walls, over which a burst of verdure would occasionally peep. It still was a Turkish town in all its features, except the inhabitants—as if left there in its silence and desolation as a warning and a Nemesis. Not a sound was heard but that of our own cavalcade, until we reached the dark Bazaar; no stir nor sign of life, beyond a nod or a word from some unoccupied individual seated on a step or leaning on a window, as we scrambled along. When last I trod these streets, though attended by a Turkish Janissary, I could hardly get through the crowd, and had more than once to hasten my steps, in order to escape from the stones of urchins and the shouts of Giaour Kelb which accompanied them.

After treading various lanes, we at last emerged on the road which, rising from the back of the town, conducts to the citadel.

Immediately opposite yawned a gorge, perpendicular, broken, and spotted with rugged vegetation, running but a short way into the recesses of Taygetus. A narrow path wound up and down again on one side, whilst a mountain torrent, with its now scanty waters, was fretting below, against the débris of wood and rock rolled into its bed. On our right, cresting the rock, stretched the scarred and battered outward walls of the fortress, with its offshoots. No more characteristic retreat could be found for Slave, Frank, or Othman robber, nor a haughtier position from which to rule or overawe the hard-working and submissive inhabitants of the plain.

We followed the perilous pathway till in sight of a small church, and then returned to a house—a sort of café, capping the brow of one of the outlying cliffs, and where a few trees offered us shade, such as it was, till we felt cool and courageous enough to resume our task.

In the open space, some hundred feet beneath, and seen very clearly from our platform, stood formerly a Turkish bath and fountains. An inscription in Turkish character remains over them, besides a remnant of their architecture, not yet defaced. Women still wash their clothes in the meagre stream; but it looks a gloomy spot, in this glaring mid-day sun. It was a central point in old Turkish Mistra, but now it is hardly known, or at least people affect to consider it as not worthy of mention.

Acquaintance was easily made with the people of the house, and the family soon collected around us upon the little platform, mustering what civilities, smiles, and communications they could to make us happy. Not less disposed to reciprocate, we speedily got at their domestic fears and hopes. They, like all the people here, were in the silk cultivation, and proud of how much they gained and hoped to gain, God willing, during the next harvest. Cocoons are the staple export, and sell better in the French market—the chief consumer,—than wound silk; but a good deal is kept for home consumption, sometimes used by itself, sometimes mixed with cotton. Much of their own wear in the cotton line is worked in the same way. Every one is his own manufacturer, as well as his own cultivator. In a short time, finding we were

inquisitive in these matters and sought science in play and earnest, they brought out their whole establishment of silkworms, and gave us an excellent lecture on its economy. Marvellous stories were told of what Mistra silkworms, and Mistra maidens after them, could do in producing shirts, the delight of Pashas,—and how there were still many kept in well-to-do families, only for bridals and burials: some of these last were unlocked for our inspection. Dimitri mingled his experience, and talked authoritatively, as a travelled man, of robes and kerchiefs: one he knew at Athens in an Albanian cottage, a μέγα θαῦμα to all weavers far and near, only to be seen on holidays, and covered with gold embroidery,—enough! it cost 1,500 drachmæ! Thanking old and young for the lights they had given us, we left them, no doubt with the impression that at some future day we might set up for silk-merchants ourselves, if not such already. Our present project was to dine at Parori, and to return afterwards to visit the little that was worth seeing at Mistra, on our way to Trype, where we intended to sleep.

Our ride led through lanes which now and then showed a picturesque old house, with its windows, however, generally turned inwards to its vines and mulberries. Small watercourses, the bequest of Turk or Frank, lay across our way; but, we as often had to splash through rivulets, deriving from some neighbouring source of Taygetus. Half an hour brought us to Parori, an eastern suburb, once the delight, the “sweet waters,” of Mistra; and an enjoyable nook for dusty traveller or kef-seeking

Turk ; it is worth going out of one's way, to stretch in its shade.

“O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi  
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ !”

Here is one not unworthy of the brotherhood, — Taygetus ;—and though the great plane-tree opposite may not rival the “vast shade” of its Hæmus kindred, it affords pleasant protection enough, especially with the “*largâ manu*” manner in which Naiad and Nymph send out their waters to its feet. Just before us, rose up the rock which makes the fortune of the place, a clear cloven wall, with such a profusion of ivy, so moist, so green, that we refused to believe we were in Greece, where all is so intensely dry and brown. Caverns and clefts, however, there were, sufficient to let out whole torrents, and masses of verdure with them, in spring and summer. Travellers, who never will endure to doubt, insist on localizing the Keadda ; but there are Keaddas innumerable of the same kind about the place, and I am not disposed to contend for the claims of one, in preference to others. Just under this rock, the Mahomedan love of shade and water collected the streams into their usual form of fountain, pieced up with fragments wherever they could get them, and fitted together, as journeymen masons might deem best. A Doric frieze, supported by an injured inscription, figured as a sort of cornice. Between the triglyphs, there were Arabic letters ; the Greek inscription ran—

ΙΑΙΑΙΣΙΣΟΡΟΣ  
ΟΙΝΙΩΝ.



This, not being of any antiquity, harmonized sufficiently with the coarse fleuron ornaments near. Beside the fountain stood a group of Spartan, or at least Lakonian damsels, who in health and form would not have shamed their countrywomen in the *Lysistrata*. They were busily engaged in washing, preparing, as they told us, for the bridal of the youngest of the party, which was to be celebrated in a day or two. The *Nausikaa* was very active and practical, and did not allow the presence of strangers to interfere with the prosecution of her work. The great plane-tree spread its fine green branches over the party, and joined its shadows with those of the rock in protecting them from the sun. If there live a tree in Greece, which deserves or appears to have a Dryad to take care of it, it is assuredly the plane.\* Oaks themselves are dwarfs beside it, to say nothing of that artless art with which, while grasping rock and block below (I have seen them keep defiant hold on both in the very face of a Taygetan torrent), with roots like claws and talons, worthy of the Blocksberg roots of Goethe, they run out above, resembling a sort of huge convolvulus, the arms apparently as pliant as tendrils, but loaded with shade sufficient for a whole squadron. Nor is it massive heavy shade, but of a light twinkling kind; the exquisite sharp-

\* In what high regard plane-trees were held in the East may be collected from the honours awarded to one by Xerxes, near Kalatebos (*Her.* l. vii. c. 31), not far from Sardes, and the golden *πλατάνιστος* and *ἄμπελος* given by Pythios to Darius (see lib. vii. 27). The same feelings obtained in Greece: *πλάτανος*, later *πλατάνιστος*, from *πλατὺς*, breadth of shade, well deserves the name.



ness of the foliage, moved by every breeze, and discovering at each turn all the grey, silver, and brown-purple of its lining in rich harmony with its bright verdure. Around this one,—evidently an old favourite—its Turkish admirers, as in other parts of Greece, had built up a circular dais, where pasha and peasant, sleeping, smoking, coffee-drinking, or eating, might find at any hour of the four-and-twenty, the fulness of Southern and Oriental enjoyment. Here our dinner was speedily laid out, whilst a group of peasants congregated under the shelter of the somewhat ruinous houses near, in admiration at the preparations. We did not waste much time over our frugal repast, and, leaving the ladies to rest, I strolled about in the neighbourhood. The fountain stream rushed by to the north, and soon lost itself in the plain. A few steps from the west, ascending from our village, I had a view of the citadel of Mistra, surmounting the dun olive groves between us, and boldly marking the subject town: a little beyond, looking southward, rise the singular and abrupt rocks of Parachori, which tradition points out,—it is difficult to determine on what authority—as the spot from which the Spartans ordered the disabled offspring of the state to be unreservedly thrown down. It is not an inappropriate place of execution, though any cliff in this vicinity might serve such need. On my return, I found our group busily employed with the young people of the village, and I had again hopes of a true Spartan *χορὸς* to diversify a little our “après-dîner.” Two young girls were very ready to take our solicitations into consideration, and by way of

preamble, proposed to commence, while we were beating up recruits, with a *pas de deux*. The dais was cleared, and we were ready with admiration, when off they started, arm in arm, with a *mazourka*! This was taking civilization *à rebours*, and as unconscious a satire, looking at their naked feet and at the site where we were, on the whole system of modern Greece, as the most solemn article in the "Athena." What nymph or muse inspired the innovation, it is useless to inquire. It came down, I believe, wrapt up in Greek grammar, from Athens.

It was now full time to return to Mistra, judging by the fast-advancing shades of Taygetus; and following in the wake of Mr. Pherengas, who still insisted on doing the honours of all the Spartas, we took the lower road immediately running at the foot of the old town. From various points in our way, the ruins opened upon us with their background of cliff and gorge. The defile, where we had been sitting in the morning, seemed to form the great division between the old Mussulman hold and its suburbs. Churches were seen, here and there, jutting out on promontories, as also crumbling towers, and, what might once have been baths and mosques, no sooner came in view than they were hidden again by olive and vineyard, and mulberry plantations at each turn of the road below.

By a gradual ascent we once more gained the town, pursuing a westerly direction, through silent streets, which were in some cases so narrow that we could almost touch the walls with both hands. Noticing various old Byzantine and Roman inscriptions, mixed with Greek and Roman sculptural

fragments in the walls, we reached a cortile, leading into another, and round three sides of which still stood buildings, the fourth side, and commanding a magnificent view of the plain we had just left, being open. Opposite, at the back, was the church,—the Cathedral or Metropolitan of the place,—and on either side the residence of the bishop and the clergy. The lower part of this edifice was supported by arcades resting on columns, from which a very rickety staircase conducted to the upper story, in like manner consisting of an open gallery, with rooms or cells around. Creeping along over a floor formed of loose boards, which seemed likely to give way at every step, was a service of no small danger. The cells, somewhat better ordered, were inhabited by one or two priests. One priest followed the vocation of painting, that is, church painting; he had been at Mount Athos, and in that school trained his hand to the old traditional type, at which he was a proficient. Marvellous was his gallery or studio, and not less so his wardrobe. Amongst other miscellaneous and not very clerical garments were the accoutrements—together with the red coat—of a soldier of the Italian legion in our service, who had passed that way lately, no one knew how, and had rid himself of his outfit to the priest and his friends. The Papas was thrown into terror for a moment, by some of our party whispering to him that the British minister was on a progress to reclaim all lost goods of this description belonging to her Majesty, and for the possession of which, every one found with them would be brought to severe account. I soon relieved his alarm, and we became the best of friends.

After a glance into the other parts of the building, we proceeded to visit the church. The church is on the old Byzantine plan, in arcades and pillars, of rude and clumsy proportions, and has a dark and neglected aspect. On some of the pillars, which are round, the Papas showed us Byzantine inscriptions of rather an early date, but the whole place appeared almost deserted.

It was impossible to leave this spot without casting a lingering look, from so favourable a position, over the plain of Sparta. We therefore leaned for a considerable time upon the marble parapet, the view from which embraced the entire range, not only of the celebrated *κοίλη*, with all its histories, old Sparta, Lakedæmonia, and new Sparta, but the Platanistas, Therapne, the Menelaion, and beyond, stretching far away, Parmon and Zarax, and the most distant chains of Tzakonia. From some such point Chateaubriand seems to have made his discovery of Sparta, in Paleochori, which his countryman Spon announced about a century and a half before, and which his other countryman, Fourmont, boasted to have radically subverted.\*

\* "Un Vandale Français, M. de Fourmont, se vante, dans ses lettres à M. de Maurepas, d'avoir complètement anéanti la Sparte antique : 'Je l'ai fait non pas abattre,' écrivait-il au ministre, 'mais raser de fond en comble ; il n'y a plus de cette grande ville une pierre sur une autre. Depuis plus de trente jours, trente et quelquefois soixante, ouvriers abattent, détruisent, exterminent la ville de Sparte . . . Si, en renversant ses murs et ses temples ; si, en ne laissant pas une pierre sur une autre au plus petit de ses *sacellum*, son lieu sera dans la suite ignoré, j'ai au moins de quoi le faire reconnaître, et c'est quelque chose. Je n'avais que ce moyen de rendre mon voyage illustre.'" — (Buchon, *La Grèce continentale et la Morée*, pp. 425, 426.) This account of his performances can

We now again descended into the valley, taking the road to Trype, when our guide pointed out on the left two old churches, in a half-ruinous state, amidst brushwood, weeds, and fragments fallen from the declivities and streets above. One was the Byzantine church of St. Nicholas. On scrambling up and entering it with difficulty, we found the interior open from above, the ground covered with rubbish, and all parts of the church in a most disgracefully dilapidated condition. Some paintings still remained upon the walls, but they were gradually yielding to the injuries caused by man and time. At the extremity, opposite the Bema, and where should have been the Narthex, were two side-chambers, probably *Parecclesiæ*. In one of these, that to the right, were two portraits, still in a tolerably fresh state, of the Emperor Alexis, to whom the erection of the church is ascribed. The crown is peculiar, resembling little the usual imperial regalia, and bearing something of the ecclesiastical about it, as the ecclesiastical, on its side, has borrowed largely from the imperial. A few of the capitals show the transition from the late Roman to the Byzantine. One had the bay-leaf and acanthus, not unlike the flag-and-reed pattern, common enough in late Roman structures, and a graceful composition of the kind.

Taking friendly leave of Mr. Pherengas, with many cordial thanks for his hospitality and atten-

only be considered by the charitable as a proof of insanity : fortunately, it was untrue ; Buchon declares the whole story to be a fabrication. M. Laborde would do well to give M. de Fourmont a place in his next dedication.



tions, we were at last fairly on our way to Taygetus. To the right rose a green hillock of tumular form, surmounted by a small chapel, which our guides called the Ζωοδόχου πηγή, or "Fountain of Life,"—an old title for Greek churches,—built by Alexis, and where he remained in retirement or concealment during his exile. We proceeded, almost reluctantly, by a winding path, into a richly-wooded glen, through which a lively little torrent tumbled, shut in on either side by high and broken, though not very savage-looking, rocks. The mellow sun, not yet sunk to the west, but past its noonday glare, softened and enriched everything, and its play on rhododendron, lentisk, and arbutus, or upon an overshadowing plane-tree and Valonea oak, gave cheerful promise of a delightful mountain ride as far as Trype. But it was some time before we could consent to bid farewell to Mistra. And truly nothing could be better fitted to detain the most restless and impetuous of travellers, than its grand and beautiful profile. Line upon line, running down the hill, each with its crest of buildings, each telling its old tale, and in that most touching of all states, neither living nor dead, with the flush of nature forcing its way in vineyard below as in evergreen above, sometimes in cypress, sometimes in oak, and overtopped by Taygetus crowning all,—is a picture not to be rivalled for physical or moral interest combined, even in a country so rich in both as Greece.

I could not help ruminating as I went along, on the whimsical glories of this place, the sort of false honours it long continued to enjoy, and the



contented confusion in which travellers,—some professed ones, with all the aids of historian and classic to set them right,—seem resolved to leave it. Old Coronelli, “*Cosmographe de la République de Venise*,” not a little proud of the facilities he possessed, and the authority he enjoyed,\* makes no difficulty in the matter.† Taking it at once for Sparta, he declares it to have been without walls, and proceeds to settle its ancient divisions in conformity to the then existing quarters of the city. The river Trypiotiko he converts into the Eurotas or Vasilipotamos,—which, however, is not very singular, with the fantastic notions he apparently entertains, both of the history and geography. He divides the town into four quarters; one portion on an elevation, another on the plain, each separate from the other. No. 1 is the Château, τὸ κάστρον; 2, the new City; 3, the two Suburbs,‡—

\* See “*Avertissement au Lecteur*” of his “*Déscription Géographique et Historique de la Morée*.”

† “*Cette ville*,” says the cosmographer, “*a eu plusieurs noms. Le plus ancien est celui de Lacedemone. On l’appella ensuite Sparte, et enfin Misitra. C’est une des plus fameuses villes de la Grèce, et qui étoit autrefois si grande que du tems de Polibe, elle renfermait dans son enceinte, qui étoit ronde, quarante-huit stades, ou deux lieues.*” “*Cette place fut la plus forte de toute la Grèce quoyqu’elle n’eût aucunes fortifications, et elle se conserva dans cet état pendant plus de huit cens ans, malgré les efforts de tous ses ennemis. Elle n’a pas été si heureuse et a changé plus d’une fois de maître, depuis qu’elle a eu des murailles.*”—*La Morée*, 1<sup>re</sup> partie, p. 120.

‡ These divisions may be said still to exist, though with some variation as to name. The river has no connection, of course, with the Eurotas or Vasilipotamos, even on Coronelli’s own showing. It is the stream which issues from the gorge behind Mistra, and is

the one named Mesokorion, Μεσοκόριον; the other Exokorion, Ἐξωκόριον, called also by the Turks Marotcha. In his work the view of Mistra represents the two suburbs as divided by the river, which he calls Vasilipotamos, and over which there is a bridge. The City is surrounded by walls, not very regular, and pierced by two gates, one northward, to Napoli di Romania; the other to the east. He divides it by two great streets, one of which he calls Aphetais or the Grand Bazaar, the other the Hellenion. According to him, the city was very poor and limited. This arrangement, has, as may be supposed, been dictated more by his confused reminiscences of Old Sparta than by any recent investigation of the place.

The history of the town is scarcely clearer than its topography. It is hardly possible, that so commanding a position could have alone been passed over, even under the earliest inhabitants, amid the small *φρούρια* or fastnesses, afterwards grown into towns, which appear along the line of this part of Taygetus from Taleton, the present Makryno, as far as Derochori to the west. Leake accordingly, not without some reason, based on name, inscriptions, and peculiarities, identifies Mistra with the Messe of Homer, a name found equally in Sparta itself. This may probably be the case, but it helps us little to the present name or site. Mistra appears to have been the same as Misithra — though this is a subject of continual controversy

afterwards joined by the fountain waters of Parori. At present it is called Panteleimon; its ancient name is undetermined even by Curtius. Some take it for the Phellias, others for the Thiasa; but it is too small for either.

even in our own times — and is first mentioned by Pachymeres in his enumeration of the four strongest places in southern Peloponnesus — Monemvasia, Maina, Ierakion, and Mysithra : but afterwards Nicephorus Gregorias still uses the old name, Sparta. In the catalogue of Hierocles and Constantine, however, Lakedæmonia is called the capital of Lakonia, with the further notice that it was the same as old Sparta. The general ignorance of the precise site, with the confusion of ancient classical recollections, and pretensions to erudition, will easily account for this blending of old and new. The probable story is, that a portion of the old Sparta early took the name of Lakedæmonia from the district, and that it continued to be the seat of Roman and Byzantine government and influence to a late period. The irruption of the Slaves gave birth to Slavochori, possibly to the detriment of Lakedæmon and the remaining ruins of Sparta, but the two names—Lakedæmon and Sparta—continued to be used indiscriminately for the one place, and it always retained a certain importance. On what authority Coronelli makes it the appanage of the eldest sons of the emperors, I know not, and when mentioning it in the division of the Empire, he probably confounds Lakedæmonia or Lakedæmon, the town, with Lakedæmonia, Lakedæmon, or Lakonia, the province. It was on the capture of the town, Lakedæmon, that the Franks took possession of the present site of Mistra, with a view, in conformity with their usual habits, of commanding the former capital, and Slavochori, as well as the whole plain. Guillaume de Villehardouin there built the now ruinous citadel, in 1248. From

that time forth, the change, which might naturally have been expected, took place. Lakedæmon, before the end of the century, fell into ruins, its flat situation brought about the destruction of its fortifications, and the Frankish preference for mountainous positions gave the supremacy to Mistra, then Misi-thra.\* As the name of Sparta, however, had been transferred to Lakedæmon, so also it was gradually transferred to Mistra, with which it at length became identified, and the site of old Sparta and Lakedæmon, except as an anonymous Paleocastron, was speedily forgotten.

Villehardouin, a few years afterwards, was obliged to cede Mistra, with other strong places, for his ransom; but it seems to have been a position of as

\* "Le chroniqueur grec de la principauté française de Morée raconte que, pendant le séjour du Prince Guillaume de Villehardouin dans ces parages, il trouva, à une lieue de Lacédémonia, un petit monticule situé d'une manière pittoresque au-dessous d'une plus haute montagne. Cette situation, ajoute-t-il, lui parut convenable pour y placer un fort. Il en fit en effet construire un sur cette montagne, et lui donna le nom de Mezithra, qu'il porte encore aujourd'hui. Il en fit une belle place et un fort des plus imprenables." — (Buchon, *La Grèce continentale et la Morée*, p. 430.) Coronelli, on the other side, says: "Les despotes bâtirent cette forteresse vers le tems de la décadence de l'empire grec, parceque celle dont on voit encore des ruines sur la colline opposée ne commandoit pas assez la ville" (p. 123). But it is clear from Phrantzes there was a fortress here not only before the Despots, but before Villehardouin, and that it was not he who gave it its name Misithra, as the chronicler supposes; he probably shortened it to Mistra, guided perhaps by a resemblance to the French Mistra or Maitresse Ville. Mezithra seems also half Turkish, the name being applied to a species of cheese in Turkey. See also the testimony of the bishop of Lacedæmon, quoted by Buchon (note 2, p. 430). Pachymeres also calls it Misythra in 1247, the year before its occupation by Villehardouin. The lower portions of the buildings are Byzantine or Frankish.

much importance under the Byzantines as it had been under the Franks. To the Byzantines, Coronelli ascribes the fortress, and it is possible that they, as well as the Venetians and Turks, may subsequently have added largely to its strength. The despot Theodore, who married the daughter of Regnier, prince of Athens, the brother of Andronicus and Emanuel, and who ultimately succeeded to the throne of Constantinople, not having troops sufficient to offer resistance to the arms of Bajazet, and desirous to obtain money, half effected a transfer of the fort, or in other words, "sold Sparta," together with Corinth, to Philibert de Naillac, prior of Aquitaine and grand master of Rhodes, in 1403. The defeat, however, of Bajazet by Tamerlane, before the sale had been completed, so excited the Greek population, that they revolted and threatened to treat the two knights who had been sent by the grand master to govern the province, as enemies, if they did not immediately retire. The knights, in consequence, quitted Corinth, where they had established themselves, and Theodore had to return the money. He bequeathed Mistra to his nephew of the same name, Theodore II., son of the emperor Emanuel II., who married a daughter of the house of Malatesta, and thus devolved to that race the singular title of Duke of Sparta. When Theodore succeeded his brother John on the imperial throne, he gave the principality to Constantine, who, in his turn, on succeeding to the throne, left it again as an appanage to Prince Demetrius. From him Mahommed II. conquered it in 1460. Its subsequent fortunes were scarcely less steady.

Benedetto Collione, general of the Venetians,



took the town in 1473, and, had not his death occurred suddenly, would have also made himself master of the castle. Sansovino says, that the town and entire province were rendered subject to the republic in the time of the Doge Henry Dandolo. It again fell into the hands of the Turks, but was reconquered, with all the other fortresses, by Mocenigo in 1654. This possession, however, was only of short duration, for it had to yield in 1780 to the victorious arms of the Grand Vizier Ali Comergi, and continued, with the rest of Greece, subject to the Sultan until the Greek revolution in 1821.

During this latter period it seems to have attained its greatest prosperity. In 1818 I found it very thickly inhabited ; writers reckon 20,000, and these chiefly Turks. The war injured it much. After four successive entries of the Egyptian troops, the town was set on fire and reduced to ruins, the Greek inhabitants flying to the mountains. With the exception of the citadel, all was in possession of the Turks. At the outbreak of the revolution, the Turkish population escaped in great alarm, and left the castle untenanted. The Greeks immediately seized it, and repairing the dilapidated fortifications as best they could, placed it in such a tolerable state of defence as enabled a small garrison, like theirs, to hold out against all attacks save that of famine. On the final evacuation of the Peloponnesus by the Turks, the Greeks again turned their attention to the rebuilding of Mistra. The citadel and fortified portion of the old town, they left in the state they had been reduced to by the disasters of war, but commenced re-establishing that part which throughout had continued partially



inhabited,—the two suburbs divided from the town by the river. Upon this lower ground a plan was laid out with straight streets and regular bazaars, whilst many good houses were erected in the midst of orange, olive, and mulberry gardens. It would probably soon have grown into a flourishing town, had the project not been interrupted by the unfortunate schemes for restoring Sparta: nor, was it without some effort and great reluctance on the part of the inhabitants, that this new plan was carried into effect. Many refused to move; others did so slowly; and, even now, there seems but little prospect that modern Sparta will ever rival either of the great cities to which it has succeeded, or even attain the humbler distinction enjoyed by the fortress of Villehardouin.

## CHAPTER VI.

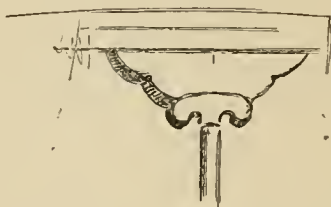
## TRYPE AND THE LANGADA.

WE were now advancing rapidly into the celebrated Pass, that constituted almost the only mountain-entrance from Messenia into Lakonia, and of which the key was so effectually held by Mistra, and earlier by the valour and vigilance of Sparta. The woodland and the mountainous—rock and shrub—at every step of our path, became more completely intermingled. Instead of a close wiry brushwood of evergreens, which, though brilliant in the distance, often gives a harsh, stunted character to the landscape, richness of soil and profusion of water threw up a bolder mass of trunk and shade over our heads, and prepared us for the larger forest and ravine scenery to which we were approaching. The path sometimes wound along the brink of a torrent, sometimes climbed up to the specular point of a knoll, whence, under the arms of oak and plane, we could still catch gleams of the plain of Sparta, now a sea of sunset glory. Again the road sunk into a rough close pathway of firs and poplars, with rocky caverns and dark dells, from which there hardly seemed an issue. All this was doubly refreshing to our senses, so long jaded by the parched-up plain and dusty roads of Athens. It seemed as though we had escaped suddenly by some postern door into the North,

and had recovered our old enjoyment with our old country. After a ride, which only appeared too short, we suddenly, on the turning of the road, found ourselves, not indeed at Trype, but in the midst of what seemed its whole population, come out to meet us. On heights, at each side, young and old were drawn up with the Papas at their head, the boys and girls of the schools forming a detachment apart, the women behind, waiting with a profusion of bouquets for presentation to the ladies. They had not seen a Minister in that vicinity for many a year, and were eager to do the honours of the place, and to satisfy at the same time a little natural curiosity. The inhabitants of a neighbouring hamlet had joined them, and with many hearty welcomes and the usual oriental salutations from every one as we passed, we were led along a charming winding road, in about ten minutes to Trype.

Trype (τρύπη, a hole or cleft) designates by the name its situation. It lies at the entrance of a deep gorge of Taygetus, scattered picturesquely, without much regard to order, over a number of small hillocks, from which there are magnificent glimpses, not only of the declivities of Taygetus and the plain of Sparta, but of a large tract of country beyond, almost to the roots of Parnon. We were soon located. The Nomarch had sent on before, to announce our arrival, and there had been a great clearing away of silkworms and their accompaniments to make way for the strangers. The house chosen for us was clean, airy, and delightfully situated, looking up the gorge and down the many pleasant valleys to the plain below: there was no glass to the windows, it is true—a rare luxury in

provincial Greece,—but good shutters, if needed, and a charming rustic arcade on one side, where we took care to have our supper and breakfast laid. I was amused to see how modern Greek ingenuity, in this remote district, hit on very nearly the same expedient as their ancestors, for support and decoration. The capital and its accompaniments, of one of these rude pillars were in this style—



The sun had not yet set, and time yet remained to look about the village before it got dark, to the infinite satisfaction of the inhabitants, who offered *en masse* to accompany us. The Papas and Demarch, however, thought their attendance would be sufficient to do justice to the *sights*; and, taking the way under their guidance, and that of a few of their friends, we set off through some rambling rural lanes to the eminence opposite, on which was the new church, only just completed, with the school beneath it. It stood out on the edge of one of those projections, where the modern Greeks, like the ancient, love to place their sanctuaries, conspicuous to the veneration of the far-off traveller and labourer, and adding undesignedly to the effect of the architecture. A nobler view could not be found, nor a site better fitted for these purposes. The church, intended

probably for the whole country, is of a size which would not be misplaced at Athens. It is lofty and well-proportioned, with the usual Greek distribution. We were surprised to see, not only large and comfortable provision made in the gallery for the female part of the congregation, but more than ordinary taste and liberality displayed in the Turkish carvings of the roof, the paintings of the Ikonostasis, and the marbled stucco-plastering of the walls. Our guide the Papas informed us, that the artist, whose performances seemed so creditable, had been brought from Sparta, and paid liberally for his work. Thence we adjourned to the school, a large, lofty room, with excellent, though unpainted, fir fittings. It had also but just been completed, and was as well lit and ventilated as the adjoining church. Both were perfectly clean, well swept and attended to. On inquiring whence the funds came, it was gratifying to hear that they had been contributed by the villagers themselves, of whose liberality and zeal the Papas spoke, and not unreasonably, with evident satisfaction. It was too late to judge of the scholars, the school having been closed for the day; but I found, on inquiry, that the usual course of the Demotic schools was followed, particular attention, as elsewhere, being paid to grammar and writing. On leaving the building, we saw an elementary history of Greece in the hands of one of the young villagers which proved to be a translation of our Irving,—an encouraging incident, to find an English school-book doing duty even in the mountainous recesses of Taygetus. The catechism in general use was, as usual, simple and intelligible. Again gazing from



the narrow platform near the church on the noble panorama beneath and around, the Papas pointed out Sellasia and its adjoining mountains of Olympus and Eva in the distance, besides groups of houses and villages, all marking by their names their Wallachian or Slavonic descent. We then hastened to the gorge behind our lodging, to admire a fountain, one of the glories of Trype, for the abundance and excellence of its waters. Nor did it prove below its reputation. Such a fountain would have done honour to any country. Rushing out from the rock on the left of the pathway which leads into the gorge, it is thence conducted to join other waters, by means of a stone channel, for the irrigation of the plantations lower down. Our tea was prepared under the arcades, and we retired to rest at a very early hour, in anticipation of the morrow's journey through the formidable Pass of the Langada.

*May 13.*—We were aroused by Dimitri at four o'clock with warning of the difficulties awaiting us. It would take ten hours to reach Kalamata, he said, even with the perfect animals he had procured, and perhaps as many more, should any mishap occur. Obedient to his first call, we made all possible speed; yet, what with toilet—an Englishman's, even on the mountains, is a wonder and a stumbling-block to most continental travellers,—breakfast, and the packing up of our whole establishment, we did not get fairly started before six o'clock,—an hour later than Dimitri had calculated on, and which threw him into a fever for the whole day.

This pass, the best and almost the only one conducting over Taygetus into Messenia, or more pro-





ENTRANCE TO THE LANGADA PASS  
MOUNT TAYGETUS,  
LAKONIA

perly to Kalamata, is one day shorter than the route by Leondari, and at the same time more difficult and interesting. This interest, however, created sufficient inducement to choose it: besides, I had already taken the Leondari road in my first journey, in 1818, and was comparatively unacquainted with the interior scenery of Taygetus. Though not exactly in the heart of Maina, this is one of its boldest and most picturesque districts, strikingly characteristic, too, of the chain. The pass cuts through the centre of the line, which, beginning at Tænarus or Cape Matapan, stretches on in a north-westerly direction, bounding Lakonia and separating Messenia and Arcadia above Eira. Several spots famous in story occur, from time to time, along the range. Few travellers take this route, and no ladies attempt it. We heard, before starting from Athens, very discouraging accounts of its difficulties and dangers. In some parts it was impossible, we were told, even for mules to scramble, and we must calculate on losing some of our baggage as a matter of course, — the pathway scarcely allowing passage sufficient for a single pedestrian. Writers have not diminished these alarms. Buchon is particularly eloquent, and, for aught we then knew, accurate in his descriptions. We were, however, in no wise daunted.

An hour's ride brought our cavalcade to the entrance of the defile, which is formed by two great lines of rock on right and left, with the torrent below. The rocks at the outset are thickly covered with evergreen brushwood, pieces of grey stone finding their way between, and now and then clumps, and even masses, of forest timber rising in their

midst to a considerable height. The gorge still allowed many a stretching look down through its windings into the great plain, now enveloped in the dusky haze of an early summer sun, but still sufficiently distinct to enable us to discern most of the sites with which, during these past days, we had become familiar. The pathway, though rough, continued tolerable, and we smiled at the exaggerations which had appeared so formidable at Athens. Care having been taken, at Trype, to pack the baggage close to the mule's side and high above his back, we considered ourselves well protected against every contingency.

Each step of our road, however, rendered these precautions more and more necessary. After some further windings, and always ascending, the rocks became more broken, the pathway rougher, whilst the scenery, though still permitting an occasional vista, grew considerably closer. An Agoyiate kept, for the most part, ahead of us, and with song, laugh, talk, and an occasional shout, prepared our courage for the encounter. This often enabled us to make a rapid descent from muleback, in time to catch some of the leading points of the scenery, every reach of which looked as if it could never be surpassed for grandeur. But the next turn often exceeded in beauty all previous views.

The road soon rose, zigzag fashion, steeper and steeper, without parapet or palisade, generally at a considerably obtuse angle, inclining towards some torrent, marked by huge blocks below. Some parts were so smooth and slippery from the action of rain, sun, and wind, that even when walking, we with difficulty held our feet. Nor was this the



worst. In many places the overwhelming fragments of rock, shot down with earth, tree, and stone, from great heights above, had in their descent often carried away large portions of the road, and hewn through chasms, ill-repaired, and which, to the lightest foot, were still full of peril. How the mules got over them, is to me, with all my respect for their discrimination and decision, to this day a prodigy; and yet, more so, how they contrived, thus laden, to escape collision with the many jutting prominences, sometimes nearly crossing the road, they had at every moment to encounter. That they were not tumbled, feet uppermost, baggage and all, into the abyss yawning below, must remain still a marvel. But their fine tact is beyond all praise. We had constantly to dismount, and to walk a good deal over passages, which we thought even mules could not surmount, and it was a study, beguiling much of the tedium of the journey, to watch the coolness and dexterity with which they extricated themselves from every kind of complication: no quarrelling, nothing recalcitrating, nothing malignant to each other or to their masters. They stood in contemplation for a second or two before some hole or succession of holes, which a goat might be excused for declining; and having well measured the risks and obstacles, and made up their minds, they leaped, bolted, scrambled, always placing the right foot in the right place, sometimes headlong, sometimes perpendicular, till fairly over—*they* only knew how—obstacles almost invincible. In this way, to their honour be it said, tempering courage with prudence, in a manner which might be a lesson to the most wary and spirited of our diplo-

macy, they at last brought us down again, without the loss of a portfolio or umbrella, by indescribable contortions of road and no road, to the very bed of the torrent—a new scene full of gloom and grandeur. It was different from ordinary ravine scenery. After having doubled some huge piles of Cyclopic rocks, heaved Tyrrhian-wise upon each other, amid torrent, plane-tree, and oak, which sprang up triumphantly between them, we found ourselves on a pleasant green sward, streaked with sand and pebbles. Like the smooth flat walls of some enormous quarry, that might have furnished stuff for a city, rose up the gigantic rock, so straight, that one could suppose plummet and line and the work of generations had brought it to that artificial perfection, and yet, so seamed at different ranges by bold forest vegetation, that nature again claimed to be the master-builder. This part of the pass was close and high enough to prevent the sun, now at its meridian, bearing down with any power. The pale yellow colour of the limestone, not dulled by rain or time, though here and there largely covered with masses of the darkest and most luxuriant ivy, gave out a reflected light, rendered still softer by the fine foliage of oak and plane through which it passed. The twinkling, too, of the deep blue roof—for such seemed the narrow strip of sky seen between the two ridges, as the wind blew by starts through the gorge—varied and enriched the whole picture. We all stopped, as by common impulse, within the primeval ruins of this huge hall or temple.

We left this charmed spot, after a short halt, with great regret, to pursue our route, under in-

creasing difficulty, to Kalamata. As yet, there was no appearance of disentangling ourselves from the ravine, whilst the road became so intolerable that, in consideration of our own safety and that of our mules, we were obliged to dismount altogether. Long ledges of smooth rocks rendered the descent more and more perilous. A slip on such a surface could not be stayed, and the mule and rider must, of an irresistible necessity, have gone over. The sun, too, from which we had been sheltered lower down, was now felt in all its severity, and with or without an umbrella, made the walk, for the ladies especially, a matter of risk. There was, however, no choice. Kalamata was still at a great distance, and we had no village between us but Lada Koutzova. In the midst of our perplexities Dimitri called attention to an opening in the rock overhead, assuring us that this was the hole by which Aristomenes had effected his escape in following the fox. We willingly believed him, for it had as good a claim to such distinction as any other hole in that part of the country. Our *avant garde* now found themselves in the bed of the torrent, very near, we were told, to the termination of the gorge. Two roads met under a large mass of plane-trees, with wells and water bursting out on all sides. Here, then, we remained for some time, waiting till we had marshalled the whole of our party, and watching each division with interest as they descended those curious and perilous ledges, which are types in themselves of the best style of Hellenic building.

Following various other windings, we ascended again into a more open country. Mount Elias was

described as lying in this neighbourhood, and in its vicinity was found, in 1834, the inscription which designated the Messenian and Lakonian frontier. Lada Koutzova, after many a disappointment, at length came within sight, and about an hour later we were entering its rugged and precipitous streets. These are plentifully watered by gushing rivulets from all quarters, which rendered walking impracticable, but riding a luxury; and our mules, delaying at every step, seemed to be much of the same opinion.

Lada Koutzova, a village of Albanian name, and still inhabited by Albanians, lies, like so many others of its race, on the precipitous sides of a deep ravine. The houses are heaped one over the other, on the ledges of the rock, as if on the seats of a theatre, so that to travel from one end to the other is an affair of time and trouble. Guided by Dimitri, we had determined upon dining under what shade could be discovered on the opposite side of the hill, and were proceeding to our destination when our caravan was brought to a stand by an abrupt altercation in one of the narrow streets. A mule belonging to one of our party was arrested, saddle and all, by the village policeman; and in the midst of an indescribable uproar, plaintiff, defendant, and bailiff, maintaining to the utmost pitch of clamour and abuse their respective rights, the village was fast mustering to see the fun, which was special, as it concerned strangers. We asked every one for an explanation: but everything appeared so clear, no one would vouchsafe an interpretation. A question was usually the signal for a fresh rush against an adversary. All of us were now involved, Agoyiates,

cook, and Dimitri himself; but, we could only ascertain that the mule was in the hands of the law, to be led off, even with saddle and bridle, and its rider left to walk, or to find another, till the matter could be adjudicated by the village authority, if, indeed, it were not a case to be settled only at Kalamata. This looked serious, and we put in a plea in bar of such sweeping proceedings. At last, after half an hour, we unravelled the mystery. The fatal mule had, it seemed, been let out in the morning at Trype, or had strayed unconsciously into a clover-field of one of the well-to-do Trypiotes, where he had helped himself to a good breakfast, to his entire satisfaction. He was detected, but not in sufficient time to be detained. The Trypiote tracked him the whole way to Koutzova, and had at length overtaken us, accompanied by the representative of the law. The plaintiff proved the fact, beyond a doubt: but the defendant demurred, both on the "animus" and damage done. The act was not his; the mule had escaped—he had eaten nothing—could eat nothing; he was all his life a temperate mule; he might have cropped some weeds—so much the better for the field and property. Indeed, it looked, for a moment, as if he intended to put in a cross-action for services. The old axiom, "*qui facit per alium facit per se*," however, did not leave the argument a leg to stand on. It was as if the owner had grazed there himself. As to appetite, and gratifying it, let the mule be frugality itself, who ever heard of a mule let into a clover-field not making the best of his opportunity? Even a donkey on such occasions was intelligent. In a word, it was a regular



“*Bullum versus Boatum*” question, to be solved in a village in Taygetus, where there was no accommodation for parties, the day already far advanced, and, of course, no other mule, or even a donkey, to be found in the entire neighbourhood. At length, with a good deal of trouble, we got them to waive questions both of law and fact, and join issue on damages. A jury was improvised in the bystanders, who, looking at the mule, declared he could not have eaten less than a drachme worth that morning! But this again, his brother mule of an Agoyiate resisted as excessive, and we were threatened with a long pleading, until he could lower the value of the meal to half a dozen lepta. All this time, too, saddle and bridle, which had eaten nothing, had been mixed up in the transaction, and were considered, notwithstanding our expostulations, as integral portions of the animal. The moment, however, that we heard the conscientious verdict, we determined at any risk to cut the Gordian knot, and at once offered the drachme: but the claimant, who looked so triumphant an instant before, dropped countenance and demurred. He thought, esoterically, that the mule must have eaten twenty drachmæ worth, and wondered the jury had not assessed accordingly. However, good sense, Dimitri, and, it is to be hoped, a touch of conscience, interfered; and the drachme, with some additional lepta, was accepted. This the Agoyiate had not only escaped paying, but had the satisfaction of sharing, within view of our encampment, a few moments after, with his implacable adversary.

Delivered from the clutches of Koutzova law and

justice, we hurried on to our destined resting-place, all the village coming out to gaze upon us as we passed through the rugged lanes. We could not ascertain, whether this was a tribute to our European aspect, or to our liberality; but it was very welcome, from the opportunity thus afforded of seeing the population—the women and children especially. Every house had its little platform and balcony, and these were crowded, whilst our procession moved on as slowly as we well could make it. They were a fine healthy race, full of limb and fresh of face, fair-haired and blue-eyed, — children, evidently, of the mountain, if not of Albania; their dress, Albanian, in its most picturesque forms and colours; their manners and customs, apparently as well preserved as their costumes. The prevalence of the angular cradle, in which the infant is tightly fastened, ready to be hung on tree or hook whenever the mother is occupied, was particularly striking, as it is now rarely seen in the more civilized or modernized villages of Attica and the northern parts of Greece.

Dinner was too quickly over, and the siesta too brief, after the fatigues of the morning—an impression I was sorry to see participated in by the animals; but Dimitri was inexorable, and we were in the saddles again at half-past three o'clock, mounting at a very sharp angle the precipitous rocks on our road from Koutzova. In many cases we were obliged, as before, to dismount, and scramble along the edge of these abysses, trusting the mules to their own instincts—a confidence never misplaced. If a camel be called the ship of the Desert, these sure-footed, resolute

beasts—obstinacy is a calumnious misnomer—have a better claim to be called the gigs and barges of the mountains.

The sun was fast waning in the west, and we were beginning to think Dimitri's forebodings of a late arrival not extravagant—so complicated did these entanglements of road and ridge appear—when a “gambade” of one of our Agoyiates, on a steep height above, proclaimed us on the eve of a discovery. With the utmost rapidity commandable from our cattle, all pushed onward: but ravines had still to be descended and declivities ascended, upon which we had not calculated, and, as is always sure to be the case on these occasions, in Greece especially, the nearer the end of a journey, the more these hindrances abound. At last we stood on the platform, and amid an unanimous burst of

Θάλαττα ! Θάλαττα !

we beheld the sea, with the magnificent plain of Messenia below us.

The sunshine lay like a silver mist over the broad expanse, hiding what was harsh, but allowing all the beauty to display itself. A more graceful sweep than that gentle curve of beach, stretching on one side to join the lower shore of Asine and Modon, and terminating on the other in the rugged and stern lines of Taygetus, which we were about to leave, could not be drawn by thought or pencil. It resembled the perfect theatre of Epidaurus, on the grandest scale. And the colour was like the form, not the usual sharp intense blue of these seas, but a calm, milky, western evening blue. The smoke,

a short distance inland — though we could not discern a citadel—betokened Kalamata. Between that place and the sea were many habitations, towers, houses, and perhaps villages, picked out in gleams of light amidst velvety masses of plantation. These might be olive, or they might be mulberry, pomegranate, or orange trees; we could only discern an abstract reach of verdure, not thrown there by chance, but the work of human industry in the fulness of its triumphs and enjoyments. Closer, and more immediately under our rugged esplanade, lay a succession of elevations, scarcely hillocks, which seemed necessary in order to allow the stubborn old mountain to slip gracefully into the plain; and following these, were clusters of uplands, carefully cultivated. Beyond, to the north-west, rose the mountains which towards Elis run somewhat higher: but they looked tame and subdued, in face of their formidable rivals upon our side. The prospect was not yet sufficiently disembarassed of all obstacle, to disclose Ithome. On the contrary, huge barriers, swelling up even from the plateau where we stood, roots, and outposts of Taygetus, still thoroughly Lakonian, marked out with nature's authority — we felt very Spartan for the moment—where the true frontier should have been. I looked as far as eye could penetrate into one of these rounding defiles, and made out satisfactorily, to my imagination at least, where stood Artemis Limnatis—a name and place that, for the moment, checked my Spartan pretensions in favour of the Messenians—the *fons* and *origo* of that long epic of calamities, which ended in the suppression of one state, and, in a worse penalty, the irremedi-

able corruption and decline of the other. But our Agoyiates, who had no share in our reveries, and to whom Kalamata denoted only khan and provender, *buona mano*, and resinous wine, pointed to the smoke, and winding road, and to the sun, by this time not very high above it. Unwillingly acknowledging the hint, we moved on; our minds still full of what an ingrained, hungry son of Sparta would have thought after such a day's journey with such a table-land of territory and production, and little better than sheep to guard it, as that now spread before us. How he would have invoked the Dioskuri, Hercules, Apollo Karneios, and, for aught I know, Zeus Ithomas himself; not excluding Aphrodite the "armed," to grant him speedy possession of this inheritance! It would be vain at such a moment to tell him of undoubted common descent, close cousinship, and existing amicable relations. The land was a wide land and fat, a limitroph land, a continuation of Lakonia, another but larger *κοίλη*; and he had the superior claim of better gymnastics and sharper appetite than all his fellow Dorians. The special relations of a country are what they choose to make them; and no lamb ever yet drank at a stream, in the precise place to satisfy the wolf in its neighbourhood. To say the truth, looking down from the barrenness above, it was a country, as Cromwell once said,\* stirred by

\* Cromwell, on arriving with his "lambs," on his "holy progress" through the South of Ireland, at the mountain of Slieve na Maun, immediately above Clonmel, and commanding the golden vale of Tipperary, the Messenia of Ireland, stopped his troops, and pointing with his sword to the plain below, exclaimed, "Soldiers of Israel, is not that a land, a Canaan, worth fighting for?"



similar temptations, “well worth fighting for;” but the lamentable part of the story is, that there was quite as much filching as fighting, and that, of the two Spartan virtues,—dexterous thieving and stand-up battle—the former, through the whole of this Messenian war, seems to have had the predominance.

We were soon once more fairly in the plain, and passing a khan,—intended to be a busy concern from the quantity of provender garnered up about it, but wearing a widowed look of melancholy, as if it seldom saw a visitor—we eagerly urged our mules towards Kalamata. The road, although boasting the usual proportion of ruts and hollows proper to Greek valley roads, appeared to us, after the tribulations of the morning, as if but lately macadamized. Nothing, I seriously believe, could appear rough after the Langada, and the Spartans could have adopted no better defence for the protection of their land than by keeping this pass in a state of unrepair. Commerce, however, looks to other protections and glories. What penalty producer and consumer derive from such pseudo-communications, and such a want of thought and activity in the paternal government (if there must be a paternal government for such affairs), can be estimated by the prices at Gythium and in Taygetus of chrysoxylo alone, to say nothing of other more cumbrous and necessary articles, brought from the interior of the country.

The ruins of the citadel of Kalamata had long been looming in the distance, and we were on the point of plunging down a gloomy, narrow road, of the worst kind of torrent-bed construction, when a

large party rose suddenly to view, headed by our friend Captain Craigie, who had come up to meet us with some of his officers from the *Desperate*—arrived yesterday. They were followed by our Vice-Consul, Kyrios Leondariti, with his son and several friends and neighbours, bringing many felicitations, and pressing invitations to make use of his house during our stay at Kalamata. This friendly offer we willingly accepted, intending to remain a day or two, in order to recover the effects of this day's fatigue, and to complete arrangements for our journey further inland. The offer was the more agreeable, as Captain Craigie, though ready to receive us on board, declared that landing from his ship on the exposed beach was a matter entailing inconvenience from the surf and wet—the last thing, certainly, one should have suspected, looking down from above: but a strong sirocco was blowing, and had brought with it the usual ground-swell. We, therefore, gladly followed the Vice-Consul; and in another quarter of an hour found ourselves in an open space or square, upon one side of which stood his house, where we were received with much cordiality by Madame Leondariti and her family.

The house was spacious, but crowded with friends and visitors. We received, as usual, the hearty salutations of the authorities: this over, tea, with substantial accessories, was served, and it never proved more acceptable than after our long ride. During our repast, Mr. Leondariti gave us interesting particulars of the state of the province, financial and otherwise, describing it as advancing steadily, yet perceptibly. The journey had, how-

ever, somewhat blunted our curiosity. Instead of twelve, it had proved to be fourteen hours, of which four, at least, had been good walking — or, to speak more properly, scrambling : we were, consequently, glad to retire as soon as possible, with the satisfaction of feeling no other Langada awaited us on the morrow. The walls of my apartment possessed some characteristic decorations : our Royal arms, for instance, worked by a daughter of the house, and the flags of all the nations of Europe ; and, in the room itself was abundance — perhaps superabundance — of Frank furniture. Congratulating myself on so good a haven after such a morning, as may be imagined, I soon fell asleep.

Strongly characteristic and expressive of Greek history and habits, as Greek scenery may be thought in mass (it may be almost deemed the physical symbol, as well as mould, of its mind), there is no spot, not even Attica, Bœotia, or Messenia, more illustrative of this than Lakonia. Attica was forced, by natural circumstances, to become a maritime state ; Bœotia developed into a feeder of herds and cattle, with all its concomitants ; Messenia remained a peaceable, agricultural, and self-enjoying community ; whilst Lakonia was, it may be said, from the earliest times, the cradle of a Sparta, — Taygetus exercising as great an influence on its legislation as Lycurgus himself. This forms the key, as well as the type of all her fortunes. Two great chains, though of different character, encircled the country ; one, all wall, firmly planted, boldly raised, self-gathered, without almost pass or valley—Taygetus ; the other,

Parnon — of unequal, yet considerable height, broken, running into defiles, and opening into valleys, till it meets the eastern sea ; and both embracing between their arms, what may be looked on as the kernel of the Spartan state — the upper and lower plain of the Eurotas. This enclosed but a small portion of the superficies ; but it made up the soul of the community. Despite of its many square miles, not more than these two small plains can be considered at any time as Sparta. Not unlike Rome, the Dorian settlers successively absorbed all their neighbours ; but again unlike Rome, in that they failed to extend their dominion further. The soft kernel was surrounded by the hard shell, which they attempted later to break ; but what constituted at the outset a protection, became afterwards a chain—fettters instead of armour. Even a cursory survey of this geographical physiognomy will show that, so far from being without defences, of all places in Greece, Sparta was the best defended, as long as she abided by the peculiarly fitted nature of her institutions. Sparta — surrounded by such ramparts, at a distance from the sea, approachable only by the narrowest passes, open to attack only by surprises, with her best warriors in a constant camp in her capital, as in a citadel, with an outwork of mountains, inhabited by the Lakonians or Perioikoi, whilst the slaves or Helots were gathered at the distance into the unhealthy swamps of Helos, was impregnable, so long as she remained true to those institutions and boundaries. It was not until she had passed Parnon, from Malea, up to the verge of Argolis on one side, and of Taygetus, encroach-

ing on Messenia, on the other, that, these walls being no longer of use, she passed outside of them, and became in every part vulnerable. The very defence they afforded, was turned against her. Her *avant garde* of Perioikoi, not emancipated by her own free will, or trained to consider themselves her children, being delivered by the hands of a stranger and master, became her enemies, and were set in guard upon her. The plain of Sparta was cultivated, under their surveillance; and thus the mountaineer was converted into her ruler, to remain so henceforward.

Her institutions followed exactly the same course. A small race every day becoming smaller, was of its nature an aristocracy — nothing could break through it, but a democracy or despotism. The democracy was not in Sparta, but in the mountains: the despotism was controlled, by the double nature of the monarchy. Maritime states, affording opportunities of frequent contact with other states and the ingress of strangers, had these different relations thereby disturbed in the end; but from such communication, Sparta, chiefly owing to her position, was long preserved. She could not, however, prevent the immixture of her citizens with those of other countries; and, however strangers might be discouraged, the importation of foreign manners could not be so easily hindered. Asiatic wealth and Asiatic corruption brought in their train, intermarriages, Eastern tastes, and Eastern indulgences. The very absence of these elements in Sparta itself, gave them a stimulus, and early rendered the whole framework of the Lycurgan institutions futile. They became a mere



mask, which allowed political Pharisaism to continue for a long period unmolested, and every day made reform impossible — unless by revolution. Even the re-establishment of the old system, attempted by Agis and Kleomenes, was tinged by aristocratic or royal ambition, tending as it would to increase the consideration of the kings. Neither understood their age; and the attempt may be classed with other similar reforms,—anachronisms, which mistake men for machines, and propose laws from books instead of from manners. A reaction is inevitably the consequence, caused by some universal sensation of fear throughout the community, and which endures until the rise of a new generation, unacquainted with the sufferings and insensible to the alarms of their fathers. Such was here the case. Nabis followed Kleomenes: Quinctus Flaminius, the Roman, followed both.

Roman despotism left nothing but a blank. Historically, it produced no heroism, no renown; yet, though personal dignity prevailed, there existed probably much more personal liberty than had been enjoyed for centuries previous. Even the Byzantine Empire, weighing with impartial oppression like the Turkish, permitted ordinary life to run on in comparative smoothness. It was not until Frank feudalism, with its innate self-reliance and adventurous ambition, broke into the inert mass, that any symptom of the ancient vitality was perceptible. The old, communal, separatory spirit—an autonomy in its own way—split off a town here and a district there, and set all this country, as in so many other parts of Greece, to frame for itself a sort of individual exist-

ence. To this tendency and to the daily necessity, felt for ages by each man, of standing up for his own against successive irruptions—beginning with that of the Ætolians, and comprehending marauders, robbers, pirates, devastators, of all ages and all nations — as well as to the happy means of resistance this singular conformation of territory afforded, is to be ascribed whatever of flesh and blood, soul and spirit, existed in the land at the outbreak of the late revolution. These influences had much greater force than those of blood or race, though, I am not for altogether excluding their effects either. To the same influences, must also be attributed the old demon of jealousy, caprice, envy, and inertness, found in the modern Peloponnesian as in the ancient, and which, especially when stirred by gold, is powerful enough to scatter in a night the strongest, and apparently the most united armaments.

The Spartans themselves had no very high opinion of the fertility of their country; and appetite for good land prompted half their expeditions. The eulogiums bestowed by antiquity, are limited to the valleys of the Eurotas, and to a few of the slopes of Taygetus. The northern portion of Lakonia is one of the most forbidding districts of Greece, and is traversed merely because it leads to Sparta or to Argos. Unlike the now naked rocks of Palestine, it bears no signs of having been turned to profit, even by a superior state of terrace-cultivation. The heights of Parnon, Zarax, or Maina, never flowed with milk or honey: nor, is there much probability that abundance will ever characterize it, as once was the case in the now arid plain of Attica. For

such a result, there must be a population far exceeding what the most enthusiastic Philhellen can anticipate. The progress made since the revolution, is worth notice, however, and it can be detected, by a comparison of the returns, given by Leake and Gordon of the state of this district before the war, with its actual position. Dating from the war only, and contrasting that period with the present — not an unusual trait in Greek State papers — is much like comparing a house under repair, with a house the day after a conflagration.

Yet one thing strikes even the most careless. We pass here from state to state, as in England from county to county — nay, in some cases, as though from one parish to another. We lose all customary standards of political measurement, like in the mediæval republics of Italy. I know not how many autonomies may be descried, by any one who takes the pains, from the summits of half the mountains in Greece. But, take the picture, and add its instructive side. Each separate state — of all those now comprised in one monarchy — generally accomplished more than the entire existing kingdom of Hellas. Half a dozen of these Eparchies would have been thought a satisfactory appanage for a hungry Macedonian. But so it is, in our centralizing times: the forces, mental as well as physical, work now scientifically — perhaps more productively, when properly developed: still in how many cases are they never developed, or only after the lapse of many long years?

## CHAPTER VII.

## KALAMATA.

*May 4.* — I was awakened by the hot sun, and, flinging open all my windows to inhale the first fragrance of the morning, great was my delight to find myself, as at Sparta, in the midst of a garden of oranges and all sorts of fruit-trees. Their refreshing green, and more refreshing odours, seemed calling on us to lose no time, but to seize quickly these precious hours, before the noon-day drove us into the gloom and closeness of our apartments. We were soon ready, and got through breakfast expeditiously, eager to commence the pleasant duties of the day. But another visit from the authorities, Nomarch, Demarch, Mirarch, in their fullest costume, followed by the foreign consuls, uniform, feathers, and decorations, detained us some moments with their friendly welcome. After sitting with us awhile, and tendering many obliging offers of service, not meant to be compliments, but often needed, and in Greece uniformly followed out by deeds, they took their leave, when we sallied forth, under the guidance of our vice-consul and his lady, to inspect the town and its institutions.

Our first visit, through abominably rough, hilly, and dirty streets, was to the schools. Kalamata,

being the chief place of the nomarchy, possesses two demotic schools and one Hellenic. All these are under one roof. The building, externally, is fair enough, but the internal arrangements poor, and apparently provisional. The stairs were rickety, the rooms low and confined, badly constructed and wretchedly ventilated. The demotic school for boys was quite full, under the temporary government of the second master; the first being on a visit to Chalkis, as a preliminary to further promotion. He appeared to have been a great favourite, and I was unanimously requested to solicit his restoration to his old friends at Kalamata. This might not have been a service to the master; but it was gratifying to see such good "accord" between teacher and pupil; and such earnestness for his return, formed a high eulogium on his past character and merits. The second master creditably supplied his place; and, it is to be hoped, will leave the same kind feelings behind, when, in the fulness of time and service, he also shall obtain promotion. At my request, he now went through examinations in reading, arithmetic, and geography. The knowledge required is of the most elementary kind, not aspiring higher than the general geography of Europe, with the more detailed geography of Greece, and the four rules in arithmetic.\* I found this good master using the

\* Though this is a scanty stock, I find no fault with such limitation. What the child and man require here, as in every country, is good preparation for his position; and I do not see how a provision beyond his wants can tend to his happiness or to that of his neighbours. It is possible, nay desirable, that these wants may daily extend, and with them education will naturally also have its expansion. Supply will always be in the train of demand, and in



same method of book question and answer as most of his confrères ; but, admitting, that a much better system existed, of which he had not yet penetrated the entire value and extent. Most of the questions were answered fairly, but I should not trust much to the knowledge, and less to the mental habits they leave behind. A Greek school must be provided with religious instruction, and a priest was in attendance. I was greatly taken by his appearance and bearing. Amongst the many fine heads furnished by their order in every part of this kingdom, and which possess all the harmony, clearness, and idealism of the best Greek type, I have seen few superior to this head for extreme gem-like refinement, and that beauty of repose, which is the atmosphere of all things artistic in ancient Greece. The Papas' accent and manner accorded with his exterior. He seemed to be quietly interested in his pupils, and made no effort at display. I requested him to put a few questions in the Old and New Testament, to the class next him. Taking a small book of Scripture lessons, he at once, like the teacher at Sparta, struck into the history of Joseph. This is a favourite chapter with all Greek teachers and children (with whom is it not ?), and

the intellectual even more than in the physical world, one will provoke the other. But another requisite is needed by every scholar quite as much as mere knowledge,—the habit of using with advantage that great instrument, his own mind ; and this habit is not to be attained, without judicious and constant exercise. Fortunately, the very process of communicating or acquiring knowledge furnishes, every moment, if properly applied, the means ; and it is this process which ought to be, more than the knowledge itself, the great object of the teacher.

is invariably the first offered in every examination. The children answered with accuracy, and seemed to know the facts in a more satisfactory manner than their geography, giving the general meaning in different forms, without strictly adhering to the letter of the Septuagint. The book was only initiatory to the Septuagint: they would reach this later, when they advanced to higher classes and higher schools.

The condition and costumes of the pupils were various, apparently belonging to all classes and places. Books of attendance were kept, but in the simplest form. The head-master receives the usual pay of 160 drachmæ per month from the Demos, and twenty-five lepta from each child. But, besides this, the parents make frequent presents to the teachers; with whom they generally stand on the best terms. The second master has 130 drachmæ per month, and is eligible—and often elected—to take the place of the first.

The Hellenic school we visited before the Demotic, and found it well attended. The teacher was engaged, when we entered, in the explanations and hearing of "Lysias," in the Chrestomathia. The young man under examination not only seemed to understand the philological construction, meaning, and parsing of his author, of which he gave sufficient proof, but bore questioning as to the arrangement and bearing of the argument, as also on the analysis, grammatical and mental, of the sentences he had been reading. These he broke up into their parts with facility, and showed the relation of each to the other, philologically and analytically, a good deal on the German plan,

proving no small mastery over the strictly lingual element of the passage, and a considerable perception of the purpose of the orator. There being too limited a number of paragraphs, to enable me to judge of his capacity for further analysis—one of the evils incidental to the use of these *Chrestomathiæ*—I could come to no conclusion, as to how far he had seized the final purport or oratorical management of the whole. Of the character and tendency of this oration, and of those of Lysias in general, he seemed to have sufficient knowledge; though this might have been guessed from the preamble and notes in the text-book, as a matter of mere rote instead of deduction. The exercise as a whole was conducted in the usual technical order, in no way differing from the examination in the Hellenic school at Sparta. The passage is first read, then construed, then parsed, then historically or otherwise commented on and explained. With the reading I was as little satisfied here, as in every other part of Greece. There was the same monotonous tone, with complete disregard to stops, rhythm, or meaning; and if at times the scholar thinks it necessary to display, he swells out into a pompous voice and look, as fatiguing as the less pretentious humdrum that preceded it. But this being a defect common to all schools, I am not much surprised to find it in Greece. The construction and construing—to me invariably a source of great interest—were better managed, as at Sparta. Formerly, there would have been the same broadly-marked distinction between the ancient and modern Greek, as exists between the two cognate languages of Latin and Italian—two streams flowing parallel

to, but not mingling with each other. The case is now greatly altered. The modern Greek is approaching again so closely to its mother, that you seem to hear only a provincial rendering of the same tongue—a curious compression of the large and diffuse mind of the present Greek, into the sharp and vigorous idiom of the ancient. It is like the Tuscan in energy and purity, contrasted with the diluted style of the Roman and Neapolitan. Sometimes the streams run on for a good while side by side, sometimes they intermingle. That the substance of the modern Greek language will be brought into complete identity with the ancient, at no distant period, seems to admit of little doubt. It is another question, whether it will ever be wielded or worked with the true spirit of an ancient. To revert to our school. The parsing left nothing to desire, at least in that stage; it dismembered and anatomized the sentence thoroughly. The historic illustrations were feeble, not extending beyond the narrowest limits, and showing symptoms of being got up by rote, like so much of the boy-knowledge here. The young men under examination never hesitated for an instant, the standard of excellence seeming to depend upon quickness.\*

We observed a marked difference, between the appearance of this population and that of Sparta. The same activity and intelligence were not wanting, but of another kind. Mountain air and

\* This Hellenic school was attended in 1858 by 247 pupils, and in 1862 by 243. There are no official returns from the Demotic schools in 1858; but in 1862 and 1863 the boys' school counted 184 pupils, and the girls' 100 in both years.—ED.

mountain life pervaded everything Spartan—fresh complexion, fair hair, light limb, and joyous youth. At Kalamata these were replaced by pale faces, dark, sleepy eyes, a serious look, and an absence of physical firmness in structure, which took me back to Athens. What share the larger town and its occupations, the “fat air,” and profuse luxuriance of the plain have in shaping their character is not easy to determine: but the contrast is perceptible, of the good and bad effects of mere town life, with the indulgences and influences of modern civilization. I could not help feeling that there were some inherent peculiarities, too, in the mould in which they had been cast. To me, they represented anew, with a few modifications, the same qualities, so provocative to the avidity of their neighbours, that had formerly so strongly distinguished the Messenians from the Spartans.

We next inspected the Demotic school for girls. The room was remarkably clean and well fitted up. We were, however, as unfortunate here as at Sparta; no class was working at the time, for which the young mistress made many apologies. Her manner and appearance being cheerful and modest without pretension, favourably impressed us. Her small apartment, next to the school-room, was clean and appropriately furnished with a few tables, books, and flowers—apparently her habitual companions. We examined the class-books, and the girls' work; the first indicated little more than the most rudimentary elements of knowledge, the latter consisted principally of embroidery, some portions very elaborate, and all creditable to her pupils.



She pursued the usual mutual method, though the numbers were insufficient to give it much extension; the catechetical, or by rote system, was used for instruction, and Scripture lessons and religious teaching not neglected, though all are subject to the same defects. No industrial branch beyond needlework had been thought of. The teacher was not unwilling, but rather insensible on the matter. It had obviously formed no portion of the duties imposed on her by the government or suggested by previous training. Her birth-place was Argos, but she had been educated at the Philopaideutike at Athens.\* In her own person, however, she seemed to afford a good practical example of cleanliness, mildness, and cheerfulness; all of such immense effect on the present happiness, progress, and future temper of children. The character of a schoolmistress creates a moral influence of the most potent kind around her. Gloom and sullenness allow of no expansion: we cannot nurse tender flowers without sunshine. A sunny look and an encouraging voice are in themselves greater agents in development than whole hours of instruction. This, coupled with their earnestness and reality, is the true secret of the influence of the Sisters of Charity. Girls who have resisted all else, and women

\* The directress of the Philopaideutike has occasionally made efforts to introduce household work, by requiring those pupils intended for schoolmistresses to superintend the cleaning and general service of the house, each in turn, week about: cooking and washing, however, have never been attempted. And even this limited discipline was maintained with difficulty. The prejudices against labour, among Easterns, are inconceivable,—every description, even purely domestic, is still considered ignoble.

as well as girls, bow before them, or willingly follow, in cases where with others they would have been necessarily for the most part driven.

The salary to this schoolmistress was in fair proportion to that of the other teachers: she received 100 drachmæ per month from the Demos, besides her apartments, and one drachme per month from each child. Her pupils amounted, she stated, to 100, though nothing like that number were then in attendance. If paid regularly, her salary would not fall much short of that of a deputy to the Chambers.

On taking leave, we proceeded with Madame Leondariti to the Nunnery, in a remote part of the town. Very few of these communities are extant in Greece, the greater number having been suppressed, the Greeks themselves tell me, on all-sufficient grounds; and of these few, this one of Kalamata bears the best reputation. Madame Leondariti spoke of the inmates with great respect and consideration. Their present residence is the same one they had before the revolution. Though different from such edifices in Europe, it retains some pretensions to a conventual character. It is a long, low, straggling, barrack-looking building, approached through a court and gateway, with a small garden, adjoining orange and mulberry plantations farther back. The ground-floor is applied to the household purposes of the establishment, whilst the upper has a large wooden gallery, opening, according to the ordinary Turkish — and I may say, conventual — plan, into a range of cells behind. The reception parlour, answering to the Italian *parlatorio*, at the extremity of this

line, was a good, clean, and airy room. The nuns have also a tolerably neat chapel, and a refectory in the building, but no cloisters. The garden below is very limited, and intended to supply fruit and vegetables, but it was in a lamentable state of weed and neglect at the time of our visit.

We were received with kindness by the Superior, an old acquaintance of Madame Leondariti. She was accompanied by another nun, both of mild and unassuming manners, but apparently bent down by poverty and care. The institution, they told us, was scarcely able to sustain itself. The government had seized all its revenues, and allowed them but the smallest pittance to live on. No repairs, not even the slightest, could be attempted without the permission of the authorities. They were obliged to apply themselves to other expedients, to obtain the means of a livelihood. In consequence, they had established a number of looms in the convent for silk-weaving, and took in girls as apprentices, gratis, twelve being the number then with them. This enabled the young people to gain a decent living afterwards, both at Kalamata and elsewhere, whilst in the mean time they helped the nuns to carry on their manufacture. The work is sold, to any person who chooses to buy it, at the convent. Expressing a desire to see some specimens, a great variety was produced of different colours and patterns, all remarkably firm and close, the silk being of the finest and most unadulterated description, without mixture of cotton or any extraneous material whatever. The dye, too, is made and applied in the house. They showed us some samples, but

truth obliges me to confess that they were not to be admired for brilliancy or diversity, and that the colours were such as might be expected in so incipient a manufacture. Of their permanency I was naturally unable to judge. I have never heard complaints on that head, though the material is extensively used in Greece. Some specimens, sent to the London Exhibition of 1851, had met with a favourable reception. The Superioress produced, with evident satisfaction, the handsome volume of Mr. Stephanos Xenos on the Exhibition, which had been presented to them by him, in recognition of their labour and merits. Having selected several samples in the shape of scarfs and handkerchiefs, we were shown the few looms in their possession. These are of the rudest and oldest construction, but the community has no money to purchase any better. The consequent slowness of the work, together with the price of the silk, did not allow them to sell their manufacture at as low a figure as they could wish. It was higher than the average prices in the French, Italian, and English markets; but then, though not of so fine a texture, it was much purer and considerably more lasting. They possessed neither sufficient quantity for exporting nor means towards it—nor even a *depôt* for the sale of their produce at Athens or Kalamata.\* They did not aim at an

\* This defect is almost universal in Greece. At Cumæ, for instance, in Eubœa, the most beautiful scarfs are made of the finest gauze texture, striped with gold or silk, vying with those of Coan celebrity; yet, though only at the far side of the island, and a short distance from Chalcis, with daily communication thence to Athens, it is almost impossible to procure them. We always had

extensive manufacture, the Superioress assuring us, that the great utility of the establishment lay in the fact of its keeping them alive. They might have added, that, even in its limited sphere, it afforded employment and instruction to many who might otherwise have remained without either.

*Καλογραιᾶς* — literally, good old women — is the name used for nuns in Greece. About fifteen are in this convent at present, some, despite the name, sufficiently young. They wear a habit resembling the usual dress of Greek widows, and consisting of a black tunic and white cap. Their rule, like all other Greek convents, is that of St. Basil. They are not cloistered, and yet they do not discharge any of the duties or services which usually devolve on uncloistered nuns,—such as attending the sick, the deserted, and ignorant, like the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, and various similar orders, in other countries. The manufacture, and the school it has given rise to, is a step in the right direction, and both might, with a little intelligence and zeal, be turned to excellent purpose: much is already done to their hands. The Kalamata scarfs, but particularly the mosquito-nets, have so far acquired in Greece a very considerable celebrity; and, though I am not sanguine as to manufactures, for it is not the speciality or particular tendency of the Greek nation, this one might be made a very practical subsidiary to general female education. Advantage could easily be taken of the position

to employ the kind offices of local friends to obtain a sample, and even then it was a matter of trouble. Were there a dépôt at Athens, these scarfs would be bought by all strangers.



already gained, which, if judiciously managed, would certainly, after such teaching, prove remunerative, both in this and other similarly situated communities.

After visiting the garden, and joining in a regret at their inability to give it an attractive appearance, we took leave, not without surprise that such materials for good had not been more extensively taken advantage of.

The number of nunneries in Greece is very limited. There is one at Tinos, and others at Spezzia, Naxos, and Hydra. That at Hydra is intended for the upper classes, or at least it is applied to their use,—for *Ἀρχόντισσαι*, as a Greek monk told us;—widows of the best families retire there. Some of the Tombazis are living in the convent at present. Greek convents have much more the appearance and character of almonries or almshouses, both as to constitution, discipline, and building, than those known as nunneries in Europe. They seem designed simply as places of retirement, and not of practical work. No active duty is imposed on the inmates.\* The position, dis-

\* The only conventual institution in Europe at all analogous to these Greek nunneries, is that of the *Béguines*, who still possess flourishing houses in Belgium. The largest *Béguinage* now in existence is at Ghent, where several hundred nuns dwell together in one convent. No vows are taken in this order, the members of it merely agreeing to live united under a common rule, to which they must conform for the time being. They may leave, however, when they wish. The *Béguines* wear a simple monastic habit; but they retain control over their property, and are bound to no active occupation—though many of course adopt some. Hence, like the Greek nunneries noticed in the text, a *Béguinage* is practically more a place of retirement than an actual convent in the strict sense.—ED.

cipline, and results of the Catholic convent of the "Sœurs de Charité" at Santorin, and the "Sœurs de St. Joseph," now at Athens, differ widely from these. They have a healthy air of movement and life about them, at once cause and effect ; and they show that much good has been done, bringing contentment in its train, at the same time giving promise and guarantee for much more.

The day had become hot, and the ladies feeling fatigued, returned to the Vice-Consulate, whilst I proceeded to the Demarchy, courts, and prison, returning on my way the visits of the Nomarch and other authorities. The Demarchy presented nothing remarkable, and the courts were closed for the day. It was some time before I reached the prison : on the road I made many inquiries as to the Chevalier Apert's new penitentiary establishment, set up under the sanction of government, at Modon ; but, though so near, and so deeply concerning the whole well-being of the province, indeed of all Greece, and, if successful, likely to prove a good guide in the creation of similar institutions throughout the kingdom, I could not get from the Vice-Consul, or from any of the authorities, more than the most meagre and unsatisfactory account. They had heard of it—believed it might be useful—thought it was going on—supposed it was well managed : but their answers were so hesitating, that I supposed the contrary, and they rather seemed to wish I should. Nothing has been published at Kalamata on the subject, and very little heard about it. Few went to the place, and fewer came from it. The roads were bad. In short, there was little chance of satisfying my curiosity

without a visit : but, for that, any more than for a turn off to Pylos, I had not time. The lesson, however, was instructive, and recalled and explained a great deal.

After winding through many wretched streets, hardly compensated for by picturesque fragments, here and there, of houses left behind by time and revolutions, I was suddenly stopped by my companions, and told that "there was the prison." A strong faith and a large experience it required, to believe them. I beheld a two-storied, miserable house, the second floor of which was reached by the most shaky of stairs, leading to an outer balcony, in the usual Turkish style. The entire story included but two rooms, extending the width of the building, and entered by one door. Each room opened on the balcony by two barred windows. People outside were moving up and down this balcony, and looking in through the windows *ad libitum*. The bars were soon filled from within with faces of all ages and expressions, each a significant portrait, in its iron frame. Some laughed, some asked for charity, others scowled. The prisoners being ordered off, we had a glimpse through the windows down the rooms. They were thickly crowded, like the wards of an hospital ; beds lay close to each other, on the ground ; on these some were lying, some sitting, and others walking to and fro. There was no classification of age, offence, or period of confinement ; no occupation, little discipline, and only such order as they might themselves choose to keep ; neither was there any place for exercise, prayer, or meals. The prison, altogether, was of the rudest and most barbaric kind. I asked for the governor

and guard. The turnkey was, to a great degree, the governor; whilst the guard was in a house on the opposite side of the street. The means of detention were of the feeblest sort. From the appearance of the door, and that the only one, a kick would have been quite sufficient to have thrown it down. The escape in 1854 was now abundantly explained. It is not astonishing that the prisoners got out, the only wonder is how they are kept in. No precautions appear to have been taken, since that successful experiment, to prevent its repetition. Any day in the week it would be an easy matter to carry off the door, and almost the house with it. But ought one to be astonished that Kalamata is not better provided, when we have a chief prison so administered as the Medrissi, under the eyes of court, government, and tribunals, in the very centre of the city of Athens? Such a barbarism effaces, by a single visit, the favourable impression which might have been caused by a succession of government circulars. Nauplia and Rhio are a little—though only a very little—better, thanks to the greater vigour and precision of a military management, and the superior facilities ready arranged for them and offered by the fortress-character of each of those places. That of Chalkis even exceeds the prison of Kalamata. A more dreadful neglect of all the first and simplest conditions of prison security and discipline, cannot be imagined. In this question, which ought to be the first step of all civilization, the Greek government have not made one since the recovery of their independence. Where the Turkish government left them, there they still are. Of

the infinite evil which flows out in every variety on society, especially in its incipency, from such carelessness, it is needless to speak. And assuredly if the Greek government fails to apply a remedy, it is not from want of knowledge or means. They have had counsel enough and funds enough. It is to be feared that insensibility is the cause of the indifference, that again arising from callousness to the duties and responsibilities of government, or ignorance of the immense importance of such a question to the youngest and smallest of the land.\*

\* In this matter of prisons, it is certain that the author, when Minister in Greece, spared no effort to obtain reform. The Greek government seemed alive, at one time, to its necessity ; and, in several lengthened interviews with Sir T. Wyse, they ended by urgently requesting to be furnished in writing with the valuable information he had verbally afforded them on the subject. Accordingly, with this view, he drew up an elaborate paper on prisons and prison treatment, further procuring them, through the kindness of Sir John Young, then Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, the plan and details of the Panopticon at Corfu, which had proved so successful. The Greek government appeared grateful, a royal ordinance was published, and they assured Sir Thomas Wyse that the requisite buildings would be immediately erected, and an entirely new system at once inaugurated. Great, then, was his surprise—though he could hardly feel surprise at anything in Greek affairs—when, a change of ministry occurring the next year, on reference being made to the prison reform supposed to be in progress, the new ministers pleaded total ignorance that anything of the kind was in hand. The ample information which the government had so pressed Sir T. Wyse to provide them with, was, in reality, so little valued, that it had long since been forgotten, and neither the memorandum nor the plans could be found in the official archives!—so great is the distance between promises and performances in Greece! It is some gratification, however, to perceive that the attention of King George has been directed that way. In the Greek papers of the 30th December (O. S.), 1863, mention is made of a visit paid by the young king to the Medrisi at Athens, the prisoners having complained of their



It were but just, however, to add that this prison of Kalamata is intended more for the punishment of minor offences, than—as the Medrisi at Athens—for more serious crimes.

Having still some time to spare, I went to inspect the only manufactory existing here,—the silk establishment of a French gentleman, M. Fournaire.

He had been an old Philhellene, who, after the French expedition, had remained in the Morea. The building stood at the extremity of the town, towards the sea—a common, unpretending, barn-like sort of house, forming one great room. On entering, I found the manager and proprietor busied, to his credit, with all the processes, and superintending them himself. The entire arrangement was of the simplest description. About sixty girls were employed, washing and cleaning, untwisting the cocoons, and winding the silk in rows down the centre of the building, the apparatus being worked by a simple moving water-power at the head of the room. He told me that he preferred this machinery, from its very rude-

food. His Majesty inquired into every particular of their treatment, inspected the establishment, and expressed his strong disapproval of everything he there saw. On the following day he sent 1,000 drachmæ to be distributed amongst the prisoners, which allowed one dollar to each. The newspapers remark, with justice, upon the striking contrast this royal visit presented to the system of past times, when no high authority—not even a Nomarch—ever entered the prison walls. It is to be hoped that this may be a true earnest of permanent reform to come. In addition to the memorandum above mentioned, Sir T. Wyse was the author, amongst many other papers, of an extensive report on the “Administration of Justice in Greece,” extant among the still unpublished papers of the well-known “Financial Commission,” of which he was president.—Ed.

ness and simplicity. It was easily understood, and he could get it repaired when out of order, though not very quickly, it is true: one part — a wheel, I think — had been a little broken, and it took two weeks or more to mend, but, in the end, it was repaired; that was always something gained, for so much could not be done with a steam-engine. He thought, too, that this was quite as far as the Greeks could yet go. It was a great mistake to force them up to efforts, the necessity of which they could not feel, still less understand: one improvement might be laid on, whilst another would grow out of the wants of a country. He was for the latter, and it had succeeded with him fairly enough. He was not very ambitious or grasping, being satisfied with the “possible,” and did not attempt more. I commended this wise practical philosophy, and should wish to see more of it in Greece; where, with even the wisest of its friends, there is too much disposition to think of “*le mieux*” in the distance, rather than to choose, like this sound economist, to abide by “*le bien*” before their door. I was much interested in this isolated effort, and made a good number of inquiries as to its working and remunerative results. There are so few data of the kind in Greece, that even these scanty items bear more than their intrinsic worth. M. Fournaire informed me that there is a tolerable demand, in the country itself, and even, occasionally, for exportation, though the French merchants prefer the cocoons. The silk is generally of fair quality, and is improving. The present price of cocoons is 18 drachmæ, or 13s. per oke; and of raw silk, 84 drachmæ, or £3 per oke. The

cocoons I saw seemed good, smooth, fine, and strong.\* The sixty girls employed from Kalamata and the neighbouring villages are paid 50 drachmæ per day, or about  $7\frac{1}{4}d.$  each girl from the age of ten to sixteen. For the greater part they are apt scholars, and learn what is intrusted to them with much quickness of apprehension, but they require to be watched, so as to keep them to their work. All were apparently modest and quiet, and, as far as I could judge, intelligent and active workers. The proprietor said, he had not much to complain of; they were easily guided, rather talkative, it must be admitted, but only seldom deserving severe punishment. They came to work about six o'clock a.m., and left at the same hour in the evening. An hour was allowed for dinner, which they generally brought with them, consisting chiefly of the spare national fare, such as a few cucumbers, grapes, and a little bread. Opportunity also was occasionally given them for education. The parents had now no difficulty in permitting their children to come, though at first they made considerable objections, arising out of their general domestic habits. M. Fournaire, however, endeavoured to maintain the strictest propriety, which resulted in gradually inspiring them with confidence. Like the Greeks themselves, he managed the whole concern with as much simplicity and economy as possible.

\* The price of cocoons in 1863 was 16 and 17 drachmæ, or 11s. 7d. to 12s. 4d. per oke. The raw silk in 1863 cost 80 drachmæ, or £2. 17s. per oke. This manufactory of M. C. Fournaire continues, but works very irregularly at present, indeed only at intervals. —Ed.

The real usefulness of such an establishment consists in furnishing employment to the young female population, who, in the towns, are usually idle, and in the country subjected to the hardest field-labour, with all its evils, physical and moral. The immediate remuneration can not be considerable for some time to come. Labour-wages, for all classes in Greece, bear a high premium, and, compared to other countries, form a large item in the price of manufacture, as well as of production. Until a substitute for hand-labour, or a larger home demand, can be secured, high remunerative prices can hardly be expected; but M. Fournaire does not think either impossible. The people are not yet much awakened to such wants, and the government (perhaps rightly, as I thought) applies no stimulus. One advantage this establishment must have over others, is, that it lies close to the spot of production. Manufacturer and grower may assure their transactions on the cheapest and sound terms, and calculate pretty accurately the extent to which they can confine their respective arrangements.

On the whole, the proprietor seemed gratified at my interest, and accompanied me home. I found him very intelligent and observant, with a stock of experience and discrimination on matters in Greece which can only be attained by long residence, and a keen notice of passing events, such as he could very legitimately boast of. Few that I met passed sounder judgments on men and things, or entered with better sense and greater frankness into all questions connected with either. I could tell much of the facts and opinions I gleaned from him, but,

like Pausanias, I have had a dream, and cannot divulge these Eleusinian mysteries.

I had not long rested at the Vice-Consulate, when a memorial was handed to me, the petitioner waiting below, and requesting an interview. I at once concluded it was one of the usual Ionian applications for redress for false imprisonment, old claims of arrears due by the Greek government, or a request for passage back from ungrateful Hellas to his own country, in spite of continued British misgovernment. The memorialist, however, proved to be my young friend of the morning, who, struck—or his friends for him—with the idea, that the interest I took in his answers might be improved, with due skill, into something more to his advantage, came to ask me, in the most approved complimentary fashion, to give effect to my good wishes and to turn aspirations into deed, by obtaining his transmission, without delay, to the gymnasium of Nauplia. I smiled at his speed, and gave him better counsel than he appeared willing to take, advising him to hasten to this end more temperately. Even if I wished it, I knew I could help him but little; for Greek ministers are masters of their own affairs, and, unless called on, I never interfered in these matters. It was unpleasant to refuse the boy, though I felt convinced that delay was for his ultimate advantage; and he withdrew, as might have been expected, somewhat disappointed.\* The

\* A gymnasium was established at Kalamata—simultaneously with the one at Sparta—in 1862, too late, however, it is to be supposed, to serve the above-named ardent student! It was at once attended by 131 pupils. 10 gymnasia exist by law at present in Greece,—2, at Athens, 1 at the Peiræus, 1 at Syra, 1 at Chalcis,



trait is characteristic, and explains how it comes to pass that Law and Medicine are overflowing, even to their lowest department, to say nothing of the army of government *employés*, who read and write despatches on the destinies of the future Greek empire, and are satisfied with 40 drachmæ per month, the usual pay of a common footman in Athens.

Having dined, reposed, and recovered our freshness, and the sun beginning to decline, we determined to examine the site, neighbourhood, and antiquities of the city. In a few minutes, therefore, our whole party were on their way to the citadel.

Ascending through gardens of the richest orange and citron trees, and under ancient olives, towards the north, in about a quarter of an hour we reached the hill on which lie the still extensive ruins of the fortress. These ruins are open, and entirely untenanted. Their construction is mixed, indicating successive occupations, French, Turkish, Venetian, and again Turkish. The walls are of great breadth and tolerable height, well built and well preserved. The most remarkable part, is that which lies to the west. There the wall runs along a high rock, immediately over the bed of a broad mountain-torrent. This torrent, considerable in winter or after heavy rains, issues from a deep and close gorge, of which this hill is the termination. We saw the stream, reduced to a small thread, flowing over a gravelly bed, with high rocks on either side.

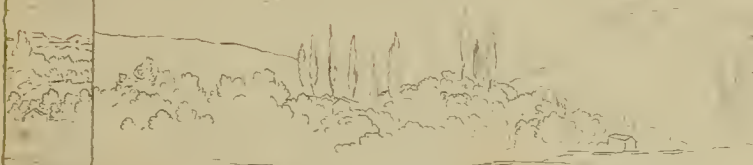
1 at Mesolonghi, 1 at Tripolitza, 1 at Kalamata, 1 at Sparta, and 1 at Patras.—ED.

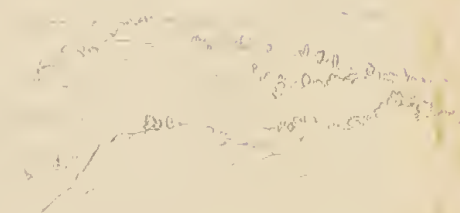
On the opposite bank, stood a small hamlet or suburb, where the plain commences, the torrent winding along the western side of the town to the sea.

The citadel of Kalamata was built by Guillaume de Villehardouin, who, born in the town, felt a strong attachment to the place, and made it his residence; in consequence he obtained, not without reason, the surname of Kalamata. It was here also that he died. The portions built by him are, probably, little more than the substructions, with some masses of the western wall immediately above the torrent. The Venetians found the fortress of considerable extent at their first attack, under Giorgio Cornaro, in 1659; and it seems to have lost none of its importance when taken by Morosini, in the year 1685, under the German General, Baron von Degenfeld. Coronelli describes the castle as having been regularly fortified and sufficiently strong, but the town as altogether without walls or defence. In his drawing, which represents its appearance at the time of this attack, the citadel forms a square or oblong, with four towers, and the town a formal square below, at the left side of the torrent, with a single mosque; and a suburb, opposite the castle (of which what is still visible may be the remains) complete the picture.\*

It would seem, from Coronelli, that Degenfeld

\* "C'est un lieu ouvert de la province de Belvédère. Il est assez peuplé, quoiqu'il n'ait pas seulement de murailles qui puissent le mettre à l'abri d'une surprise; en récompense il y a sur une hauteur un château fortifié assez régulièrement, où ses habitans peuvent se mettre en sûreté en cas de quelque disgrâce." — (Coronelli, 1 partie, p. 111.)





AN HAMA E KALAMATA  
TAKEN FROM THE ITALIAN  
MAP OF MENA

destroyed the fortress, or at least rendered it ineffective; but if so, it was subsequently repaired, for over the largest gate is the lion of St. Mark in bold relief, whilst a considerable addition appears to have been made by an enclosure towards the town. The view from this elevation, whether seen from the brushwood of the platform, sitting on a fragment of the shattered walls, or looking through the heavy open arch, presented a most instructive and magnificent appearance. In front, the town lies immediately beneath, without order or plan, the lines now and then broken by a Venetian belfry, a lingering testimonial of the conquest. Beyond, runs the broad gravelly bed of the torrent, divided into two branches, and on the left, as the extreme boundary, sparkles the sea. Our steamer and a small squadron of fishing-boats marked the *skala*, if such it can be called. On the western shore of the bay runs a low range of mountain, strongly contrasting with that of Maina, extending to Tænarus or Cape Matapan on one side, and which, in its turn, is the counterpart of Malea, or St. Angelo, in the bay of Kolokythia. That opposite tract, the region of Modon and Navarino, was Lower Messenia, and the portion which contrived so well to keep its neutrality during the Messenian wars. All the district between, is low and flat, and must at one period have been a swamp or sea; for, there can be little doubt that these torrents, carrying down a large detritus during a succession of ages, have added very considerably to the territory through the entire curve. The town of Kalamata itself (if it be Pheræ) in the time of Strabo was five stadia, in that of Pausanias eight,



and is now ten stadia from the beach. In such a soil vegetation of all kinds must have been universal and profuse. It is one garden of olives, oranges, citrons, pomegranates, here and there broken by cypresses, and sparkling occasionally with houses. The town is connected with the other bank by a rude and small wooden bridge; and a little way up the torrent, is the village noticed by Coronelli. Turning now to the north, the gorge commences, the town following to a certain distance the base of the citadel. Farther northward the gorge opens with high banks on either side, terraced at intervals for vineyards, whilst below runs the white bed of the torrent. One can also see those broken lines which separate us from the richest part of the vale of Messenia. They gradually become regular, until, advancing east, we find ourselves opposite the rugged barrier which we passed yesterday, the old boundary between Lakonia and Messenia, and, on this side, the highest point of that backbone of rock, which gradually declines until Taygetus finally terminates in Tænarus. In the bright evening sun, we thought we could pick out, though at a great distance, the village of Skardamyle, the ancient Kardamyle, once famous for its temple to the Nereids, as it still is for its modern traditions and legends of the same ambiguous deities. Nearer, and on the sea-shore, stands Kytries, formerly the winter port of Kalamata; and behind that last projecting lowland lies the celebrated district, the Maina of Maina, Kakavoulia. Over the whole intermediate country floats a flood of green, from the gracefully sweeping sea-shore up

to the town, and from the town again, right up into the foldings of hill and hillock, till lost amid the depths of the stern embracing mountains—a veritable luxuriance in truth of every kind of plantation, from vine to olive, which turns to evergreen brushwood as it approaches the mountain district, thus imparting an appearance of surpassing richness. Yet along with this, there obtrudes some remembrance of its unhealthy and its early state. A hot haze broods over the greater portion, but especially between the sea and river, apparently laden with suffocation and fever. This, I was told, is not mere surmise. The winter no longer periodically converts the pasturage of the summer into a marsh, as is the case in many parts of Greece; still even with greater hydraulic knowledge and larger municipal attention than I can give the inhabitants credit for, it is impossible that the overflowings of the rainy season should not find easy access to many a plantation on both banks of the present dry bed, and there remain till carried off by evaporation, damp, hot, and noxious, late in the summer. Coming down yesterday evening into the plain, I at once saw and felt it. It was like a low, stifling apartment. With such drawbacks, and in the absence of a port, it would be hard to conceive how it ever was chosen or retained for habitation, were we not admonished by its position that it must originally have been a seaport on one side, and a fortress commanding the gorge and the entrance into the heart of Messenia, on the other. At no one period does it seem to have been neglected, and this practical evidence of utility is worth volumes of theory

showing its disadvantages and the reason why it ought not to have been inhabited.

The town of Pheræ is *the* remarkable one in this neighbourhood. It is of double Homeric fame, as one of the towns ceded by Agamemnon to Achilles. They gave and sold territory then, as they now sell land, by villages, and as in the East by sheep and cattle, or as in Russia by serfs, or in America by slaves. It was also the town where Telemachus lodged for the night, in his hurried journey from Pylos to Sparta. The main question, however, is, whether Pheræ stood here on the site of Kalamata, or a little more to the west. The name Kalamata suggests an identity with the town of Kalamai, westward of Pheræ; and, though it is seldom that so close a resemblance of name does not accompany or signify identity of site, there are cases which justify the exception. Those who maintain the identity upon this plea of name, find little support in other particulars: on the contrary, distance, position, traditional consequence, all point to the complete conformity of Pheræ with Kalamata. How it obtained its name, is a matter for ulterior research. The swampy and reedy nature of the soil in both cases, *κάλαμος* meaning reeds, might have gone far to affix the appropriate name to the later Pheræ, as well as to the original Kalamai.

If Pheræ and Kalamata be identical, then this mountain torrent is the Nedon of Strabo, which name belongs also to a village mentioned by that writer, but supposed by Leake to have been situated near the sources of the river Neda.\* Coronelli

\* Leake, *Travels in the Morea*, p. 345.

calls it, in his map or view of Kalamata, "Spirnazza;" and, in his text, he absurdly identifies it \* with the Pamisus, which certainly lay much further to the west. The Kalamata river rises in the chain of Taygetus, and it must have run to our right, a considerable part of our way, during yesterday's journey. The small stream, which cuts Lada Koutzova in two, falls into the Nedon somewhat lower down. Greek geographers, with reason, do not allow this to be more than a rivulet,—*ποταμίσκος*. Like the Ilissus, it is a thread of water scarcely perceptible except after heavy rains, when it comes rushing from the mountains for little more than a couple of hours. Even within that time, however, it often does great damage: two years ago, for instance, it overflowed the whole country, with considerable injury. Not far from its banks, though it were hard to say where, was the Temple of Athena Nedusia. Some place it near, others in the town of Pheræ. It must have been early destroyed, for Pausanias does not mention it. A temple and grove—*ἄλσος*—of Apollo Karneios also stood in the neighbourhood, indicating the connection with Lakonia. Later, it was transferred altogether by Augustus, as well as two other towns in the neighbourhood.

In the time of the Byzantines, Kalamata had but

\* "Sur les bords, et à la gauche du Spirnazza, que Strabon appela Pamisus, Ptolomée Panisus, et d'autres Stronio, et Tifoo." But this confusion is surpassed by what follows: "On voit sur la côte d'une colline spaciense Calamata, connue chez Baudrand sous les noms de Thelame, Theramme, Thuria, et Abia."—(Coronelli, 1 Partie, p. 111.) All these different towns were in the neighbourhood, and thus they are lumped together.

a secondary reputation, being easily devastated by the Slavonians, in their wide incursions through this part of Greece. To the Franks, in the first instance, and afterwards to the Venetians, it owed its chief renown. The Turks maintained it in a sort of importance, from its being the first port for the produce of Lakonia as well as Messenia; but it never recovered the position of military repute, it held under Frankish rule. As a place of resort from the districts of Lakonia, Messenia, and even Elis, but much more by the influence of Petro Bey, it was selected as the spot where the first provisional Government or Senate was established, in April, 1821. It was here also, that an attempt was made to rouse a crusade against the Turks of Thessaly and Epirus, in 1854. Marauding parties poured down from Maina with menacing propositions to the town, accompanied by the breaking open of prisons, with a view of moving the inhabitants to join the onslaught. Similar efforts were made, in the Papiotaki affair of 1852. Its proximity to Maina, its distance from the seat of government, and the well-known difficulty of communication, at all times hold out great inducements to these forced "pronunciamentos." The Kalamata people themselves are pacifically inclined, but, as of old, the plain has to submit to the mountain. I heard the echo of many an old complaint when there. The Vice-Consulate still spoke of the time in which the Kakavouliotes used to cross the bay and carry off plunder, not sparing Greek or Turk. Sometimes these predatory incursions wore the type of an old heroic abduction, and girls were carried off from the sides of their



parents, on occasions Helen-like for love, but more frequently in civilized fashion for money. The proverbial richness of the plain seems to cling to it, as to the plains of Lombardy, like a curse. Lakonia, now as then, is always on the watch to appropriate to herself what she can of the labours and fruits of Messenia.

It wanted still an hour of sunset, so quitting the citadel, we re-entered the town, and strolled down to the torrent. This, however, was not quite so easy a matter as we thought. The streets on this side, as on the other, were inexpressibly crooked, cramped, and filthy, and spoke in language not to be misunderstood of the want of water, and of the strong nerves and negligence of the Demarchy. No open space for a promenade being provided in the town itself, we found that the inhabitants had been driven to make use of the bed of the torrent for that purpose. From this point, the town, diversified with gardens, rising up to the base of the citadel, the gardens with occasional groups of obeliscal cypresses, and surmounted by the steep crags on which the gashed and mouldering fortifications rest, presents a tolerably accurate modern translation of the general map of Coronelli—a type, however, not confined to Kalamata.

This quarter has always been the resort of the Kalamatiotes, and here was chanted in 1821 the *Te Deum* so well described by Mr. Finlay. The town was besieged by 2,000 Greeks under Petro Bey, on the 3rd April, and, on the 4th, its Turkish defenders, having first received solemn promises of protection, surrendered to their assailants. How little these promises were kept we shall not pause to inquire :

suffice to state, that, in a few months, all the men had been slain. Mr. Finlay proceeds: "On the 5th of April, 1821, the first solemn service of the Greek Church was performed as a thanksgiving for the success of the Greek arms. The ceremony was on the banks of the torrent that flows by Kalamata. Twenty-four priests officiated, and five thousand armed men stood round. Never was *Te Deum* celebrated with greater fervour, never did hearts overflow with sincerer devotion to Heaven, nor with warmer gratitude to their Church and their God. Patriotic tears poured down the cheeks of rude warriors, and ruthless brigands sobbed like children. All present felt that the event formed an era in Greek history; and when modern Greece produces historians, artists, and poets, this scene will doubtless find a niche in the temple of Fame."\*

Leaving the torrent, we returned by another route home, which led us through the Bazaar and Café. Both we found, at that hour, extremely crowded. The Café in all Greek, as in almost all continental towns, is the substitute for the Stoa and the Agora. Partly from the zest in this country for close imitation of French habits and manners ready-fashioned to acceptance, and partly from the instinct so salient in his character, hereditary or not, which every Greek possesses for talk and aggregation, I should say that of the two—a Bazaar and a Café,—the latter is the more indispensable. To deprive a Greek of his modern *λέσχη*, would be much the same cruelty, as to prohibit smoking, or to steal his cigar or chibouque. The

\* Finlay, *History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. i. pp. 184, 185.

Bazaar exhibited the usual dislocated, ragged, unpainted, provisional look obstinately retained by all Greek as well as Turkish Bazaars, and which indicate, in the want of these minor proprieties, as well as of morals, an ingrained Orientalism. To our eyes, accustomed to trimness and day-by-day solicitude for the smallest minutæ, it seems a callous barbarism. Perhaps climate, perhaps tradition, has to bear the fault and shame, and this open-door, careless, shambles-looking sort of camp, more like the booth-selling of a gipsy-fair passing through the district, than the permanent settling down of a town population, is too interwoven with other habits of a kindred class, to be so easily got rid of. When a large body of the people sleep in the streets, head towards the door, feet to the public, during a great part of the summer, but seldom changing their clothes (the Palikari population laboriously prepare their fustinellas so as to dispense with washing for months together), it might be deemed fastidious to call for more tidiness in their market-places. The archæologist ought to take matters as he finds them, thankful for so good a transcript of the market-place of Pompeii; while the artist should be grateful on his part for such figures, costumes, and attitudes as he meets with at every step, which are all sure to be blotted out into a pattern uniformity, the moment these independent dealers begin to dream of "doing decencies" after the fashion of the French or English.

In our rambles, we saw the churches noticed by Buchon, with the fragmentary compilations in their walls, and remarked the same type of belfry, ap-

proximating to a steeple, still observable at Zante, as the bequest of the Venetians, and which remained untouched during the whole of the Turkish domination. The Turks prohibited, but seldom destroyed: treaties, laziness, and the distinction between possession and encroachment, were the causes of their inaction, and are as apparent in their dealings with institutions as with buildings. Many other traces of the same Italian hand are visible, not only in the management of the house and street plans, but in the inferior decorations. Several of the mouldings for door and window are traceable directly to Venetian inspiration. This is not surprising, but it is remarkable to see them retained and renewed. In many of the later houses, they are more or less adopted; with a strong admixture, however, of the Turkish, itself a copy of the Byzantine, and that again the offspring of old Hellenic civilization, suggested by the necessities of the climate. To this day the interior, and especially the country parts of Greece, exhibit little else; an excellent hint, which, like so many other hints of the kind, has been disregarded by the negligent Government of the country.

In these reminiscences Buchon is resolved to see nothing but Crusader-French, and his self-gratulation in still gazing upon the relics of the influence of his countryman Villehardouin, is scarcely less amusing than his aspirations after a French future, a restoration of the French past, grounded on such "*auspicia melioris ævi*," as the French flounces and caps of the Demarch's wife, Madame Nikolaidis. It is curious, or rather it is not, that French writers will persist in testing progress by the *modiste* show-

rooms of the Rue Vivienne. The Kalamata fair sex, or their husbands, do not, however, seem inclined to realize these hopes and prophecies of a French-dressing civilization. They are still in, or rather have retrograded to, the “*tempus quo ante*,” previous to M. Buchon’s arrival. I remarked the prevalence amongst the men, but especially amongst the women, of the national costume. The explanation was simple and satisfactory, and made without rhetorical pretensions to patriotism. The costume, it was said, is uniform, economical, and intelligible to every Greek; it can be made—material and fashion—at home, and does not require “*le petit follet des dames*,” or any extra rivalry between them and their neighbours. It is fortunate, too, that the fêtes are few, and that neither Nomarch or Demarch give balls to their *employés*.

Before re-entering, our Vice-Consul took us to see a house nearly completed for his son-in-law, a physician, and where he was then residing. It was an excellent sample of improved finish and construction. Kalamata has no reason to envy Athenian plans or artisans. The entrance-hall, staircase, and apartments were airy and well-proportioned, the sitting-room particularly large and lofty, the wood fittings sharply chiselled and appropriate, whilst the ceiling was in the Turkish carved fashion, and the walls stuccoed so as to resemble white marble. A small esplanade was in course of formation before the door. Some large holes had to be filled, and other levellings—the great want of all Greek towns—to be accomplished, a task of which our friends talked as something second only to Hercules’ improvements in the mews of Augeas.



They had been working at this with much zeal and spirit, aided by the Demarch, when he was reined in by the superior powers, and reminded of the old Eastern motto, "*Festina lente*." The work was interrupted, and the holes are still gaping for supplies, like many other such at Athens.

The Vice-Consul kept me busily occupied until bedtime, discussing the present and prospective position of this interesting province. He spoke with due patriotism of its transcendant superabundance over every other in Greece. Soil, climate, situation, had done everything for it, man a great deal against it, from the Spartans downwards: but, it had worked through, despite all obstructing influences, and nearly recovered even from the impress of Ibrahim Pasha and his Africans. Of the town, he would only say that it was old, and ought, like old people, to be treated with compassion and respect. The present incumbent could not be reformed, but he would be taken away in his time, and his heir and successor would be better. I doubted his calculations, however, judging from the situation of the town. But, he argued, the castle can be made nothing of; the town lies too far from its port — a port existing only in name; nor is there any chance of its ever becoming one, whilst the river, brook, or torrent is only a useless inconvenient neighbour, being unnavigable, generating fever, and, at times, taking away with it crops, cattle, and houses to the sea. This and other disparagements, I admitted; and yet Kalamata must stand. Though no longer necessary as a point of defence, it forms a centre for the supply and demand of the province. The roadstead was

changed to Kytries in 1770 ; but so distant an anchorage proved a great source of expense. In the absence of a road to that place, the goods had to be carried over a heavy surf across the bay. Once safely in the harbour of Kytries, shelter is sure ; and, perhaps, a road along the shore might convert it into the seaport of the district : yet, considering the windings and difficulties of the coast, this would hardly repay. On the other hand, building a new town on the bank even of a torrent, much less of a larger river like the Pamisus, would expose it to constant danger of spring and autumnal overflowings. As matters now stand, no immediate remedy or substitute is in prospect. The inundations, however, might be better guarded against than at present, and the winter road is not quite so bad, I was assured, as it seems. It has a pozzolana character, and hardens to solid earth when the waters withdraw. The number of vessels that visited Kalamata in 1856, was 206 ; in 1857, 126 ; in 1858, 116 ; the greater part between August and April, when the currant, fig, and oil crops are shipped off. The exports and imports have been increasing for several years back, as is natural from the augmenting produce in every detail of the cultivation. A much larger amount might, under better regulations, be expected.

A considerable portion of Messenia is national property, consisting either of land or perishable property, classified in a rather arbitrary manner. New laws are so frequent, that it is difficult, under any government, to obtain certainty or precision on the subject. This is the crying evil, for it affects the general morals, as much as the general interests, of

the community. The cultivation has meantime, I understand, visibly improved. A good deal more individual care is taken, though scarcely any new processes are introduced. No solicitude has been shown, by any of the successive ministries, to encourage progress in this direction. I observed throughout this district, a fine class of olive, greener, fresher, and firmer than the Attic ; but this is easily accounted for, as the olives of the Attic plain are sprouts from old perennial trunks, which the inhabitants fondly trace, like other things, to the time of Pericles, whilst those in Messenia have scarcely more than twenty-five years' growth. The mulberries are first-rate, and the oranges only inferior in size to those of Crete, and in flavour to those of Poros. The wine does not enjoy so high a reputation, nor has any effort been made for its improvement. The roads over the plain are for the greater part tolerable—thanks to the circumstances of the plain allowing it : but, in the outlets over the mountains, they are quite as wretched as in the worst parts of Greece, though the necessity of such outlets is as obvious there as over the plain itself. The people would willingly improve them ; but the municipal government, taking its tone from the central, neither aids nor directs the business. Here, as elsewhere, the uncertainty of official tenure, and the small official remuneration, lie at the bottom of the evil : but, above all, *the* cause is the universal consciousness, that entire subserviency to government views in reference to the management of parliamentary elections and interests is indispensable to their personal advancement. All candidates, even where election is the form, are

nominated with more or less facility by the superior powers, and then retained in office or in the Chambers for a longer or shorter term, according to the amount of their *dévouement*, real or personal, brought to government account. The ἀφωσιωμένος is the only eligible candidate. Knowledge, zeal, integrity, may or may not be acceptable accessories; but the main point is, insurance of, *cas échéant*, a pliant Deputy. As the tree, so the fruit. There is a "perfect chamber," but the absence of roads, and bridges is the price paid for it. In some cases, the "too much zeal"—an evil inherent in bureaucracy—of Nomarchs, Eparchs, and Demarchs has, I am told, been checked, as loss of time and throwing away of money. These are heavy discouragements to agricultural as to all progress: but they are considerably enhanced by the fiscal and other laws, and by the mode in which those laws are executed. No agriculturist can, in the long run, stand such a code, even if administered textually, as that which regulates the levy of the annual contributions; and no code, even the most perfect, can accomplish its end with such eyes and hands, and such *employés*, as under the existing administration are necessarily charged to administer it. The praise bestowed on the revival of agriculture, and the unquestioned progress which it has made and is making through the whole of this district, is in my mind not above but below the deserts of the population. If they have done so much, with such fetters about their legs and hands, what might they not have accomplished, had common sense and administrative justice allowed them to use both freely? The stuff which

forms the working instrument, is both tough and pliant. The Messenian peasant and people generally are long-suffering, persevering, and simple. Greek frugality is discernible through the entire people. They live on little, spend little, waste little, display little. Household affairs, and above all dress, to which house, living, and all things else are sacrificed in Athens, are here managed temperately and economically. These are great virtues, if they be not spoiled by that false progress, which converts producers into consumers, and estimates the riches of a state by what it sees and exhibits in the drawing-room.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## LOWER MESSENA AND MOUNT ITHOME.

*May 5.* — According to agreement, we were to have been met at an early hour by Captain Craigie and several of his officers, who desired to inspect with us the ruins of Messene; but when ready to mount, each on his chosen steed, we unexpectedly became aware of a hitch—some unforeseen mistake in the naval part of the arrangements. It was soon explained by the arrival of our officers, very wroth at the “misapprehensions” of their Agoyiates, who had declined to rise too early, and, moreover, had presented themselves exactly at that part of the beach where they were not required. Matters were eventually put to rights by dint of much drago-  
manship on the part of the Vice-Consul’s son, who spoke fluently the usual Levantine French and English. He and M. Leondariti accompanying us to Mount Ithome, we took leave of our hostess, with many acknowledgments for her unaffected hospitality. She is the sister of Korfiotaki, who, when Minister of Instruction, was murdered by a Lakonian in 1850 at Athens. Yet, though speaking, as she more than once did, of the fatal event, and with something beyond suspicion of the parties concerned, it was always without asperity, and with a larger share of Christian forgiveness than could

have been met amongst the mountains on the other side of the bay—that land of Maina upon which we were then gazing.

Dimitri had spent all yesterday in making preparations for our journey into the interior, and had been very successful in his arrangements. He had found us excellent horses and a good set of Agoyiates, active, intelligent, and cheerful. This was a matter of moment. Some days' hard work was before us, and at such times comfort depends as much upon guides as on companions. The eldest of the party, Georgi, was a hale, well-to-do man of fifty, who had his wife, children, olive-trees, and oranges at Kalamata, and made journeys of this kind by way of interlude. With him were two considerably younger men, one a large possessor of mules and horses, who made this journeying his profession, and must have been a first-rate *parti* for the provinces. The second, though not quite so rich, was likely to become so, and did his business equally well. None of them were mounted; they disdained the idea; old and young trotted after their horses, and often before them, on foot, varying the journey by leap and song and all manner of robust joke and laughter, as if "to the fashion wholly born," and as though there were no greater happiness in life than fine weather, a good paying party, and the enjoyment, the health, the means, and the reputation of first-rate Agoyiates. All kept up the most brilliant good humour towards each other and towards their horses, whilst to Dimitri, who knew them as well as they him, and who, in some respects, on these occasions, was the breath of their nostrils,—they paid a very cheerful obedience. We

could boast moreover as escort a solitary *gendarme*, rejoicing in the redoubtable name of Leonidas, whose duty it would be to convert sulky villagers into willing hosts, and to make things in general somewhat smoother amid the uncouth district to which we were now hurrying. It would have been impossible not to have set out in admirable spirits with such appliances, even though beholding before us a less magnificent country than the plain of Messenia.

And now, we had entered fully on our journey, taking the higher instead of the lower road to Messene,—that on the right, and the nearest to the range of Taygetus. The first part of our way ran between those high hedges of Indian fig or cactus, for which Messenia is famous; then, through open or well-hedged olive and mulberry plantations, broken now and again by vines, pomegranates, and oranges, and diversified by villages. Some of these villages were in the dangerous neighbourhood of the numerous torrents which pour down from the flanks of Taygetus in spring and autumn, others even in the very torrent-beds, and only a few on elevations sufficient to secure them from inundation. The culture all along this line,—the flat land formed by the waters of the Pamisus and other streams,—was in accord with the extreme richness of the soil. No one could have imagined, that the hoof of the horse of Attila had been there, or that the district had so lately emerged from a war not of devastation only, but of extermination.

To the left, above the rich gardens, and almost hid by them, appeared at first some red roofs intermingled with cypresses, and then a few houses,

somewhat more marked, amongst masses of reeds and plantations. This, we were told, was the flourishing village of Nisi, on the Pamisus, and, between it and Kalamata, lay the small town of Kalamai. In front, after we had passed a low line of hillocks, and clearly detached from the plain, arose the double mount, Ithome and Eva. The former, by far the more conspicuous, is as prominent in the scenery as in the history of this remarkable plain. At Ithome's feet, stretched a magnificence of plantation, which gave double grandeur and character to the rocky and precipitous sides. To our east, but not distant from its base, lay the town of Andrussa. I wished to pass that way, on account of some antiquities of the Roman and Frankish periods still visible, though, exclusive of their historic connection, they are not of much importance. This, however, was not possible consistently with our adoption of the higher and shorter road, a route, in some instances, even more interesting. Close on this side was Thuria, identified by Leake with the village of Paleocastro, and where he found some Hellenic ruins. Curtius takes these ruins for the higher Thuria, one of the two mentioned by Pausanias, the citadel, in short, from which, as in many other cases, the inhabitants gradually advanced, without altogether abandoning it, into the plain below. Extensive remains, nevertheless, are seen in both places, which ought to leave no doubt of the double towns. Old Thuria, with its Akropolis, is divided from the neighbouring mountain by a deep torrent-bed, and still retains the substructions of a long line of wall, measuring, according to Curtius, 1,000 feet from south-west

to north-east. But these are not the only ancient remains. To the south-west is the large Hellenic cistern described by Leake, and more minutely by Curtius, twelve feet deep, half cut in the rock and half surrounded by a wall of regular construction, similar to the walls of the citadel, being fourteen paces in breadth, twenty-nine paces in length, and divided into three parts by two cross walls. Eastward, on the highest point of the rock behind, are several other substructions. In their midst, on the very summit, commanding the sea, are seen traces of a small theatre, which faced the plain, but which Leake searched for in vain: also, remains of the portico of a small Doric temple, with portions of the pillars and door *in situ*. Several other fragments and foundations of columns and doorways are likewise discernible. Lower down, the pieces of wall indicate a series of platforms, on which temples or other public buildings must have originally stood. But many points are still unexplained as to the site and history of this place, so well deserving of excavation. Its relation to the old Antheia is not very well determined; and some illustrations might be further thrown, should inscriptions be discovered, on the position, not of Thuria only, but of all the Lakonian perioikic cities in Messenia before and during the period of Augustus.

The chief interest of Thuria consists in its connection with the Magna Græcian city,—the mother city of Sybaris and Pæstum. But it also had an interest of its own. Strabo makes note of its height, taking it for that reason to be the Homeric *Æpeia*, which, compared upon that ground with the



neighbouring villages, it might have been. With the exception of a few on the confines, worth notice in connection with the Messenian wars, the villages lay so much in the plain, that one of the first measures after the Ampheia, was to abandon almost the whole territory, and to concentrate, as the Athenians did later, the entire population within the towns. Thuria, at all events, long enjoyed a reputation for strength; and Augustus, in punishment for its inhabitants having sided with Antony against him, compelled them to leave the citadel, or upper town, and to settle below. Pausanias found the upper town altogether deserted, and, amidst the ruins, a temple to the Syrian goddess. In this instance, such a temple would imply early connection with the East in Messenia as well as in Lakonia. Had the temple been in the lower town, the inference would have been otherwise.

In the descent from these heights, about three-quarters of a mile distant, lie the large and well-preserved remains of what was probably a Roman villa, built of good brick, and which Leake notices with a small plan. The destination for bath purposes seems pretty clear from the traces of canals in the walls. The water, like that of the Hellenic cistern, may have been rain-water or from mountain-springs now lost: no springs exist at present nearer than Pidhima. The tradition of this application, preserved in the name λουτρά, must not be too implicitly taken. The dimensions, however, are such as denote something more important than a private residence, and, coupled with the desertion of the upper town, they show that Thuria under the Romans had not lost anything of its con-

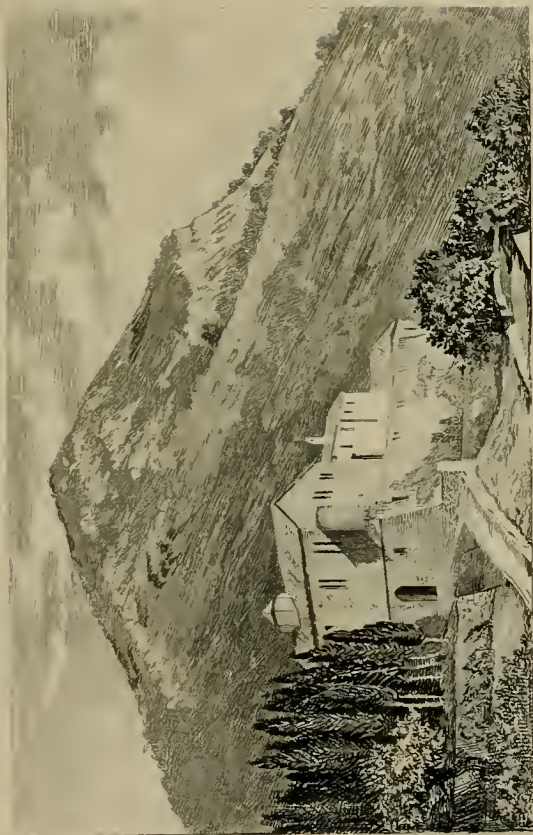
sequence. The village of Antheia, as so called by Stephanus from the Anthis of Philochorus, was in this immediate neighbourhood, and shared the fate of Thuria. It possibly was aggregated to Lower Thuria at a later period, and served considerably to increase the importance of that locality.

A short way beyond, our Agoyiate, as we crossed a full stream, pointed out on our right a spot bearing the appropriate name of Pidhima, or "the leap." Near it, stands a small village of the same name. Out of the rock flows a good spring of water, of some depth even here at its fountain-head. This is the ancient Aris, and taking a direction to the south-west, forms one of the sources of the Pamisus. Soon after, we left the village of Agios Phloros some distance to our right, also possessing a large spring : joined by others in the plain below, it hastens to swell the Mavrozumenos, which from this point to the sea assumes the ancient name of the Pamisus.

Our journey continued over a country which is much of the same description, though it gradually loses the care and precision of the cultivation near Kalamata : it opens up into the broad Stenyklarian plain, shut in north and east by its barrier of Arkadian and Lakonian mountains. We at last reached the banks of a voluminous stream, which our Agoyiates informed us was the Mavrozumenos. Its muddy-looking waters well justify the modern designation—*μαυροζύμη*, meaning a black fermentation ; and it must constantly carry down with it a large quantity of soil. The banks in most places have a perpendicular height, not less than sixty feet, of the richest alluvium, with scarcely the admixture

of a stone, reminding me strongly of that fine garden mould, chocolate deposit of the Nile, full of fatness and fertility, to which it owes so much of its historic celebrity. Passing the Mavrozumenos, we found ourselves ascending, through the brushwood, by a difficult winding stony pathway, the steep and uncultivated north-eastern flank of Mount Ithome — leaving Mount Eva, which is connected with it by a narrow dipping isthmus, towards the south. The only symptom of habitation on this side, is the convent called of “Monte Vurkano” or Vulcano. This name, merited by Mount Ithome from its geological peculiarities, though not more so than by many other mountain-formations in Greece, was bestowed by the Venetians, and it has not yet yielded to the revived classic designation. In about half an hour, after a long zig-zag ride up the side of the mountain, we arrived at the steep stairs leading to the convent, which presented a front semi-fortified in character.

Our cavalcade was received by the monks, with the usual hospitality ; and, entering under the strong and heavy gateway, we alighted in a rough paved court, of which the church formed the centre. The buildings ran in double story, with balcony or gallery round three sides of the square, the fourth side being principally a defence-wall, and the offices forming accessories to the left. The whole building stood on a sort of raised terrace or platform cut partly from the rock, and in most places faced with masonry. There was also an attempt at a garden, in the shape of a few plane-trees and a number of cypresses which surrounded the convent. It was some time, before the apartments



CONVENT OF MONTE VURKANO  
(MOUNT THOME)  
MESSÉNIA





could be distributed amongst so large a party. By degrees, however, we were quartered off into our respective cells; but, finding no other spot so roomy or airy, we proposed to set up our dinner-table in the balcony itself. Leaving the execution of this and other projects to Dimitri, it being as yet not more than half-past one o'clock, we again mounted our horses and took the narrow path above the convent. As we gradually climbed the mountain, we halted from time to time to look back on the plain and the convent, above which we soon rose to a considerable height. The nature of the rock comes out here with great force, the strata being laid bare the farther one ascends. At length the ridge connecting Eva and Ithome, where the first portion of the wall begins to appear, was reached. It is very high and in perfect preservation. At intervals square towers occur overgrown with a brushwood that finds its way energetically through the joints. This was the eastern wall of the Messene of Epaminondas, which ran across the ridge of Eva, and defended the ingress to this quarter of the town. Continuing our way further on, in the same line towards the north, we reached a small and secluded fountain, pouring out a full stream into a simple but picturesque basin, and buried in such a profusion of brushwood as rendered access difficult from this side. By some of the substructions close by, it would seem to have been originally of Hellenic construction. Later repairs indicate a Venetian or Turkish hand. The water flows from a small niche into a round marble receptacle, and then pursues its way down the hill towards the village of Mavromati. It is remark-

able, however, that the fountain lies outside the line of wall still existing; though, not impossibly, it may have been included within the boundary of the original Akropolis. It were hardly reasonable to suppose, that so important a work should have been left at the mercy of an enemy, no matter how abrupt and difficult Ithome appears in this part. The stream may, however, come from a higher source, within the precincts of the citadel, or perhaps from the Temenos of Zeus Ithomatas himself. To that spot our steps were now tending. After a short delay, and following a still steeper path than that already passed, we scrambled up to the highest point, called by our convent friends the "Katholikon."

The actual precincts of the Katholikon were indicated by a heap of stones, surmounted by a rude cross, at a turning in the path, from which one of many beautiful glimpses opens on the gulf. We stopped for a moment, to inquire whether it marked, as is often the case, the grave of the untimely or murdered dead: finding, however, that it was only a boundary-sign—an *ἐξμαῖον*—of the convent, we proceeded onward, and soon stood before the entrance.

The Katholikon is the original foundation, of which the convent, where we had rested, is a colony or filiation. By a curious exchange of fortunes, the latter is now the head establishment, and the mother takes the place of her daughter, ranking only as a *μετόχη*, or a sort of succursal. The entrance has a large square tower, with chambers above, now in a ruinous condition, as is indeed the whole place. On each side extended

the enclosure wall, embracing the court, and other parts of the convent. This wall is so broken down, as to allow a view of all the buildings. Here we dismounted and entered.

The gateway, not dissimilar to that in the fortress of Kalamata or the convent of Monte Vurkano, is of solid, though coarse construction, evidently intended less for ornament than defence. The round arch, and pedimented window above, show a Byzantine, or perhaps even a later origin. On either side, raised stone benches can yet be seen. The interior distribution is much the same as in other convents. The chapel or church fills the centre, surrounded by arcades with round arches, which form what may be called the cloisters; and above is one story, containing the cells. The same arrangement is to be seen in the khans throughout the East, when built on anything like a plan, or when intended for a large number of travellers, such as the caravans, for example, bring with them: and convents, being bound by their constitutions to exercise hospitality, naturally adopted a similar design. Whether this passed from East to West, or, from the outset, was common to both, does not appear; but all the older and greater Latin convents are built in this way, and in most instances, the principle, if not the details, has been maintained in later erections. The celebrated Dominican convents of Santa Maria sopra Minerva in Rome, and La Quercia at Viterbo, are each so distributed: in like manner the Benedictine convents of Monte Cassino and Subiaco, in the Pontifical States, as also the Franciscan, at Assisi. The convent of the Grande Chartreuse, in France,

has carried it to a still further extent. A whole quadrangle is there allotted to strangers, with corridors, cells, and public dining-rooms, divided according to nations. This Christian duty of hospitality was indispensable, during the rough times and dangers of the Middle Ages; and in countries where the same social state more or less continues, public opinion, as well as ecclesiastical canons and imperial ordinances, still insist on it. Everywhere I have been in the East, I have found it admitted as an obligation; though, I must say, it is in practice discharged with varying cordiality, according to place and circumstances. The intervention of consular and other Frankish settlements, though not construed as sufficient reason to exempt convents from the duty, has tended to weaken its performance. In the kingdom of Greece, it is feebler than in Turkey, and every day becomes less than the day before. Of this no one could complain, were a substitute provided, or even the hope of one in prospective. Inns naturally curtail the calls for the exercise of hospitality and deaden the disposition to the virtue itself. But in Greece, in this as in other things, the present generation stands, unfortunately, between two societies and two ages. It enjoys, in part, the advantages, but is subject much more to the inconveniences, of both. Khans and convents are going out, but inns have not come in. The Greek Government and people, as they cannot have "Hôtels d'Angleterre" and "d'Orient" everywhere, choose to have no inns at all. They insist on reaching the end before they have made the beginning, and disdain their old clothes before they yet find or make new ones.

Yet, there is no need of this "per saltum" reform. Let them remain some years longer in the khan state, at the same time taking care that these shall be the best of all possible khans, and, above all, that they be kept in that state, or rather made such. Travellers are not like princes, on a visit announced and prepared for. They are of every day and night. Like the thief in the Gospel, they come at the hour a man knows not. The host should therefore watch, and the hospitium be provided.

The Church, like all the rest, seemed nearly deserted. The wall-paintings, though not distinguished by much refinement or delicacy, are deserving of notice from their adherence to the primitive Byzantine type. The subjects are of the usual character: one struck me as peculiar, though not confined to this instance. An angel is represented superintending with solemn severity the weighing of souls, a sort of mixed traditional expression of the after-judgment, composed of the Pagan *ψυχοσταλία* and the language in the condemnation of Baltassar,—Mane, Thecel, Phares, of the Old Testament. Despite the neglected aspect of the place, a lamp is always kept burning before the altar, and a monk of the Monte Vurkano convent (the brethren take it in turns) resides on the premises, in one of the wretched cells adjoining. The periodical performance of service is thus ensured, as well as the maintenance—it can hardly be said of the building—but of the rights and privileges attached to it.

After we had satisfied our curiosity as to the edifice, we proceeded to examine its substructions. Several portions of an ancient wall still remain,



some of Cyclopic type, others considerably more modern, but none of that regular character which distinguishes the Theban construction of Messene. Though not belonging to an integral portion of the citadel, they may have formed part of the general wall which enclosed the whole city. Very probably the Spartans, during the entire of their occupation, allowed the citadel to continue in the dismantled condition to which they had reduced it. It would thus revert from an Akropolis to the simple state of Temenos, in which it had been previous to the removal from Andania and the villages, during the first Messenian war. I am inclined to regard these remains as of three kinds of construction—the old Messenian, the Epaminondas, and the superstrata of a more recent mediæval or modern period. The older substructions belong to the Temple of Zeus Ithomatas, the later to the walls of the city. Those appertaining to the latter, though broken at intervals by fragments of towers, are traceable the entire way along the brow of the precipice to the east and north, and show the same masonry as the rest of the walls of Messene. Some fine masses are observable to the south-east, sustaining a sort of platform. Those nearer to the convent are not so easily reducible to a plan, and are scattered in different directions. All are more or less polygonal. A comparison of these fragments with others will leave no doubt that they are of early Messenian masonry, and will thus identify the site of the Temple of Zeus Ithomatas, one of the most celebrated sanctuaries of Greece—a sanctuary of peculiar and melancholy interest, as the centre-point in the hopes,

struggles, sacrifices, and restorations of this unfortunate section of the Doric race.

This was the scene of the early oracles and ceremonies, the secret rites, the mysterious dedications, the silent confidences of the nation. Here we find the first religious service of the people, as at the Akropolis of Athens, Corinth, Thebes, and Sparta. The Temenos of Jupiter Ithomatas is to Messenia, what the Parthenon, the Chalkioikos, and the Kadmeion, respectively affected to be.\* Whether indigenous, or imported, is of minor moment.

\* The Temenos, but not the Temple. The Pelasgic worship was in the open air, without a temple. Hence the Temenos is marked merely by large substructions, sometimes only by a simple altar. See for instance the two Pelasgic platforms or altars, afterwards the double Pnyx, at Athens. The priests of Zeus Ithomatas carried the image of the god to their houses.—(Paus. vii. 24, 4.) This is the Theriophim of Scripture (Judges, xviii.), simultaneous with the High Places (2 Kings, xxiii.). The High Place was surrounded by a grove to the summit, where an open space—*lucus*—was left for the platform and the sight of the heavens, and where usually stood the altar or altars. I have seen relics of such High Places near the Jordan preserved with all their accessories. Even when Doricised, they for a long time retained their Pelasgic simplicity. It was only at Naupactus that Agelades first introduced the representation in statue amongst the Messenian exiles. They were not iconoclasts, but had not yet adopted images. The worship of the heavens, as well as an inferior stage of civilization, naturally directed them to open-air rites. The French “Expédition” sees in the platform to the south-east of Mount Ithome, substructions of a temple, and gives it to the great goddesses; but this supposition is unnecessary, looking to the Pnyx. This platform has always served the monks as an *ἀλῶρα*, or threshing-floor, and, like that of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens, has also been used for dances by the peasantry down to a late period. Yet, no conclusions can be drawn from this fact either in favour of a Temple, or of its having been applied to purposes similar to the *χόρος* near the Chalkioikos at Sparta; though such appropriation would be sufficiently Dorian.

At all events, it was of such early existence as to precede all recorded Messenian story. Here, on the extreme point of the hill, stood the first town, the πόλις of the future city, grouped around this Temenos, and destined to be successively enlarged by the compulsory accessions in the first Messenian war.\* Here took place the surreptitious dedication of the fatal Tripods, on which the Oracle pronounced that the destinies of Messenia—kings and people—depended. Here was the first vital resistance to the extinguishing aggression of Sparta, the noble protest of a siege of not less than ten years' duration. Here were buried the mystic tablets, upon which were written the future fortunes of the oppressed and exiled people, confided to its faithful keeping during a period of captivity, and which, ever present to the mind of its heroes, though escaping the recollection or knowledge of the people, were fated finally to receive through Epaminondas their glorious accomplishment. Here too, that touching episode occurred, — the flight and defence of the Helot Messenians and their fellows in misfortune, from Sparta. All these singular events, epic and romantic as the whole of this strange history appears to be, are at the same time unlike those of any other Hellenic *fasti*, and belong more to the

\* The first habitations of the Messenians, like those of the Spartans, seem, to a certain degree, to have been in scattered or aggregated villages on the plain. Not so well defended, however, by their topography, though it resembled that of Lakonia, nor by their institutions and habits, they had to yield and retire, before the invader, to the summit of Ithome. At this stage, the height grew into a citadel, and the lower part of the mountain became a town.

deeper individual and domestic feelings of a people, than what are usually encountered in the fields and councils of other Hellenic communities. They invest this spot with a peculiar colour, and isolate it amongst the other classic sites of Greece. The *genius loci* is hardly of the same mythology; the heroes and their worship are mediæval; the story, such as one might expect to meet in the ballads of Spain or Germany. No Greek hero possesses, even in embryo, the character of Aristomenes. The Greek type is Aristodemus, on the Agamemnon model. Aristomenes is a Rinaldo *à la Grecque*, with all his fine recklessness, his unoriental chivalrous veneration for women, his unhellenic contempt for gold, his uncalculating indifference to self, and yet amid all this, a Greek devotion, less to a faith than to his country, rarely to be found in the Christian hero. The more the elements of such a type, so single and inexplicable, are analyzed, the more abnormal and mysterious they appear. Nor are the incidents, whether true or false, into which it successively develops itself, less remarkable. The difficulty is one far beyond the solution of the mere historian.\* It will not suffice to find discrepan-

\* The most ample, indeed the only detailed account of the Messenian wars, especially of the two first, which we possess, is that of Pausanias. He seems to have been particularly taken by the epic and dramatic character of the history, even from an Hellenic point of view, and to have been as much attracted by the progressive action of the Nemesis and Menima, on a national scale, as by the personal adventures of his hero. Yet these adventures were not without their value. In Aristomenes, he sees the highest type of the Hellenic romantic Achilles—if I may be allowed the expression,—though many of the traits belong to Hector. In this estimate, however, Pausanias is only treading in the footsteps of Rhianos and Myron, the

cies in the narrative itself, nor such a range of obstacles in contemporary history, as to render really dubious, if not the main facts of the war and fortunes of this people, at least the accessories and incidents with which they are accompanied. Much of the false, and more of the exaggerated, may have crept into the story; nor is it a greater satisfaction to find from whence either proceeded.

poet and the historian, who have been the principal constructors of the details for antiquity.—(Paus. *Mess.* c. vi.) Rhianos, according to Pausanias, apparently paid more attention to the *vraisemblable* than to the *vrai*, and looked more to its applicability to his immediate purpose, the composition of his epic. Myron seems not to have been behind him in a desire to produce effect, which was the characteristic of the later Greek historians, so as at last to have become a principle. This disregard to accuracy was more particularly exhibited in that portion of Myron's work which treated of Messenia. The discordance between his accounts and those of other writers is conspicuous, and is noted by Pausanias in reference to Tyrtaeus. Even with all these deductions, a large residue of facts will remain, to be collected from the lyrics of Tyrtaeus, unless we also throw over his history as legendary: other fragmentary remains are likewise extant. Grote and others, historically speaking, are thus hardly wrong in not adopting the narrative, *in globo*, like previous writers; but I think the manners implied as existing, and the estimate of the people and hero, should not be so lightly disposed of. Rhianos, it is true, was not only an Alexandrian, but of the Alexandrian period of poetry,—the *æqualis mediocritas* of Quintilian (x. i. 54); still he was superior to his contemporaries in simplicity,—no mean merit in an age deprived of free institutions, and when all efforts, imaginative or other, were directed to refinements. Such would have been more appreciated by the learned, than the construction of incidents, the portraiture of character, or the excitement of the higher passions. What the poem of Rhianos may have been, we know not sufficiently, nor can we determine how much may have been borrowed from legendary sources, or how much invented. The same grace may be extended to him as to so many others. We must take him, at least as according with the general sense of antiquity.



Were it little else than an idealism upon some slender historical data, the sources of such an ideal would be still mysterious. No reference of the invention to any Hellenic school of mere writing will suffice. An Alexandrian origin explains it as little as a purely Hellenic one. Rhianos may have created or only suggested the ballads, or written the poem, on either of the Homeric theories. Aristomenes, from the hands simply of a Greek writer, will continue an enigma as a literary corruption perhaps, even still greater than as an historic reality. For every measure which he may give of a peculiar element in Greek character, he will serve either way. An age or community, which could imagine such a hero must have had in their *morale*, though so latent that it is scarcely perceptible in word or deed, some of these producing causes conspicuous in fullest day in the exploits and sentiments of the Messenian.

It were difficult, even if necessary, to defend oneself against these and similar reflections, in walking and sitting down amongst these ruins. They not only mark the position of a temple, but also command the panorama of the whole country, and, with it, as in an open but nobly illuminated volume, the history as well as the topography of the race. Ithome is an isolated or nearly isolated mountain, joined, it is true, to Eva by a narrow ridge, and both sloping gradually into the valley, on which was later built Messene, towards the west: on the east and north, however, it rises abruptly near the plain. To the north, and especially the north-east, Ithome is singularly bluff and precipitous. Below it, too, in both these directions,

the plain stretches out to the base of the great Taygetan range, which, though throwing off spurs from time to time, and thus forming a secondary line of declivities, does not on that account sensibly interfere with the uniformity of this extensive plateau. Nor is the view broken by any striking diversity. Hillocks abound from distance to distance, crowned by villages, each boasting a slight accompaniment of foliage. Two winding rivers are also noticeable. But, the two elements which chiefly go to make up the composition of the scene, are, a long stretching valley of varying breadth, with but second-rate cultivation compared to that of Sparta, and a lofty and broken range of dun-coloured mountains, constituting its wall, though with inferior vigour and grandeur—like Taygetus in the Lakonian territory. Thus a singular resemblance obtains between them, and we need not feel surprise that this great valley, showing much the same arrangement and nature as that of Sparta, should bear also the same name, or one tantamount to it,—the Lakos.\*

Upon this small theatre, or in its immediate vicinity, was enacted the largest portion, indeed all that is worth the name, of Messenian history: for, unlike other Hellenic communities, the Messenians were, if not strangled, at least disinherited and driven out of the paternal house almost at their birth. No time was allowed them to attain the virility of

\* "Εν τε οικήμασι καὶ λάκκοισι (Herod. vii. 119), tanks joined with οικήματα. In the Septuagint, λάκκος has the same meaning, and is also used for tombs: λάκκος, λάκος (לקק, lekee, to hold), signifies pit, cistern, pool, lake. (See Greek and English Lexicon, by Wright, 1851.)

other Greek populations, and they were refused all those chances of external distinction which fell to the lot of their rivals and oppressors. Messenia was blotted out of the map of Greece before she could carry arms into the districts even of the Peloponnesus. Her alliances extended hardly beyond her immediate neighbours. She had mourners, but no participators in her fall. The great plain is the famous Stenyklarian: it is the map, not in a model, but in nature, where we can follow Messenia in all her fortunes, adverse or favourable, until she finally disappears.

In looking, first to the north, stretches a great chain, separating Messenia from Arkadia. Between it and Ithome, run two or three tongues or ridges, of height inferior, but not unlike in character, and from behind one of which issues one branch of the river, that, again, joins another at the bridge of Mavrozumenos. Villages, here and there, stud these promontories, one of which may be fixed on as the site of Dorium. A gleam of the sea sparkles to the south of the mouth of the Neda. This great northern wall of mountains is the Lykæan range, behind which flows the Neda, rising near the base of its highest point, now named Tetrizi, a spot identified by Leake with Cerausium. Immediately beneath, on the Neda, is the modern village of Kakaletri, the site of the memorable fortress of Eira, the *pendant* to Ithome in the history of Messenia, closing the fourth Messenian war, as Ithome does the first. The Lykæan range joins the Taygetan at the north-east angle, where both bear the modern name of Makriplagi. Opposite Ithome, Taygetus pushes

forward a series of declivities or spurs, not dissimilar to those extending from the main chain to the west of Sparta. Here, they divide the Stenyklarian plain from the Messola, or lower Messenian plain, in the same way as the former divides the upper from the lower plain of Sparta. In the foldings of the higher points of Makriplagi, to the north-east of Ithome, Leake places Ampheia, the town where the iniquitous surprise and night seizure, so characteristic of Spartan morality and strategy, was the first blow struck in the struggle, of which the last was the extinction of the Messenians. That it was situated somewhere in that direction, being a peculiar fortress, there can be little doubt, though the precise spot may still be matter of discussion. Nearer to Ithome, and on one of those small eminences which stretch into the plain, Leake places the site of Andania, and, not far from it, the Carnasion and Œchalia, between the Amphitos and Charadros, before their junction with the Basiliko, or Mavrozumenos, at the bridge of that name. In Kiepert's map, Andania stands in the centre of the region as Aspytis, from the royal race of the Aspytidæ. Here was the royal residence, not far from the Amphitos, and possibly in the midst of a cluster of villages, one of which may have been that of Œchalia, existing before the Messenians were compelled to shut themselves up in Ithome. Just underneath may be descried the main branches of the Mavrozumenos, the one flowing from the north-west, from the Derwent Kokla, bearing in this course the modern name of Basiliko; the other the Amphitos, after its junction with the smaller stream, Charadros, and with the Leukasia, deriving from

Bogasi due north. The Basiliko, even before it receives these accessories, should be identified with the ancient Balyra, famous for the musical legend, which justifies the name by the tradition. The poet Thamyras, says the story, threw his lyre into the stream when struck with blindness for his arrogance to the Muses — one, perhaps, of many legends indicating the Doric passion for music.\* Stenyklarus was a town, as well as a plain, which succeeding to the honours of Andania, doubtless gave its name to the whole district. It is placed by Kiepert in this vicinity — again a type of the long prevalence of the Dorian village habitation and reluctance to be confined within a fortress, arising, on the other hand, from the peculiarity of life, wholly agricultural. The intervening line of hill-lock hides from view the district also of Thuria, the heads of the Pamisus and Kalamai: but the imagination will easily place in the recesses of the Taygetan frontier, the Temple and Temenos of Artemis Limnatis.

The eye, on turning south-west to the other side, looks down declivities less abrupt towards Mount Eva, a mountain interesting from its early connection with the worship of Bacchus, and joined by a narrow sharp-backed isthmus to Ithome. In the gradually sloping basin formed by the two mountains, lies the skeleton of the Theban-restored

\* Periodical musical games were celebrated on Mount Ithome (Paus. *Mess.* c. 33); and Fiedler mentions that “under the Turkish domination the Greeks celebrated yearly a dancing festival—Ithomæ—on mount Ithome, crowned with oleander instead of the oak-leaf which usually grows there.”—*Reise in Königreich Griechenland*, 1<sup>e</sup> Theil, p. 355.



city of Messene, shut in, as far as can be traced, by a circular wall, visible from time to time, and more distinctly marked by its towers. Within this frame, no prominent remains arrest the eye; though, here and there, fragments may be detected amidst groups of trees and rich vegetation. The two paltry villages of Mavromati on one side, and Simissa on the other, are the successors to its glory. Beyond, until the eye reaches the sea, stretches the magnificent plain, covered with culture of all kinds, still meriting, notwithstanding the multitudinous adversities through which it has passed, its enviable title of *Μακάρα*, or the "blessed." In this wide-spreading garden will be found the half-hidden Nisi; Andrussa, at the foot nearly of Mount Eva; the broader stream of the Pamisus, called by the peasantry after its junction with the Balyra, Dipotamo, or the "double river;" Kalamai, the ancient *Κάλαμαι*; and groups of hamlet-looking houses, from time to time created as required by the progress of cultivation. The horizon is bordered by a bit of deep-blue sea, the Taygetan line on the left, and the Capo Gallo mountain and promontory on the other.

Turning west, the nearest range is Kondovuni, which encloses the site of Messene: but beyond this again, is the longer and more important line of Mount Ægelion, separating by a considerable elevation the whole district up to Kyparissia or Arkadia. That place is situated at the point, where the coast recedes a little; and it so continues to recede, until it reaches the mouth of the Neda. A large portion is diversified, not so much by timber as by brushwood and low plantation, particularly to the west and north. No large forests are dis-

cernible : but much is seen of that description of wood which evidences at least fertility of soil, population, and, more or less, an amount of industry. This is designated Hyameia, in Leake's map ; \* but Kiepert places that district on the east coast of the promontory, which terminates in Capo Gallo.†

The evening had advanced, but, before descending, I examined the geological character of the mountain. It is 811 French mètres, or 2,497 Parisian feet high, according to the measurement of the French Expedition ; the east and north-eastern sides, as above stated, are precipitous and almost perpendicular ; the west sloping, forms above a sort of table-

\* *Travels in the Morea*, vol. i.

† These divisions, like so many others, are still subjects of controversy. The French savants hold that few places would so much reward research as Messenia. The names of the five districts traced out by Cresphontes, in accordance with the division of Lakonia into six by Eurysthenes and Procles, are not easy to collocate, much less to define. Of those mentioned by Strabo and Steph. Byz., Pylus, Stenyklarus, and Rhium, only are ascertained. Messola and Hyameia are still in a wandering state. The resemblance between Lakonia and Messenia in this respect did not go farther. Their conditions differed. The Achæans in Lakonia were in much smaller number, and showed a far more considerable immixture of the Phœnician element ; the line of separation between the two races, the camp and the town, was kept up with greater strictness and permanency, ending not by incorporation, but in slavery or expulsion. In Messenia, the Achæans were in a position to hold a large portion of the land and all the coast, besides fastnesses in the mountains, and the great sanctuaries of the country. Cresphontes too had entered on his power with the stain of an usurpation. His object was to conciliate and amalgamate. These divisions not being carried out on the Lakonian principle of Perioikism and Helotism, were hardly successful, and he collected the inhabitants, as Theseus did in Attica, into the encampment of Stenyklarus, which he tried to convert into a city. He there built a palace ; but the scheme ended in his death and causes of discord, and his dynasty was finally extinguished by the Messenian war.

land or platform. It is chiefly composed of brown-red gravelly stone, in strata from 1 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick, with green yellowish streaks, in broken surface, and sometimes with similar veins running through the general mass internally. Upon this lies, in a thick bed, the common yellowish-white limestone. The first of these strata is much broken and disturbed, in the manner of jasper. It is more particularly striking on that part of the summit where the convent is built, and where are exhibited very thin flaky strata, greatly undulated, and at the same time smooth, soft, close, and brittle. Other such strata may be observed in Pentelicus, and Atkinson notices an instance of this description, in particular of jasper and limestone,—of which he gives a wood engraving in his “Travels in Siberia,”—on the river Tehoussowai, in the Oural, where it makes a tolerably acute arch. This feature is not confined to Ithome, but is found elsewhere in the neighbouring mountains, especially to the north. In their lower declivities they are all of limestone. They might furnish stones for lithographic purposes, but it is not easy to obtain them sufficiently free from defect. In other parts of Grece the same formation is seen. These dislocations are referable either to earthquakes, volcanoes, or to volcanic action at least, and are met with quite as commonly in calcareous as in granitic formations. The character of Mount Ithome may be ascribed to the latter. Perhaps some tradition of the kind, or the shape of the mountain itself, of which the isthmus-like ridge between it and Mount Eva suggests the idea of the walls of a crater, may have caused or justified its present name,

Vurkano; the Greek orthography, in itself, looking like a corruption of "volcano," an interchange of *r* for *l*, and *vice versâ*, being common in all Italian dialects. The character of the summit, in reference to the other portions of the mountain and the subjacent valley, became more striking as we descended, and showed how well fitted it was for an akropolis or a sanctuary to Zeus.

Returning by the same ledge of path along which we had ascended, the convent soon appeared in view, its red roofs and cupola set off with much effect by the cluster of surrounding cypresses. Dinner was quickly served, in the temporary room, built up by Dimitri in our absence, with the aid of canvas, in the gallery above, a protection we found very necessary against the sharp evening wind, which blew down the mountain.

Our rooms had also been put in order, and the day of active work we had spent made a prospect of rest welcome. My cell lay at the end of a stone corridor, of the rudest and roughest construction. It was one of the chief cells of the place, spacious for a cœnobite, airy and tolerably clean. His bed was formed by a coverlet on a plain bench, which answered also for a sort of press or cupboard. A small shelf contained a few books, and on the table I found, with other articles, a newspaper of the locality,—*ἡ Μεσσηνία*. The books indicated attention to the study of church music. Amongst others I noticed some *ἀκολούθια*, but particularly the *Πανδώρα* of 1843, published at Constantinople, by the labour of Peter the Peloponnesian, and afterwards embellished or improved (*καλλωπισθεῖσα*) by Joannes

Lampadares. The curious feature of this work was the application of Greek or Turkish music (these last words would open a large field of discussion) to other than religious or liturgical uses. It contains a pretty large assortment of ordinary Greek poetry, set to these airs. Greek music is in some way a speciality of the Peloponnesus in general. Almost all late cultivation, encouragement, and reform, have come from that quarter. The islands are italianized, and the rest of Greece shows only a clumsy corruption, without ear or feeling, of the latest Turkish, avowed in the first word, "amaum," or "mercy," with which their singing efforts invariably commence. All around was soon still, except in an adjoining cell inhabited by a brother of the convent. I opened the unpainted shutter, — glass there was none—gazed on the plain of Stenyklarus for an instant, and, extinguishing the brazen lamp—an importation from Italy—retired to rest for the night.

*May 16.*—Astir at an early hour, and speedily despatching breakfast, I hastened, by the same road we descended yesterday, to the ridge, and, passing on, continued in a westerly direction. The ladies, and remainder of the party, were to follow a little later. After an hour's ride down the declivity, through ill-cultivated fields, I reached the miserable village of Mavromati. On my way, peasants and women brought me coins, which, curiously enough, they called *ἀγάλματα*. Almost all were bronze, and of the common Byzantine period. One small silver specimen I purchased, on account of its Theban shield. Passing by some scattered houses, which form outskirts of the village, I rode



down to the best-preserved portion of the wall, towards the north-west, to that point where stands the gate known as the "Arkadian," or the "Megalopolitan." The whole of the intervening space is thickly covered with the usual underwood, through whose sharp and perennial green the grey hue of the walls is traceable. They run along the rere of the ridge, already mentioned as connecting the two hills Ithome and Eva, including the former within their circuit, and continue round towards the north, first descending into the hollow, then ascending the opposite hill, and following its declivities, continuing along the base of Mount Eva—the mountain itself being excluded—towards the centre of the valley. The general form is thus circular, like that of Megalopolis, and later of Sparta, enclosing in its circumference the valley shut in by Ithome, Eva, and Kondovuni, but open on the remaining, or south side, towards the sea.

This seems more or less the tendency of all late cities. While retaining, in part or whole, the old Akropolis or fortress, they spread out, for greater social or agricultural convenience, towards the country at its base.\* The purposes of war, how-

\* Some Etruscan cities make exception to a rule, at once Hellenic and feudal. In a few cases they are placed, citadel and town, on an elevated platform, as at Fiesoli, Toscanello, and various others. The precipitous rock forms a portion of the defence, and is used as a wall. In fact they may be looked on as cities remaining in the stage of akropolis, but the akropolis generally tabular, either by nature or art, and of much greater extent than in Greece. Many of these towns have continued stationary : perhaps on that very ground, and from an inadequate supply of water — though great efforts have been made, as at Orvieto, to

ever, were not disregarded, lines of wall being erected, defended by irregular projections and towers, which were sometimes, as at Eleutheræ, Phyle, and especially at Messene, of very elaborate construction. The exclusion of Eva may be a matter of some surprise, as it commands a considerable portion of the lower city, and is scarcely inferior in height to Ithome; and, though this might not be of the same consequence in ancient warfare, it was not a matter altogether of indifference to their military engineers. Expense and distance seem to have been the influencing causes. It was not until a late period that even the Museion Hill was included within the walls of Athens, and then only half of it, while Lycabettus always remained without. On the other side, two opposite and neighbouring hills, each boasting an akropolis, are comprehended within the enclosure of Megara. The expense is not to be limited to the mere building of walls, nor even to their maintenance in good repair. The larger the sweep of the defences, the greater the demand for defenders, and, generally speaking, the greater the expenditure, and the weaker the defence. The neglect of this first principle is conspicuous in more than one ancient siege, and, in modern history, in Greece itself, no more striking example can be found than that of Psarra. Had that brave little community com-

supply the want—the necessity of extending their habitations has not been felt. Sometimes the offshoots have been sent to a distance, and created new towns. As a general rule, however, the fortress continues above, and the town extends below, as at Patras, Corinth, and Livadea. Thebes and Delphi are again exceptions. They have been perversely allowed to rebuild the modern habitations on the old site, and are all pitched on their Akropolis.

pressed their fortifications, and concentrated their strength, they might have resisted their assailants sufficiently long to receive the succour they expected under Miaulis and Saktouri, and probably have survived.

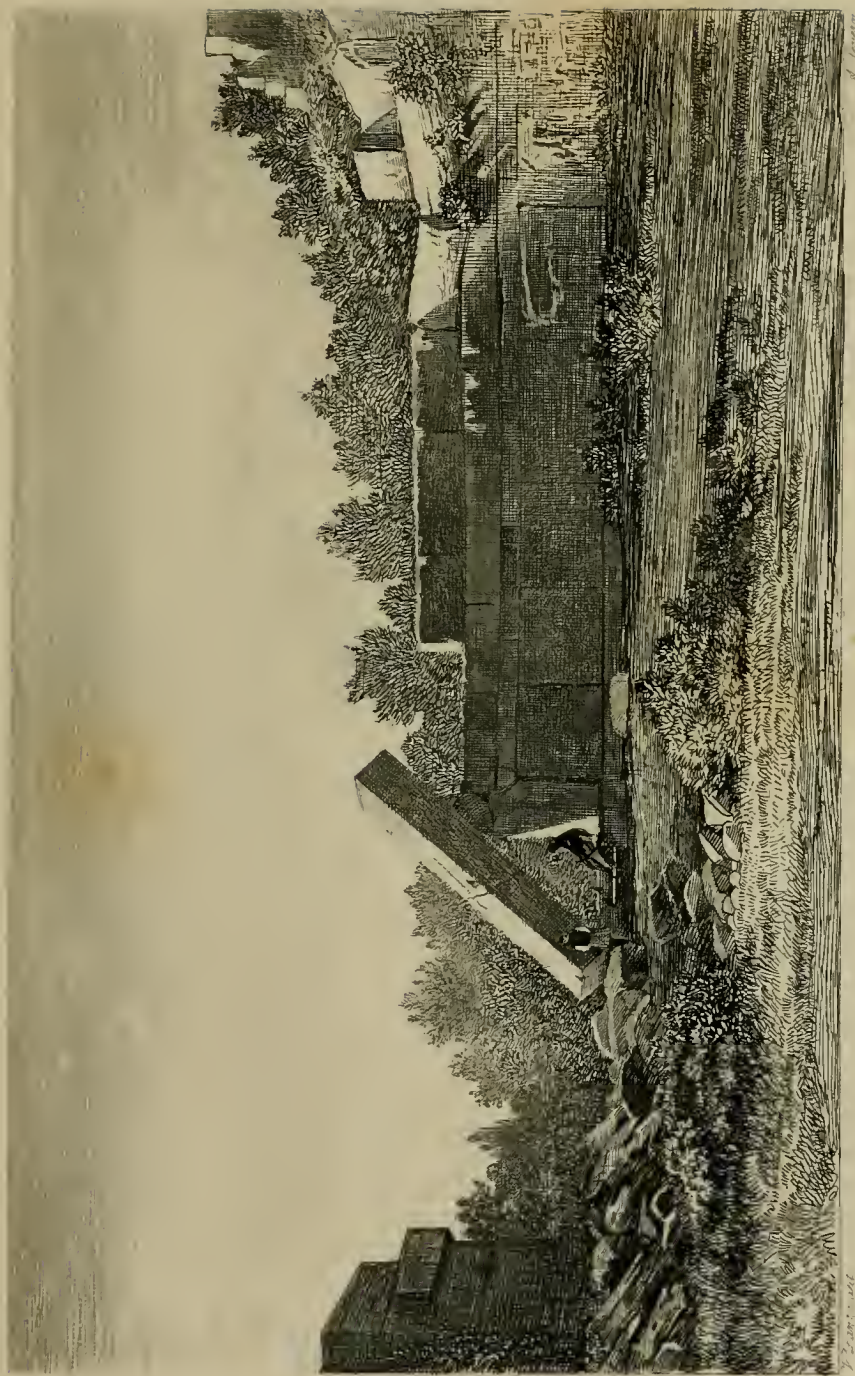
The walls of Messene were objects of admiration to their contemporaries, and, as might be supposed, to the weaker and ruder generations which followed. Pausanias, in rather extravagant terms, speaks not of their beauty only, but of their strength. The strength must depend upon their precision and mass; yet in these particulars they were not superior to a great number of Hellenic and Etruscan cities, of which Magna Græcia, Sicily, and Tuscany, to say nothing of Asia Minor, furnish numerous instances. He seems much struck, too, by the rapidity with which they were built. The term—"following days"—would, indeed, be marvellous, if applicable to the entire construction: but, from the foregoing notice of the collection of materials, this phrase is limited presumably to the collocation of blocks in their places,—of those prepared on the spot and in readiness some time previously; so that, correctly speaking, it might be taken as the raising or building up only of the wall. The magnificence of the other structures—I will not say in their ruins, but in the pages of Pausanias—does not lead to the impression that any extraordinary wealth or power was exhibited: but it must be remembered that the age and the man to whom they were indebted for their erection, were military more than artistic, and that the occasion was such as to lead, in that direction, solely to the outlay of whatever means were within their reach.

As specimens, then, of military construction, strictly such, without regarding engineering or fortification merits, these walls are of great interest; and I approached them with the admiration, and, I may add, the surprise I have always felt for the punctilious expenditure of care and labour which the ancients seem generally to have spent on works of the kind. After groping through some tangled by-paths, parallel to the north wall, I found myself at the celebrated gate, "the Megalopolitan."

Pausanias, in his description of the city, designates this gate as the way leading to Megalopolis, but uses the word in the plural. ἴοντι δὲ τὴν ἐπ' Ἀρκαδίας εἰς Μεγάλην πόλιν ἐστὶν ἐν ταῖς πύλαις Ἐγμῆς τέχνης τῆς Ἀττικῆς,\* which well determines the nature of its construction. It formed, in fact, a circle with double gates, one leading to the town, the other to the country. The road to the country passing through a hollow, now rich in a luxuriant growth of corn, descends to the bridge of Mavrozumenos, branching out later, or rather crossed by a line on the right, over the plain to the Derwent of Makryplagi, and thence on to Megalopolis. The other to the left leads to Arkadia and Pyrgo, by what appears in Leake's map, as the Derwent, or Pass of Kokla. Standing in the valley on a line with the southern entrance, and the road passing through the centre of the city, this gate must have been, from its situation and direction, by far the most important entrance. Well preserved as to general plan, it is the most remarkable specimen of the sort in Greece, though inferior in artistic

\* Paus. *Mess.* c. 33, 4.



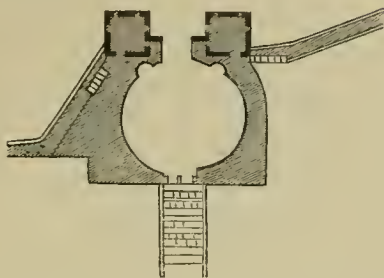


MEGALOPOLITAN GATE.  
MESSENIA





and archæological interest to the Gate of the Lions at Mycenæ.



This circular building, forming in itself a small hold, was, like other Dipylæ, adapted to peace or war. It answered for the repose of travellers, the sale of goods, the assemblage of neighbours, and the arranging of troops before a sortie.\* Its diameter is sixty-four feet; the original height is difficult to determine; but we may presume that it reached at least the top of the wall, and was hypæthral. Leake considers this gate "one of the finest specimens of Greek military architecture in existence."†

About nine courses still remain in some parts, though in others they are much ruined. These courses, though not altogether uniform, are composed of large blocks, of the most careful horizontal construction, without any intermixture of rubble

\* In this manner side benches and recesses are still used at the entrance of many towns. They are to be met with especially in the porches of all Greek convents, and even in the smallest churches. I saw them applied to the purposes of a court of justice at Gaza, in Palestine. This, however, has never been the practice in Greece. The Gate is still, in many parts of the East, the Place of Judgment, in true Scriptural fashion: "When his people shall speak well of him in the gate."

† *Travels in the Morea*, vol. i. p. 372.

or cement. The basement is divided from the upper portion by what is intended to answer for a fascia, formed by a projecting course lower than the others. The basement blocks are considerably larger, being  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet long, and about half that in height. The country gate has two flanking square towers, entered from the inner side, distant from each other 33 feet, and leaving about one-half, or 15 feet, as the breadth of the gate between them. This arrangement, a considerable departure from what was usual in the earlier Greek works, seems to have been adhered to in the later Greek and Roman, and to have come down to us through the Middle Ages. Flanking towers are to be found in most of the temple strongholds of Egypt, and in the feudal castle and modern fortress even of our own day.\* Here they are distinct, though not separate buildings, and of the usual Hellenic form and masonry. These towers have four narrow windows, like loopholes, opening inwards, and two entrances, one towards the gate, the other towards the wall. The space between the north-west wall and the gate is solid, but naturally enough of less accurate workmanship than the towers and outward wall. Immediately on entering, two niches are seen in the wall, right and left. That on the right is nearly destroyed. I got up into the one on the left, which is perfectly preserved. It follows the curve of the wall ex-

\* In the early fortifications, the gate was usually placed sideways, so as to protect the unshielded side of the passers in and out from the external enemy. In some cases this rule was departed from, and flanking towers substituted. The gates of temples in Egypt were protected by Piloni.

ternally, and is not arched. In one is a slab fitting, which, not filling up the whole space, was clearly intended to leave sufficient room for two similar slabs at the sides. The surmounting entablature is formed of a ledge, with two fasciæ below. The inscription, describing Quintus Plotius Euphemion as the restorer, I did not find, though even Curtius mentions having seen it. The vigour of the vegetation, here unusually strong, has worked as much as Turk and Greek combined, in loosening and ruining the walls. The Director of Antiquities has, more than once, called the attention of the Nomarch to these injuries, annually increasing; and M. Kalisperi, who lately held that office, caused large masses of wood to be cut down; but he was removed before he could complete the task. Nature is again at its work. I saw a large fig-tree with its spreading roots, gradually but surely splitting the wall of the circle, yet tolerably perfect on the left. The great beam of stone, which, after the manner of the propylæa, crossed the immediate gateway into the city, has fallen down, and forms the characteristic feature of the scene. It is about 19 feet long, showing a slight break in the middle, but otherwise entire, and, resting with one end on that side of the gate or entrance, is still in good preservation. The fracture was occasioned no doubt by its fall. It is quite plain, without ornament or inscription. A small channel appears to have been intended to let the water run off, so as not to interfere with the pavement road, leading by a gradual descent into the city, and of which a considerable portion, about 30 to 40 feet, is yet visible. It consists of irregular

*laestre*, not unlike the Appian and other Roman and Hellenic roads, and probably was one of the great thoroughfares: the breadth is sufficient for this purpose, but, as usual in most ancient cities, especially in cases of descents, it is not quite straight.

The ladies having joined me, we proceeded to examine more in detail the best-preserved piece of wall, in the vicinity of the Gate. Climbing the eminence to the left, a striking view disclosed itself of the more gentle side of Ithome, which is covered with brushwood at its base, where it slopes towards the city, and where we could trace the wall very distinctly, until it meets the line along the back part connecting with Mount Eva. On this, the western side, the wall has suffered much injury, and soon disappears, in field and foliage. Taking the other line to the east, we found it well preserved, and probably of its original size, but very perceptibly leaning outward, in some places, from its perpendicular. This may be the effect of earthquakes, or it may be caused by a neglect of water-courses near its foundation. The first towers, close to the Gate, are in a good state, and give a clear idea of these kinds of structures in Greek fortification. The gate, or doorway, is on the second story, some way from the ground, and is entered by a passage along the wall, accessible by staircase or steps from below. The doorway is very narrow, and crossed by a single stone. The interior of the tower contains only one chamber, nearly square, the walls being rather high and irregular, compared to the exterior, with windows splayed off on the outer side, at a con-



siderable angle, and about two courses high, intended, no doubt, to leave free play for the bowmen within, whilst affording them protection from arrows or other weapons without. There may have been a second story, though more probably only a roof, as the places for the rafters remain. These towers, placed at regular distances, projected sufficiently to command with arrows the intervening spaces; and the battlements above afforded similar opportunities, as well as for the throwing of missiles, hot lead, oil, or other weapons of defence. None of the battlements, however, are now observable.

Proceeding thence towards the village, and its scattered huts, we reached substructions and other remains, which are worthy of notice solely from the clues they furnish to the topography of the place. We advanced as far as the last, or most southerly, returning again to the northward. The first we noticed, close to what may have been the line of the wall, extending also on the other side, were remnants of what probably had been tombs. Some bas-reliefs found amongst them, exhibited subjects of the hunt, such as the pursuit of wild beasts. These bas-reliefs were coarse and clumsy, and belonged to a Roman-Greek period of art. A fragment of wall is detected near: and, adjoining, is the clearly-marked plan, with considerable remains of the Stadium—one of the most complex in Greece. It forms a longitudinal hollow, flanked on either side by rows of seats divided by diasoma, fifteen in each of the two divisions, but not perfectly parallel, and the western diverging at a considerable angle. The Stadium at the lower

end terminates at the town wall, upon which it abuts irregularly. The upper part, instead of being merely curved, sinks into a deep arched form, considerably more than half a circle, having several rows of seats, but probably without diasoma. The greater part seems to have been enclosed by a wall, within which was a row of small pillars. These, if covered in, in all likelihood formed a stoa, to which the spectators could retreat in case of rain. The absence of *velaminia* rendered such a precaution generally essential in Greece. At the back of the curve were two other rows of pillars, the central one larger than the other two; thus making a triple line flanked by a small portion of wall, and constituting a sort of propylæa. Singularly enough, nothing appears to have corresponded to this at the opposite extremity, though it can hardly be supposed the Stadium abutted thus roughly on the town wall. Along the western side also, the row of pillars, as well as the wall which they follow, turns off abruptly. Doors or gates occur at sufficient intervals, usually supported, propylæa-wise, by three or four pillars. A small rivulet runs through the Stadium, as at Athens: whether there originally, or conducted thither intentionally for purposes of Naumachia entertainments, is uncertain. I found eight or nine of the seats in the upper portion and several pillars in preservation: the whole very small and meagre. Portions also of the entablature, especially the frieze, lie about, each piece generally containing two triglyphs and two metopes. They do not retreat sufficiently to allow of sculpture. Perhaps,

as Curtius surmises, they may have been painted.\* Though the view of the valley to the south is now magnificent, it must, contrary to Greek habit, have been formerly shut out from this spot by the city wall.

Adjoining the Stadium to the south, and encroaching on its wall, are traces of a small Hieron. This Hieron was apparently of greater antiquity than the Epaminondas Messene: for, not only the Stadium, but the city wall recedes from it. The arrangement too was singular, the cella being very small, and the two antæ expanding to allow place for two pillars. The enclosing wall seems to take the same form as the Hieron itself. These hiera, in the neighbourhood of stadia and gymnasia, were not uncommon, as may be seen by the description of those near the Gymnasium of Elis in Pausanias.† They were even more frequent, near the Agora. Where *ἱερὰ* were not erected, *βωμοὶ* were usually found, as at Sparta, or statues (*ἀγάλματα*), arising out of local traditions directly connected with the spot, or with the purposes to which the place was applied. At some periods these sites were considered the most appropriate for statues commemo-

\* Curtius, *Pelop.* b. ii. p. 144.

Painting very frequently does the work of sculpture in early architecture, particularly in ornamentation, and was retained from motives of economy. The climate of Greece is favourable for outdoor decoration, though not to the extent one would think. The influence of tradition and example also had its effect. Egyptian temple-painting, however, had a different origin, being as much symbolism as figure. The early Greek comes rather from Asia than from Egypt.

† Paus. *Elis*, i. 2, c. 23.

rative of public services. The statue of Aratus was placed near the Theatre of Sicyon; that of Regella, close to the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, whilst his tomb stood beside the Stadium at Athens.

In walking along the brook towards the village, on the declivity are considerable remains of a temple-cella. The courses are regular, and indicate later Greek masonry, of a lower date even than the majority of the other buildings, especially of the walls. They possess a peculiarity, I have only seen in one or two places in Greece, but which is not uncommon even in the most finished architecture of Rome—the swelling outwards of the lines, forming each course. This is bearable in any single line, but becomes particularly offensive when seen in a mass in profile, thus:—



and is additionally objectionable, when viewed with the fantastic bevelling of the joinings, all indicative of degeneracy.\* The execution is better than the design. Some fragments of columns lie on the

\* This taste, like all exaggerations, is a sure sign of corruption, and of corrupting art. Curtius likens these to beams of wood, and imagines that the fashion was intended to express strength.—(*Pelop.* b. ii. pp. 143, 144.) More probably, it was a mere architectural freak. We see similar tricks played with the echinus even in Greece, a greater curve or other deviation from the perfection of the Parthenon model—the admirable intermediate between all. So also, with no excuse, is the architrave of the Corinthian entablature of the Antonine period an exaggeration,—possibly an extravagant application of the theory of curved lines.

ground; but, like all those of Messene, the Doric is of meagre and petty proportion and effect.

Somewhat higher up, on the opposite and steeper side of the brook, and on the slope of a small rocky ascent, towards the north-west of the temple just noticed, are the well-preserved remains of a theatre. Its extremely small proportions, not measuring more than sixty feet diameter, in such a city as Messene, would suggest the belief that it was only one, and perhaps one of the most inferior, of those existing here in ancient times. A large portion of the seats can yet be seen, low, small, rough, and overgrown with brushwood. No part of a *scene* is visible; but, behind, some ruins of a gate, with steps, an approach probably to the upper part of the theatre, have been discovered by the French. Other fragments, of which little can be made, lie about. The theatre looks towards the sea, and commands a noble view of the "Blessed Valley" and lower part of the town. Though situated in the interior, it must, from the lowness of the city walls, have enjoyed this advantage of old.

A few minutes took us, from this point to the village,—if so rambling and ragged a group of houses can be dignified by that name. Preparations were going forward there for a rustic wedding. It had begun nearly a week ago, and was not to be over for another, according to the long-established custom of Hellenic marriages. The bridegroom was a Mavromatiote, the bride from the sister village Simissa, under Mount Eva, both well-to-do in the Demos, though without pretension in the matter of house or establishment.

Shortly after our arrival, wild discharges of



loaded musketry signalled the approach of the bride and her family to the bridegroom's house, before which the little yard was filled with all the decent population of the place. We took up our position in flank. The bride soon appeared, with a strong escort of fustinella friends, all armed. She was mounted, cavalier-fashion, on a strong horse, and carried before her, at the saddle-bow, a gigantic circular loaf. The usual Greek fez, intertwined with her hair; the Greek tight embroidered jacket, and a brilliant puce-coloured skirt, completing her costume. On arriving at the entrance of the court, she stopped suddenly in front of her future dwelling, and dividing the loaf into four parts, cast them to the four sides or points of the compass, thus symbolizing the duties of charity.\* In like manner, taking a small jar of water, she poured it out on either side, and finally over her head. A laugh was raised, by her dexterously flinging a good quantity towards our group; this being permitted and expected from her when strangers happen to be present. She then dismounted, and entered the house. Shortly after, the dance or *χορός* began, in which she and the girls of the village bore their share, in presence of the Papas and the Palikari relatives and spectators. The small court of the house, already mentioned, was selected for the scene. The whole was conducted with imperturbable gravity and sobriety, provoking no unrestrained laughter, wild antics, or other explosions of mirth, such as might be looked for on so exciting an occa-

\* This is in accord with the old sentiment of the East:—"She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor."—Prov. xxxi. 20.

sion. The dance over, the bride, accompanied by the bridegroom and friends, went round with a plate and collected presents from the company. She was in great good fortune, for we mustered six or seven from the ship, headed by Captain Craigie, besides our own party, each of whom contributed various liberal sums, which elicited many compliments and thanks.

We left this party to continue their amusements, and withdrew to the dinner Dimitri had prepared under a large spreading walnut-tree. It was nearly as picturesque as our repast at Parachori. The table, if such it can be called, was a bed of leaves freshly gathered, studded with fine large oranges just plucked and cast profusely amid the green table-folds. We sat around or rather lay, after the manner of the ancients, listening to the birds above, and to the murmuring waters of the brook running at our side from the Mavromati fountain below. Our dinner was equally characteristic. The first dish was more classical than inviting, consisting of a rod or spit covered with twisted entrails and scraps of meat wreathed round and broiled at a wood fire of arbutus, prepared after Homeric receipt and tradition: then came a lamb roasted whole, on a spit of thyme-wood, after the manner of the Palikaris: finally, fruit in abundance, cheese, and wine of the country, which, however, did not add much to the celebrity of the ancient divinity of the place, and made us rejoice that we had brought a provision of other wine with us.

The village is not often vouchsafed such visits from strangers, and the greater part of its population, notwithstanding the attractions of the wedding,

honoured us with their company, by ranging themselves in a circle under the boughs of the spreading tree during our dinner. Unpleasant though the inspection, it would have been cruel altogether to deny them this gratification, and we consoled ourselves by the picturesque effect they unconsciously added to the scene.

After a second exploration of the lower part of the town, embracing most of the remains already noticed, I made a *détour* alone through the village along the lower ridges of Ithome, and at length reached the fountain Mavromati, whence the place derives its name. Mavromati, literally black eyes, is an Orientalism: but it harmonizes with Homeric traditions. The Arab *ain*—an “eye,” also signifies a well or a fountain; whilst *black*, in itself, is Homeric—*μελάνυδρος*)—as applied to fresh cool water, such as exists in countless springs in the northern parts of Greece—*μάβι* or *μάτι*, contraction for *ὀμμάτιον*, plural *ὀμμάτια*, being the usual modern appellation for eyes, instead of *ὀμματα*. Perhaps also the dark retirement of this particular spot may have produced its name. The water gushes from the hill-side, here faced with apolygonal wall of some extent, the layer and angles of the masonry placing it in the third rank or category of the polygonal. This of itself marks an antiquity much beyond the Theban restoration, and together with its situation, in connection with the hill, would justify its being comprehended in the ancient citadel or suburb of Ithome. The wall, as in the instance of the Arkadian gate, is considerably broken down by the vigorous vegetation and trees above. A good stream issues from the rock, especially in the wet season;

whilst, in the drier months, a pipe affords enough for general use. The water falls into a small basin, strewn with square stones and fragments of columns, now heaped together by the inhabitants into a dry pathway to the stream. These pillars may have been brought hither from other parts, otherwise they might be assumed to belong to some hieron, referable to the nymphs of the fountain.

The Cyclopic walls are apparently of an earlier construction, but no steady reliance should be placed on such appearances, so rude, at least in Greece. The peasantry still follow somewhat of the same style of masonry to the present day, partly from tradition and partly from the shapes of the stones themselves in their natural state.

Whilst I was sketching, a Papas or two approached the fountain, and then a group of girls came for their evening supply. They did not confirm the general reputation for beauty maintained by Messenia, as well as by Lakonia and Bœotia. The same remark is applicable, with scarcely an exception, to the other villagers, who for the most part looked sickly and pale. The first time I visited Messene, I remember being struck by the contrary. The Greek type, was then clearly distinguishable; and a group I then saw at the same fountain, would have furnished models of the grandest Greek beauty for half the *ateliers* in Rome.

It is this stream which supplies the brook running down from the village through the Stadium. What must it be called, — the Klepsydra or the Arsinoc? or do these two names belong to the same

waters? The notice in Pausanias is meagre, and may answer either to this spring or the one observed higher up the mountain on our way to the summit.\* “Going to the summit of Ithome, which is the Citadel or Akropolis of the Messenians, we meet with the spring— $\pi\eta\gamma\gamma\eta$ —Klepsydra.”† Arsinoe, on the other side, was a fountain in the Agora. The Agora appears to have been in the low rectangular ground below, where the Theatre, the Stadium, and other buildings of sacred or civil note, were aggregated, and of which the Arsinoe was a chief

\* Kiepert, in his small plan (*Ruinen von Messenien*, p. ix.), identifies the Mavromati fountain with the Klepsydra of Pausanias (No. 11), and places the Arsinoe lower down, connecting it with the stream flowing near the Theatre. But he makes it a separate spring (No. 10), instead of taking it for what it really is—the stream flowing from Mavromati. The ruins immediately near are supposed by Kiepert to be those of the Agora and the large temple, mentioned by Pausanias under the name of the Hierothysion. These sites being admitted—no improbability on the whole,—the Arsinoe is rightly placed. Curtius, on the contrary (*Pelop.* s. 147, 191), sees, under the small temple discovered by Le Bas, remains of a building from which the well-waters issued to form the Arsinoe. Fischer, however, says there are no traces of communication by pipe: and he continues, “at all events, it is too far to the east, to answer for an offshoot of the Klepsydra to the Arsinoe.” He might have added, that it would not correspond with the Agora, where the Arsinoe certainly was placed, in the rectangle below, close to the Stadium and Theatre. It is remarkable, that these three fountains were outside the precincts of the later Akropolis. Possibly, however, one at least may have been included, and the earlier Klepsydra indicates a secret communication. That of Athens is an example,—the fountain in the Akropolis, which supplied water to the Tower of the Winds. The name in this instance, it is true, is presumed to designate its use for the “water-clock”: but at Messene, such reason did not exist. Nor would this absence of pipes invalidate its right to the name or site, though the present channel be the winding ravine or brook.

† Paus. *Mess.* c. 33.



ornament. The stream, as already stated, flows from the Mavromati fountain through this ground at will, and may originally have been confined by a channel or pipes. The name of Klepsydra, as at Athens, belonged possibly to the spring and canal until it reached the Agora, where, collected into a fountain, it was dedicated to Arsinoe, the mother of Æsculapios. Æsculapios was in special manner a Messenian deity, and of note in the mythic history of Messenia. The upper fountain might thus have remained without a name: but this would be a remarkable circumstance, for it is hardly possible that in such a site it should have been unknown or unappreciated by the ancients.

On leaving the fountain Mavromati, a Papas of the village took me to a church situated immediately above, and containing remains of old buildings. He then conducted me to his house, to look at some inscriptions and fragments he had collected in the neighbourhood. The sculpture was coarse and recent, and there was nothing worth notice, except a small flat stone showing a hand, and the words

ΔΑΜΑΤΡΙΟΣ ΕΠΙΓΕ  
ΝΕΙΑΑΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

which mark how long the Doric dialect, for the purity and retention of which the Messenians became celebrated, was retained in this district.

The priest was extremely civil, and asked me to sit down: but time pressed, as our friends, Captain Craigie and his officers, had to return to their ship, and it was already past three o'clock. The house was of two stories, comfortable enough, and fur-

nished with divans and a few books. Thanking the Papas, I at once joined our party, who were meanwhile waiting for me ready mounted near the fountain. A few minutes saw us *en route* by a splendid evening sun, riding over the ridge which unites Ithome and Eva.

The remainder of the walls, as already noticed, are traceable down the side of Mount Eva,—the greater part of which, however, lies outside their line,—and then across the valley, passing near the spot where tombs and bas-reliefs have been discovered. The walls then follow the lower declivities on the opposite side, joining the Arkadian Gate. On the heights, they are in tolerable preservation, few disturbing causes save earthquakes occurring in that direction to injure them. In the valley, the process of village-building and cultivation has interfered. Next to the Arkadian, the Lakonian Gate ranks in point of preservation and importance. It stands midway on the saddle between Ithome and Eva, and, like the Arkadian, seems to have been a fort as well as a gate. Mount Eva itself was too extensive for enclosure, and apparently did not even possess an akropolis.

In about an hour, we re-entered the convent of Monte Vurkano. The Vice-Consul and the officers rested but a moment: wishing us “safe return” from the wild regions now before us, they started again for Kalamata, which place, by urging their steeds across the plain, they hoped to reach before dark. We thus found our party reduced to its original proportions, and we all sat down to look over our books and prepare seriously for the rougher portion of our tour.

## CHAPTER IX.

## UPPER MESSENA AND THE STENYKLARIAN PLAIN.

*May 17.* — Breakfast being over at early hour, and whilst Dimitri's packing operations were going forward, we made a minute inspection of the church and convent. They are built probably of fragments of ancient structures, yet strictly in the customary character of these monastic institutions.\* Bidding

\* Sir Thomas Wyse, having on this occasion expressed himself strongly upon the wretched accommodation and the dilapidated condition of the buildings, the monks eagerly assured him that it arose from no fault of theirs. What funds they had were wholly under Government control, whilst all their appeals for assistance remained unheeded by the authorities; and it was not without the utmost difficulty they could obtain even the smallest sum for repairs. The monks added, that it would be the greatest benefit conferred on their establishment, if, on his return to Athens, he would inform the Greek minister of the miserable state they were in. This Sir T. Wyse accordingly did: but his remonstrance, though couched in the gentlest terms, eliciting no response, he concluded he had spoken in vain. The following spring, however, a party of English tourists stopping at the same convent, the monks showed them many late additions and improvements, and requested they would present the cordial thanks of the brethren to the British Minister for the change his influence had effected. It appeared, the monks had first received an angry rebuke from head-quarters, for having spoken on the subject to Sir T. Wyse: but this seeming discomfiture fell harmless, as it was followed shortly after by a considerable sum of money, and by an order to execute the repairs and improvements they so much required for their own comfort and that of their guests. Their only wish then

farewell to the monks, red cupola, and dark cypresses, we rode slowly down the steep craggy descent to the underlying Stenyklarian plain.\* Wending to the north-west by many a zigzag path, the rugged and precipitous sides of Ithome on our left, and the tortuous, sluggish, but sufficiently deep Mavrozumenos to our right, we proceeded towards the villages scattered over the upper part of this great central bed of Messenia.

By degrees Ithome advancing hid the foldings

was, that Sir T. Wyse might return to see the important alterations. This is only one of many proofs the Greek people are continually giving of their willingness for progress, and of their appreciation of the slightest encouragement afforded them. It likewise brings out very forcibly, how far inertness and apathy on the part of the central authorities tend to paralyse the most energetic local efforts. The sacrifice of everything to intrigue and place-hunting is universal throughout the country, but especially at Athens itself. Yet, the sensitiveness displayed by these same authorities to the observations of foreigners, and above all English foreigners, is as certain as it is curious. The tour of a British minister—one who naturally keeps his eyes and ears open—causes them much uneasiness at all times. Sir Thomas Wyse himself frequently witnessed the good effect of the particular suggestion he had thus quietly urged, and often profited by it afterwards. Nothing official reached him: but, travelling in other directions the ensuing years, he always found one or two rooms in each convent freshly painted and brushed up for travellers, “according to a general order from Athens,” as the monks invariably stated, though apparently ignorant of its origin. Even the remote convent of St. Meletius, in the mountains between Vilia and Thebes, rarely if ever visited by strangers, could boast its two clean apartments when he stopped there in autumn, 1859.—ED.

\* Stenyklarios—στενοκλήρος, στενός—a narrow difficult pass, a word often used by the modern Greeks for defiles and intricate roads, as the στενός near Livadia. Κλαριά is the favourite modern word for brushwood and entangled thickets,—the haunts especially of brigands. I have often heard it in Attica. The Stenyklarian plain may have formerly presented these conditions.

of Eva, but rose in grander majesty as we pursued our way through a thin brushwood of prinari and lentisk to the banks of the river. The first point of view, on nearing its waters, was striking: the stones from the higher eminences had split to the south, and presented all the appearance of the ruins of some extensive time-honoured edifice.

From this singular spot, we advanced into the plain. It is separated from the lower Messenian plain by a low line of ridges, forming in mass a considerable barrier, and hiding the view of the sea. Eminently deserving its olden name of *λάκκος*, it affords the full characteristic of a vast deposit of alluvium left in the great reservoir. In some places, this deposit of the richest soil is from ten to sixty feet deep, not only the formation of an old all-covering deluge, but of the successive annual additions washed down from the surrounding mountains. Its greatest breadth is seven to eight miles from east to west, excluding of course the deeper indentures into the line of the enclosing ranges. This upper plain may again be subdivided into two smaller, by a long ridge running north-west and south-east. The western portion bends off towards Sulima, the eastern by the pass of Constantinos, towards Bogazi. The long dividing ridge is terminated by a steep foreland or promontory, on which is built the fort or castle of Constantinos. Through these two valleys, flow two streams, the one—that of the western side—Mavrozumenos, which we reached immediately on leaving the declivities of Ithome, the other—that of the eastern—the Leukasia. Through the southernmost portion of this plain runs another stream, probably the

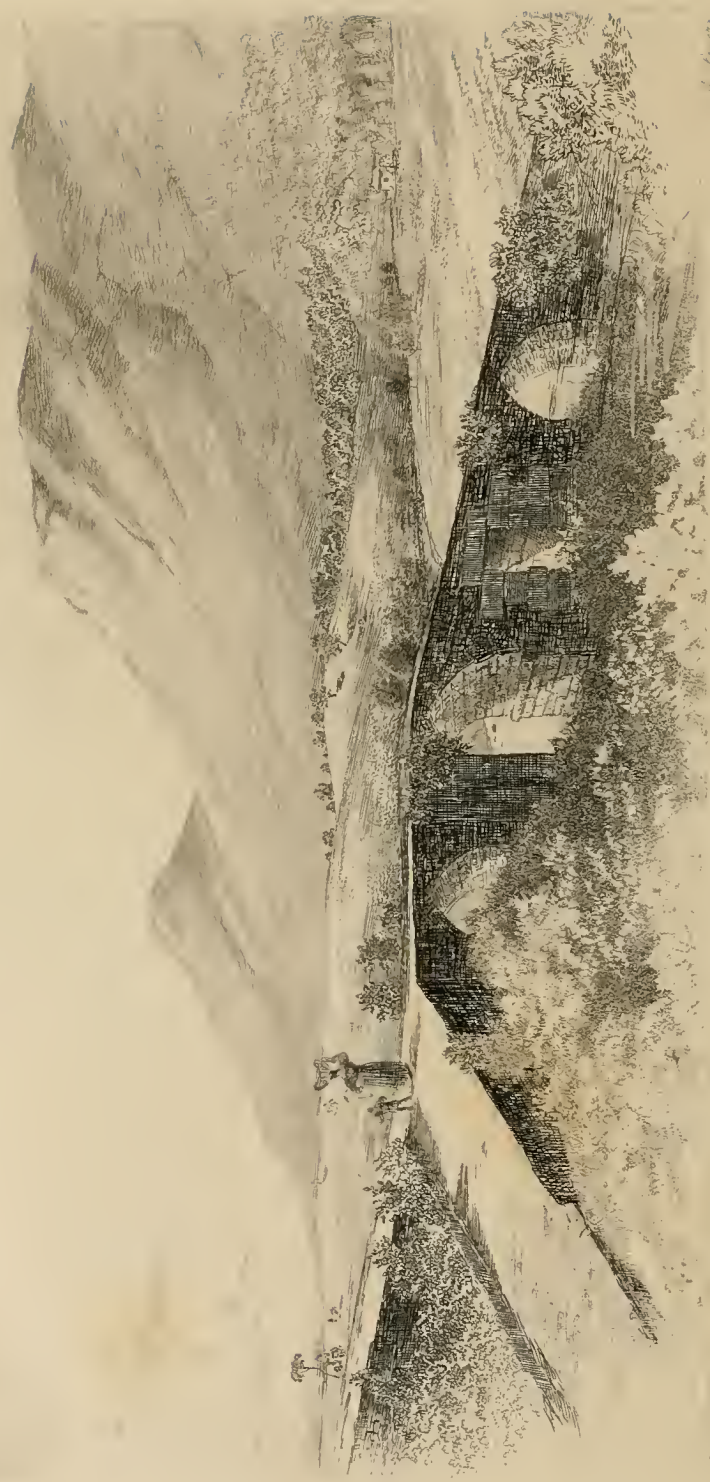


ancient Amphitos, but which again divides into two others,—the Amphitos properly so called, to the south-east, and the Charadros to the north-east. These are supplied from Makriplagi—not to mention the numerous other smaller torrents flowing from the same range, to judge by the broken surface of its western front. But these rivulets generally fail during the summer heats, or, on entering the plain, are at once consumed in the purposes of irrigation.

The whole of this tract was successively called Andania, Stenyklaros, and Messene: and three towns of the same names were successively its capitals. The two first probably differed from the last in that they derived their names from the town, fortress, or camp, whilst the town Messene was called after the district. Œchalia seems to have been another, perhaps more ancient name, for Andania: yet all these appellations, though introduced in succession, appear to have been preserved together.\*

\* 'Ανδανία, πόλις Μεσσηνίας, ὁμώνυμος τῇ χώρᾳ' οὕτω γὰρ καὶ ἡ Μεσσηνία 'Ανδανία ἐκαλεῖτο, is the testimony of Steph. Byzantius. Messene here is not the town, nor the lower Messenia, but the Stenyklarian plain. According to Pausanias, the entire district was the Stenyklarian plain: τὸ μέσον πεδίον Στενυκλήριον.—(*Mess.* xvi. 6.) The testimony of Strabo would imply that Œchalia was the older name—the site almost uncertain in his time, whilst Andania still existed. He seems inclined to identify it with Andania: αὐτοῦ δὲ πον καὶ ἡ Οἰχαλία ἡ τοῦ Εὐρύτου ἡ νῦν 'Ανδανία πολίχνην Ἀρκαδικόν (Strabo, p. 360); a curious instance of want of accuracy, and of the fallen importance of the plain itself,—the capital of Messenia become a hamlet of Arkadia! The so-called town Stenyklarus, was rather a collection of villages, characteristic of the Doric settlement. The first, or autochthonic inhabitants, fled into fastnesses on the approach of the stranger, here, as in the





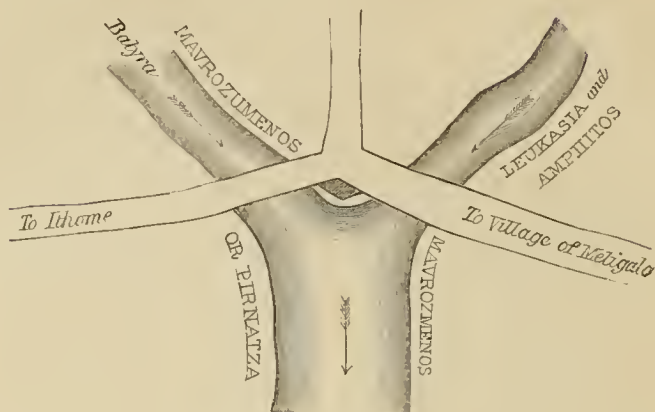
BRIDGE OVER THE MAVROZUMENOS  
MISSENIA

Continuing along the banks of the Mavrozumenos, in half an hour we reached the remarkable bridge, noticed by every traveller, and which Curtius holds to be the most striking monument of its kind in Greece. A little above this point the Lenkasia falls into the Amphitos, which has previously received the addition of the Charadros. These three streams thus united flow on to the bridge, where they are met by the Mavrozumenos or Balyra. The Mavrozumenos, the shallower of the two, displays a wide gravelly bed; whilst the Amphitos, reinforced by its tributaries, averages above eight or ten feet in depth, sunk between swampy and brushwood-covered banks. After their junction at the bridge, they form the one large river which we crossed between Thuria and Ithome. It is usually still called the Mavrozumenos, but also at times the Pirnatza, a modernized corruption for the Pamisus, of which river it forms the upper portion, previous to its watering the lower plain of Messenia.

In the line of the direct road to Arkadia, it was of moment to keep this point open in all months of the year. This has been accomplished by a sort of triple bridge-causeway, of sufficient height and extent to secure the free passage at every season, not only protecting it from the usual course of the water, but from the overflowings of these mountain rivers. A bridge crosses at an obtuse angle the two streams at their junction: and a spur

other plain or *λάκκος* of Lacedæmonia, to Amyklæ, leaving the plain to the new settlers, who for a long time continued to live in villages. Messene was an old name, from the Argive Messene, and naturally belonged to the upper plain.

causeway projects from the middle, so as to carry the road over the low ground.



The present aspect is at first sight mediæval or Turkish, showing pointed arches, steep ascent, and narrow width. But on closer examination this is seen to arise from repairs, and to conceal the remains of an old Hellenic construction. Passing the bridge to the east, remarkable pieces of this older structure are observable. A doorway, instead of an arch, allows the water passage: and this is followed by another, in that portion of the bridge which spans the river. These doorways much resemble those existing in the towers and fortifications of Messene—a substruction and four courses of regular masonry, in good square blocks without cement, extending the whole breadth of the bridge. The upper rows project a little, approaching to the Greek arch, if so it may be called. One large single block forms the impost, as at Mycenæ, and in almost all Greek tower-gateways. The sides are rounded, not unlike the building seen near the



theatre of Messene. Some of the stones appear injured. There was no current when we saw it, the water creeping through: but, after the spring and autumnal rains, the floods must find difficulty in getting a passage. A similar species of construction may be seen amidst the brushwood and tangled thicket round the causeway, which at least proves that the whole plan was ancient. Looking towards the north-east, no such remains are discerned, the mediæval or Turkish constructions entirely concealing them.

On one of the stones, at the north-western extremity, or entrance, of the bridge from Ithome, we found an inscription of some length, but a good deal injured. It was in a modern confused character, of which little could be made even when copied.

The Hellenic portion of this monument is visibly not earlier than similar constructions at Messene. It therefore dates from about the period of the building of that city by Epaminondas. Whether original, or merely repaired at that time, is not clear; but most likely the former. There could not have been much demand for a bridge of a permanent nature, earlier.

On leaving the bridge, we came to a village of some size, marked "Meligala" on the French map—a characteristic designation in a plain like this, flowing, in the Scripture phrase, "with milk and honey." Soon after, the village of Sandani was reached, situated on a considerable eminence, and bounded by a ravine or deep torrent-bed to the north-east. While a portion of our party rested beside the church, which tops one of the hillocks, I took a guide down to a deserted church in the

lower part of the village, nearer to the torrent. It presented no remarkable feature, however: the usual form of cupola and cupolets, with dividing arcade in the interior, and a few paintings of little antiquity, are alone visible. Returning to the height, the view of the northern and north-eastern portion of the plain is striking. Extremely rich and cultivated, it is sown with small plantations and villages, but is less wooded than the lower plain, or Makaria, and is walled in by lofty ranges as far as the Makriplagi.

The name Sandani, apparently a corruption of Andania or *στ'ανδάνι* (the usual neo-Greek form), would seem to point out the site of the ancient capital of Messenia in the traditions of the country, and this theory has been accepted by the earlier travellers: later ones, such as Curtius, see its site on the spur of the Makriplagi, at the distance of three-quarters of an hour from Sandani, following up the bed of the torrent to the north-east. The stream turns a mill, at the point where it issues through those deep banks, which characterize it down to Sandani: and, a little above, to its right, on a projection of the mountain, which makes a platform or terrace, are the remains of old Hellenic walls, giving evidence of an ancient fortification.\*

\* The merit of this discovery must be ascribed to Curtius. Ross (*Königsreisen*, i. p. 216) and Kiepert give the honour to Müller: but it appears, from the account of Curtius (*Pelop.* ii. p. 132; note 10, p. 189), that Müller with Schölle had left him previously for Messene, where they both were when Curtius visited these ruins. Nor, when the fact and the observations they suggested were afterwards mentioned, did Müller seem to attach to them any importance, or consider they pointed out the site of the older

This terrace stretches from north to south. Its summit is small and flat, of very narrow breadth, not more than one hundred and fifty feet, and in length not much greater, and falls by steep declivities both towards the mill and the plain. Portions of wall are noticeable on two sides—to the north-east a sharp-angled bulwark, to the south two flanking walls, which run down towards the hill until their trace is lost in the abrupt ridges surrounding it. The wall to the west is better preserved, however, and shows an old gateway. This probably conducted from the citadel, or akropolis,—the ground first described—into the outward town: a plan so often observable in other ancient Greek cities and fortresses. The wall is not remarkable for the size of any of the component blocks, but at the same time it appears to have been of great strength: some portions are not less than twenty feet in breadth, without rubble-filling. It has no towers, but many angles and projections, which may have answered as a substitute.

The Polykaon dynasty, the first race of any mythic renown who figure in the history of Messenia, fixed their royal residence in Andania: and the selection of this site, however restricted as to room, is in accordance with the general habits of the primitive population.\* The Dorians, on the

Andania.—(Schölle, *Kunstblatt*, 1840.) See further Gell's *Itinerary of the Morea*, p. 69; followed by Müller, *Dor.* ii. 456. Also P. Boblaye, p. 108; and Bory de St. Vincent, *Rélation*, p. 277; on the conjectures of Ponqueville and Dodwell.

\* It was by the marriage of Polykaon with the Argive Messene, that the name Messene was either added to, or altogether super-

contrary, kept to the plain. Their federation of villages did not comport with the confined character of a fortress. They were, as at Sparta, cultivators, and spread out in groups of farm-houses, which afterwards gradually increased to the numbers and proportions of a hamlet. The same phenomena are still seen : and it will always be so, where, accompanied by adequate security, the same conditions are found to exist. Stenyklaros is the expression of Dorian policy, Andania that of the pre-Dorian Leleges and the Argives. The Messenian war, again, gave importance to this mountain-hold. It was from here that Aristomenes, at the beginning of the second war, still kept possession of the upper plain. The destruction or breaking down of walls, a favourite Spartan policy,—and which, following the first Spartan conquest, left the fortress of Ithome in ruins,—was probably extended to Andania and Ampheia. The present state of these ruins may, therefore, very exactly represent the position in which they were left by the conquerors. But we meet, so late as the Roman period, mention of Andania. In the year 91 B.C. the Roman T. Quinctius Flaminius had an interview at Andania with the Achæan Diophanes. As in similar cases in Messenia, the destruction of the older town or fortress probably spread the inhabitants over the adjacent plain, and established, in the vicinity of the ancient fortress, a new or later Andania.\*

seded, that of Andania, in application to the two plains.—(Paus. *Mess.* i. 2, 3 ; Homer, *Odyssey*.) Messene became also the name of the people, which does not seem to have been in the case of Andania.

\* In the description of Livy, it is a small village :—" Andania

This may have stood, on the eminence now occupied by the village of Sandani. It is only eight stadia, or twenty minutes' walk, from the old fortress, lying, too, in the direct line from Messenia to Arkadia: and, though of sufficient height, being very accessible, it was well calculated for such a meeting as that just mentioned. Even now, it is one of the most important places in the plain. The two sites are thus compatible: the Palæocastro is the old Polykaonic Andania, whilst Sandani is the Andania of the later Messenians and of the Romans.

To the south, Pausanias places another town of high legendary fame, Œchalia: Strabo, on the other hand, identifies it with Andania, of which he considers it to be no more than the older name. Both statements are reconcilable, if we attentively consider their legends and histories, together with the neighbouring ground. They both date from the same early and dusky period of Messenian history, are both connected by the same external traditions, and both evidently contiguous, if not in juxta-position, to each other.\* In the time of Pausanias the older Andania was in ruins, not improbably in the identical state as at present. Triikka, another town of the same race and time, had disappeared; but its religious rites and sanctity, based on the legends common to both places, were in full vogue in the neighbourhood. On the

parvum oppidum inter Megalopolim Messeniamque positum."—(Lib. xxxvi. 31.) This is the *πολίχμιον* of Strabo.

\* It is remarkable, as a characteristic trait of the times, that Œchalia, like Andania, derives its name from a woman, Œchalia, the wife of Melanens.



site of the town, or in the district of Œchalia, still existed, in his time, the Karnasion, or sacred grove,—*ἄλσος*. The Charadros, the same stream which flowed by Andania, flowed by Œchalia, and, at the distance of eight stadia lower down, by Sandani. Curtius identifies Œchalia with the rocky eminence on the left bank of the brook, immediately near Andania.

The two places, Andania and Œchalia, were connected with each other by the same traditions and rites, though Œchalia in this respect appears to have been the more sacred of the two. Both also derived from Thessaly. *Οἰχαλία ἡ τοῦ Εὐρύτου*, says Strabo. Eurytos is a Thessalian mythical or symbolical hero, slain by Apollo, whose bones, Pausanias states, were interred at Œchalia. He was the son of Melaneus, asserted by the local legend as having introduced the worship of Apollo into Messenia.\* A statue of Apollo Karneios was worshipped here as at Sparta, in the Karnasion near. The Apollo worship seems, indeed, to have been as extended in Messenia as in Lakonia. Others interpret this legend in an allegorical or Euemeristic sense. Eurytos, like the Eurotas, “the beautiful stream,” meaning a river dried up by the sun, otherwise “slain by

\* The Thessalians and Eubœans contended, that the true Œchalia was situated in their territory. The Thessalians considered it identical with their Eurytion, connected with the legend of Eurytos. The Eubœans rested on the testimony of Hekateus, who places an Œchalia in the neighbourhood of Eretria. Pausanias, disturbed by the unceasing controversies and uncertainties of Greek legends, determines, however, in favour of the Messenian Œchalia, as the best entitled to the honour of the legend, relying chiefly, it would seem, on the circumstance of the bones of Eurytos being interred there.—(Paus. *Mess.* c. ii.)

Apollo;” the sun, afterwards propitiated by the father,—the dark well, *μελανέος*—in the thick wood, whilst *ἀρκεσίλαος* will be the mountain separating the people. This is fully detailed in the authorities quoted by Curtius.\*

But Oechalia was equally celebrated for the worship of the great goddesses. Pausanias attributes their introduction into Messenia to Kaukon, directly from Eleusis, the son of Kelainos, and grandson of Phlyus, who, according to the Athenian legend, was the son of the Earth. Their subsequent improvement — *προήγαγεν ἐς πλεόν τιμῆς* — many years after, he ascribes to Lykos, son of Pandeon.† The first assertion he grounds on the Hymn of Musesæus, to the honour of Demeter, addressed to the Lykomidæ; the second, on the testimony of the inscription at the base of the statue of Methapus (also an Athenian), and the passage in the poem of Rhianos the Cretan, which speaks of the grove of Lykos,—*δρυμόν τε Λύκοιο*—properly an oak grove. This rite—*τελέτης*,—only second, Pausanias thinks, to that of the mother sanctuary of Eleusis, survived all changes of dynasty, Lelegian, Apharidean, Dorian, and the more disturbing vicissitudes of Spartan conquest and possession, perhaps even rivalry: for the Spartans too had an Eleusinion of some renown, still marked out by the site of the small church on Mount Elias, and which was in full operation so late as Pausanias. It is a pity, that his religious scruples prevented his giving us more precise details. We learn, however, that in the Karnassion were the statues of the Karneian Apollo, and of Hermes carrying a ram; also of Demeter

\* *Pelop.* ii. p. 189.

† *Mess.* c. i. 4, 5.

and Kore, from near which a well-stream flowed forth—ὁδῶρ δὲ ἀνέεισιν ἐκ πηγῆς παρ' αὐτὸ ἀγαλμα.\* Here also was preserved the brazen urn containing the prescribed rites of the great goddesses—the invention of the Argive general—during the whole period of the abandonment of Messenia.

It is not quite clear how much of these honours belonged to Œchalia and how much to Andania. In my opinion, Andania was the older city of the two, and there these rites of the great goddesses were first established, as a place of great celebrity, even in the time of Lykos.

Θαύμασα δ' ὥς σύμπαντα Λύκος Πανδιόνιος φῶς  
'Ατθίδος ἱερὰ ἔργα παρ' Ἀνδανίῃ θέτο κενεῇ.

*Inscription on Statue of Methapus.*

Subsequently Œchalia was built by Œchalia, the wife of Melaneus, and the mysteries were transferred to the new site. Œchalia, the town, probably falling into ruins, may have been called the Karnassion, or perhaps the Karneion grove, and, in the time of Pausanias, it was in this grove, which had superseded all trace of a town, that the rites were performed.

The description of the site of this grove by Pausanias, is clear. Leaving Messene by the Arkadian gate,† thirty stadia therefrom, he crosses the Balyra, where the Lenkasia and Amphitos form their junction, exactly, therefore, at the present bridge. Having passed this, he finds himself in the Stenyklarian plain, and opposite this point he meets with the Karnassion formerly called Œchalia, on the side of the Charadros,—a grove chiefly full of

\* *Mess.* c. xxxiii. 5.

† *Ib.* c. xxxiii.

cypresses, — τοῦ πεδίου δέ ἐστὶν ἀπαντικρὺ καλουμένη τὸ ἀρχαῖον Οἰχαλία, τὸ δέ ἐφ' ἡμῶν Καρνάσιον ἄλσος, κυπαρίσσων μάλιστα πλήρες. This coincides with the ravine to the right in advancing from Sandani, up the banks of the Charadros, where cypresses, intermixed with other trees, are still to be seen.

In the modern division of the Eparchy, one of its Demoi is designated Œchalia, containing 4,313 inhabitants, of which Meligala, with one exception, is the largest hamlet, and numbers 440 souls; but this can serve little as guide to the ancient site, except that the site must have been in the immediate vicinity. I felt the same interest in each of these spots, as a traveller would in Scotland, fresh from reading Walter Scott, not so much for their historic value singly, as from their poetic, combined with their historic. Unfortunately the want of topographical data is felt at every step.

The fortress of Ampheia is also a point of importance, and has not yet been clearly fixed. It was to the Messenians what Decelaia became to the Athenians, and in like manner was taken and kept possession of by the Spartans. The description of Pausanias\* designates a small frontier fortress on the Lakonian border, on one of the spurs of Taygetus, supplied by torrents, but also having abundance of well-water. The nature of the famous night expedition, the surprise and retention of the fortress of Ampheia by the Spartans, also tend to fix it in the same direction. Leake, in his map of Messenia, places it on an elevation of Mount Makriplagi, to the right of the pass to Leondari by Andania, and a very short way from Konstantinos.

\* *Mess. c. v.*

He identifies Ampheia with what is now called the Castle of Xouria or Xuria. The Lakonians being anxious to seize a stronghold commanding the chief road to Messenia, his reasoning is just. "It appears to have been not far from the route leading from the northern part of the Peloponnesus into Messenia; for when the Messenians, at a later period of the war, had retired into Ithome, and, finding themselves much distressed, sent Tisis to consult the oracle at Delphi, he was attacked by a part of the Lacedæmonian garrison of Ampheia, and narrowly escaped being taken or slain.\* As the great route into Messenia on this side must, from the nature of the country, have always led through the pass now called the Derveni of Mount Makriplai, there is a great probability that Ampheia was the Hellenic ruin now called the Castle of Xuria, which is situated on that mountain, two or three miles to the southward of that pass." †

Gell, on the other hand, places Ampheia by Kokla, and states that a grotto, with a curious bas-relief and a tradition corresponding with the story of Ampheia, was found there by Mr. Link. P. Boblaye (p. 109) speaks of a bas-relief of the Muses, and the tradition of a slaughter after a victory, by Villehardouin, as he takes it to have been. If such were the case, it can be accounted for by the fact that it was not only the Messenian Decelaia, but a place of interest and importance to all invaders. Curtius fixes Kokla here, and says, "To a mountain-hold so placed, the more recent Kokla, or Kokkala, in Makriplagi fully answers; a

\* Paus. *Mess.* c. ix.

† Leake, *Travels in the Morea*, vol. i. pp. 461, 462.



spot distinguished by ancient and mediæval ruins, near the water-shed between the Alpheios and the Pamisus, on the right side of the ravine and a pass leading from Messenia." \*

The map of Leake, however, places Kokkla in an entirely different direction, on the road between Mount Paraskeve and the ridge where lies the village of Sulima. Nor is the name spelt correctly, *Κόκκαλα* being the modern Greek for bones. Xouria, he places two or three miles distant from the nearest southern point to the pass of Makriplagi: but the Palæocastro of Kokla, noticed, as stated above, by Gell, Curtius, P. Boblaye, and Vischer, on the Makriplagi, is considerably farther. This would be an inadvertence scarcely presumable in so accurate a writer as Leake; but he probably measured by a different road. The designation Xourias, or Xurias, cannot be either taken as a safe guide, as it may imply the character of the mountain, or commemorate the slaughter which took place in this locality. *Χούριος*, which in ancient Greek means "cuti tonsus," in the modern tongue also signifies razor, or any sharp instrument down to a penknife; on occasions, it might even be used for a sword. The "Castle of the Sword" would not be inappropriate. But what the slaughter was, does not clearly appear. The massacre, under Murad II., of the Christians who fled from Leondari to a strong place in the mountains, is stated by Chalcocondylas † and Phrantzes ‡ to have occurred at Gardiki: but the scene of it is not determined. A Gardiki lies to the north-east of Leondari, on the mountain Tzimberri; but Finlay

\* Curtius, *Pelop.* vol. ii. p. 135.

† Pp. 474, 476.

‡ Ed. Bonn, p. 405.

seems inclined to place it at Hellenitza, whilst Fallmerayer distinguishes it at least from that of Tzimberri. The French map shows another village of the name eastward, behind the ruins of Thuria; but no signs of a strong place are there apparent. Mr. Finlay gives the name of Kokla also to Gardiki. "Ruins retaining the name of Gardiki, and a church called Kokala (bones), in a deep glen in one of the counterforts of the rugged mountain Hellenitza, to the south of Leondari, mark the site of this tragedy." \* I also find, as one of the modern divisions of the Demos Ampheia, a Gardiki to the southwest, thus described: μετόχιον τῆς Μόνης Γαρδακίου. The designation of Kokala was well deserved. "In 1423 Sultan Murad II., after having been compelled to raise the siege of Constantinople, sought to revenge himself by ruining the Byzantine possessions in the Morea. An Othoman army, under Turakhan, invaded the Peloponnesus, and, meeting with no resistance from the despot Theodore, plundered the whole country. The Albanians established at Gardiki and Tavia alone had courage to oppose the Turks. Their courage was vain; they were completely defeated, and all the prisoners that fell into the hands of Turakhan were massacred without mercy, in order to intimidate the rest of the Christians from offering such a resistance as would have deprived the Mussulmans of the profits of their expedition. Pyramids of human heads were erected by the Turks in commemoration of this victory over the Christians; but the Sultan, not thinking that the hour had yet arrived for taking possession of all Greece, ordered Turakhan

\* Finlay, *Hist. of Medieval Greece*, note, p. 281.

to evacuate the Morea and return to his post in Thessaly." \* This goes far to identify Gardiki with Kokala, Kokala with Xourias, and both with Ampheia. †

Vischer ‡ gives so interesting an account of his visit to the spot corresponding to Ampheia, that it is impossible to avoid referring to it. Leaving the khan at the Makriplagi Dervent, he reached, by a very difficult path, in an hour and a half, a point which, in its physical character, precisely answers the description of Pausanias. It is on the north-west spur of Taygetus, defended on the north and south by a deep ravine, through which run two torrents, uniting on the western side; nature thus protecting it in all directions except the east, towards which the hill rises. Upon this side, however, the ground lies in small terrace-like elevations: on the farthest western point, and almost isolated, are the ruins of a mediæval fortress, built on ancient substructions, composed of large polygonal blocks. Within these ruins, there is an old church and a well. On the eastern side, where the terraces rise somewhat broader, evidences of the working and smoothing of the rocks are discernible in many places, intermingled with numerous ruins and churches in a state more or less decayed. In the largest, that of the Panagia, many rich Byzantine ornaments are still visible; and amongst them, a small antique marble bas-relief of much beauty. From the subject it must have been a memorial of some

\* Finlay, *Hist. of Mediæval Greece*, p. 281.

† We must acknowledge two Koklas,—that placed by Leake near Dorium, and the other by Curtius as above, near Hellenitza.

‡ Vischer, pp. 419, 423.

successful poet. No regular wall surrounds the upper portion of this fortress: nor, from the inaccessible nature of the cliffs, was it in all places necessary. Two stalactite grottos or caverns are visible, one of them south, upon the perpendicular face of the rock, and altogether unapproachable, but which can be seen into from a rough projection immediately opposite. The rock makes an angle, and from a prominence in front of the cave a space has been hewn out, as if for the purpose of allowing a better examination. The path runs close to the edge: but a sort of parapet has been left in the natural rock of about three feet high, so that you can lean over the abyss and look into the grotto at leisure. They may have been artificially connected in ancient times, when the cave, in all likelihood, was a *ισρόν* or sanctuary: or this passage may have been required, for its better protection.

The second grotto lies in the direction opposite to the north-western declivity, not so deep as the first: a considerable way below the fortified portion of the hill, it is easily accessible, and exhibits distinct traces of working. Probably this is the hole noticed, as Gell says, by Linck. The bas-relief of which he speaks is not discoverable, nor are there signs of any bas-reliefs in either cave. Fantastic stalactite formations alone exist, and he may have confounded the bas-relief with that noticed in the church of the Panagia.

From this account, there can be no doubt that the fortress was a point of consequence in the Middle Ages, both from its nature and artificial strength. In fine weather, it would also command

an extensive view of the upper valley of Messenia. The substructions indicate great antiquity, and justify us in fixing here the site of the ancient Ampheia, and thus reconciling Leake's conjectures with the inquiries of later travellers.

There is even more difficulty in determining the situation of Artemis Limnatis than that of Ampheia. The passage of Pausanias, "Ἐστὶν ἐπὶ τοῖς ὄρεσι τοῖς Μεσσηνίας ἱερὸν Ἀρτέμιδος καλουμένης Λιμνάτιδος,"\* places it on the frontier, though not necessarily on the mountains of Messenia. It was accessible only to the Messenians and Lacedæmonians, and therefore on the common boundary. Leake, adopting the words of Pausanias, also wishes to fix it on the boundary: but, again, the designation Limnatis, and the series of controversies respecting the position of Limnæ, accompanied by the doubt to which territory the spot belonged, ultimately induced him to place the sanctuary at Limnæ, identified in his map with Nisi, to the north of the Pamisus. That ground being low and marshy, well fits the term Limnæ, and accords so far with Pausanias. This was not, however, the old boundary, at the outset of the wars between Lakonia and Messenia, and Leake fixes the discord in question after the re-establishment of Messenian independence, — 300 years subsequent to its conquest.† The boundary at that time, and for many years after, lay in Taygetus. Leake is guided by the epithet, yet it does not necessarily imply locality. "Limnatis" was given in many cases where no marshes existed. Hoffman adopts Leake's reading, and, curiously enough, con-

\* Paus. *Mess.* c. iv.

† Leake, *Travels in the Morea*, vol. i. p. 363.



found the position of Kalamai and Limnæ with the ruins "on the mountain Kokala." Cramer,\* after speaking of Alagonia and the Calathian mountain, near Gerenia, says, "More to the north, and on the borders of Lakonia, was a spot named Limnæ, sacred to Diana, whose festival was there celebrated by the two nations." He refers to the version of the assault which took place in the first Messenian war,† and to the contest for the possession of Limnæ by the Spartans under Tiberius, it having been already adjudged to the Messenians by Philip, son of Amyntas.‡ At the same time he observes that Tacitus places Limnæ in the district of the Dentheliades, and that Kalamai, which he confounds with Kalamata, was to the westward, whilst Thuria lay to the north. In Kiepert's map, Limnæ is marked, not at Nisi, but at the source of the Pamisus, at Agios Phloros: and a little southward, the temple itself is marked, but with a note of interrogation. Moreover, to tally better with Pausanias, he places Kalamai above Thuria or Pidima, also with a sign of interrogation, and not unjustifiably so.

Curtius§ takes a completely opposite and a more correct view, fixing the temple at a small village on the southern side of Gomobuno, in one of the recesses of a valley to the north-east of Kalamata called Volimnos, or the ox-marsh, and where there are ruins of a chapel of the Panagia Bolimniatissa. The ruins in themselves furnish sufficient grounds

\* *Geographical and Historical Description of Greece*, vol. iii. p. 143.

† Strabo, viii. p. 362; Paus. *Mess.* 4, and 31.

‡ Tacitus, *Annal.* iv. 43. § *Pelop.* ii. p. 159, note 31.

for his supposition, as these chapels generally rise on the foundation of ancient temples or sanctuaries. The word Volimnos—Βόλιμνος—too, is presumptive of the tradition, though no traces of a marsh are discernible in this mountain district. In addition, however, inscriptions and other remains have been found on the spot. Ross here describes the ruins of a temple with portions of octagonal marble pillars, besides inscriptions bearing the names of the priestesses of Diana, and the ἀγωνοδέτης θεᾶς λιμνατίδος.\* These ought to leave little doubt of the accuracy of the position; and, if needed, other remains, on the declivity, give additional confirmation. Both Curtius and Ross express surprise at Leake's adhering, after these evidences, to his first theory. In fact, it is the above-quoted passage in Pausanias which creates the difficulty. But against these inscriptions, all arguments are untenable. We must only suppose that Pausanias left Phæræ or Kalamata, and proceeded to Thuria, from which he may have seen Kalamai, on one side, and the Limnæ on the other. Immediately after the passage referred to, he proceeded from Thuria towards Arkadia. The irregularity, with which Pausanias leaps up and down in his description of Sparta, ought to make us less attentive to the order of his notices. Besides, as noted before, the epithet "Limnatis" bears many applications. Λίμνη means port and lake, as well as marsh, and it may have been a generic and not a local designation. Zeus Ithomatas, for instance, was worshipped under that title, even at a distance from Ithome.

It is no matter of surprise, that this spot should

\* Ross, *Reisen durch Griechenland*, vol. i. p. 8.

excite interest. Designed as the bond of union between the two branches of the Doric race, of whom Apollo and Artemis were the especial national deities, it became the immediate occasion of the first remarkable incident leading to the Messenian wars, and remained a source of perpetual contest down to the time of Tiberius, and perhaps even later.

Resuming our route, we proceeded from Sandani in almost a direct line to the projecting ridge dividing the eastern and western valleys, and upon which is situated the ruined tower of Konstantinos. Though over a complete flat, the road was not very practicable, and we were frequently obliged to pursue the bendings of the many small muddy streams for a long while before a passage could be effected. Offshoots either of the Leucasia or of the Electra, they are used for the irrigation of the plain : but these rivulets prove provoking obstructions, from the arbitrary manner in which the inhabitants deal with boundaries, varying them, apparently, according to their own convenience, without reference to the roads or rights of their neighbours or the public. The mystery is, however, easily explained : the land is chiefly national, in the hands, and under the management of Government. It appeared, for the most part, to be thickly inhabited, and, compared to many other districts in Greece, well cultivated. The principal produce, corn, maize, fig-trees, and mulberries, seemed large and abundant : but the want of wood gave a bare appearance, compared with the luxuriance of the lower plain. The soil is everywhere of the finest quality,—the accumulated alluvium of cen-

turies, carried down, as in all the low districts, by the numerous streams from the surrounding mountains, and presenting another example of the lake-like formation of the Greek valleys, of which Thessaly, Bœotia, Argos, and Lakonia are such striking instances. Yet I could not learn that malaria was here prevalent. Numberless small eminences, especially near the mountains, relieve the monotony of the plain, and have been taken advantage of as sites for villages. They were probably the first foundations in ancient times, when great part of this country was under water, or subject to frequent periodical overflows from the intersecting streams,—a vivid illustration of which may be still seen, in the island villages suddenly created by the inundations of the Nile.

After a long ride we halted near a small village at the base of the mountains, immediately under the promontory crowned by the castle of Konstantinos. Our dinner had been prepared beneath a spreading plane-tree, beside a rushing stream, which, a little further on, emptied its waters into a washing-tank. The wind, however, from the gorge or opening of the valley, rushed down with such violence, that we could hardly keep the table on its legs: but there was little remedy, for the place is generally subject to the visitation. Washing-places and wells still continue to be in Greece, what they used to be of old—what the Agora and Lesche were to the ancient, and the *café* to the modern inhabitants of towns. We had, consequently, a succession of groups to inspect, and discuss the strangers.

Dinner over, we ascended the very steep and

craggy hill of Konstantinos. The old tower surmounting it is conspicuous from every side, and commands a very comprehensive view of the whole plain. Andania to the left, and above it what may be imagined Ampheia, form the eastern side; whilst Ithome and its adjacent ranges, the lines between which are pointed out on the separating ridge, fill up the western side of the plain—Meligala and Magoula standing on a small hillock near the entrance. The tower is of old Byzantine construction, of fair height, but otherwise in ruins; and, adjoining it, is a small Byzantine church, which has shared the same fate. The few scattered sheds of the shepherds,—of whom we had two surly and menacing specimens beside us while making our inquiries and sketches,—are the only evidence of habitation, in a place which was formerly of importance, from being the key to the two upper valleys, and as commanding an entrance into that side of the plain.

Proceeding onward from Konstantinos, we took the road by the nearer eastern valley, intending to visit Kakaletri; and, picking out as we could our toilsome path, which was still obstructed by the same causes as those above mentioned, we arrived, towards sundown, at Bogas, or Bogasi. It lies at the foot of a steep mountain, opening into a very narrow gorge—whence its Turkish name—in the eastern range. From out this gorge gushes a brisk stream, which, after watering the scattered and ragged village, meanders on through the valley to the plain, there to bear its tribute to the Amphitos. It answers to the site and description of the Leukasia; a peaceable winding stream, it ran to our



left and sometimes to our right, in the way up the valley. The valley itself is a flat pasture of rich mould, shut in by high mountains on one side, with a series of hills on the other.

Dimitri stopped before a wretched house, informing us that this was to be our hotel for the night. The dismay of our party was amusing: was there no other house in the village, less dilapidated, and more habitable? With many *προσκυνήματα*, Agoyiates, villagers,—in fine, every one—declared it was the best, only lately built, not yet finished, exempt from all the usual concomitants, and a wonder and envy to the inhabitants of Bogas, all which Dimitri confirmed. Reluctantly submitting, with many a shake of the head, as the day had waned, we clambered up a disjointed heap of stones, the substitute for steps. The house itself proved better than its exterior denoted, and later, we had on several occasions to look back with respect and regret to this our first acquaintance with true Hellenic lodgings, at Bogas. While supper was preparing, we put the half-hour to profit by sketching its face and belongings—a distinction it certainly merited.

The inhabitants gave us but feeble aid, as to the situation and names of the neighbouring towns; and no light need be expected from the Agoyiates beyond the shortest way of reaching the more marked places, on the road to their final destination. The professed guide was equally in fault. Dimitri, for instance, knew nothing except the simple duties appertaining to the commissariat, and seemed much astonished, and sometimes amazed, at the partiality we showed for spots possessing no

ruins or connected with no tangible glories, — a state of ignorance on his part, which assuredly said little for the inquiring powers of our predecessors, and proved also how slender an amount of local knowledge may satisfy the superficial traveller.

END OF VOLUME I.

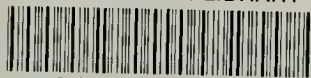




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